THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A[illegible]28 *by* Benj. Franklin

JULY 6, 1912

5cts. THE COPY

Fourth of July Number

El Grillo

the new electric multi-cooker at a popular price

This glowing electric stove will do the cooking for a small family, quickly and economically.

Connect to any available light socket and the coils instantly glow cherry red—*therefore it is quick.*

The interchangeable El Grillo utensils take full advantage of the heat—*this means economy.*

Any two cooking operations can be carried on simultaneously (using the interchangeable dishes furnished with El Grillo), making it convenient to produce delectable meals, complete in every essential, right where served.

You enjoy cooking on El Grillo.

It is breakfast time—broiled bacon and fried eggs, or sausage and griddle cakes, or shirred eggs and toast; any two of them ready in less than five minutes from the time the electricity is turned on.

At luncheon time the glowing multi-cooker will prove an irresistible temptation and provide dainty hot foods so quickly.

Now, for dinner perhaps you would like a broiled cutlet or chops with hashed-browned potatoes; ready in less than 10 minutes—or a dozen other equally tempting combinations.

This only begins to measure the capacity of El Grillo, for you can use all of your small cooking utensils on the grid over the glowing coils.

The double boiler for rice or breakfast cereals—the tea pot or coffee pot—the small sized tea kettle, or even the cheery corn-popper can be used with extreme efficiency on El Grillo.

Use anywhere there is electricity.

And all of this on any electric light socket. No heat until the instant it is wanted—no heat a moment longer than needed.

With El Grillo we furnish a deep dish, a medium dish and a griddle. All are used interchangeably above or below the coils. Each has an always-cool handle. El Grillo rests on a tray which protects the table. A silk-covered cord and attachment plug.

El Grillo dishes are all made of pressed steel with nicely rounded corners, nickeled and polished. Not only useful but ornamental. Price $6.50, in Canada $8.50. If your electric dealer has not yet stocked this very latest electric device, send your check direct to our nearest office, with your dealer's name, and we will deliver without further expense to you.

-broils

broiling chop
frying potatoes

—broils below the coils.

actually broils. No cinders, ashes, gas or fumes. Glowing wires the ideal way to broil. A medium thick chop or small sized steak broiled to perfection in 10 minutes or less, and at the same time hashed-browned potatoes are hurrying to completion, above the coils.

-boils

steaming eggs
making toast

—boils and steams.

eggs take from three to five minutes to steam in the shell. From this you can gauge other operations. Ordinary utensils may be used.

-fries

frying eggs
potatoes in cream

—frying or baking cakes.

you will have to use El Grillo in order to realize how quickly and how nicely it does these operations. And while using the shallow pan above, you can use one of the other interchangeable pans below, producing any number of combinations.

-toasts

making toast
shirring eggs

—toasts above or below.

toast may be made directly over the glowing coils or in one of the pans below.
The second operation may be frying or boiling above, grilling or shirring below.

other lamp socket devices from the Hotpoint factory

Hotpoint Attaches to any lamp socket. Heating element guaranteed five years. Has stand attached at the rear (no lifting)—hot point (irons up into the tucks and folds)—cool handle (no holder needed). Heat under complete control, through the switch plug at the rear of the iron. Two styles—highly polished, 3 lb. $4.50; 5 lb. and 6 lb. $5.00. Matt finish, 5 lb. and 6 lb. $4.50.

El Stovo Highly efficient electric stove attaches to any lamp socket. Top six inches in diameter. Highly nickel plated and polished. An efficient stove suitable for household cooking.

Can be used on dining table, as legs have fiber tips. Complete with cord and interchangeable plug—one heat, $5.00; three heats, controlled by snap switch, $7.00.

El Chafo An electric chafing dish with self-contained heating element. Operates quickly and with great economy. Made of heavy copper, fully nickel plated and polished. All chafing dish stunts are twice as charming if El Chafo is used. And so much simpler. Same interchangeable plug. Style 5, $12.00; style 6, as shown above, $15.00.

El Perco This electric coffee percolator begins operating in less than a minute with cold water. It is extremely quick and economical and is operated right on the breakfast table. Highly nickel plated.

5 cup size $7.50
—7 cup size $8.00
in the pot style.

This is also furnished in machine style, which is identical in principle. 7 cup size $10.00—9 cup $11.00.

El Tosto Makes toast electrically. Makes it right on the table. Crisp and brown. None of the objectionable features that follow the use of other toasters.

A slice of bread is inclined on each side of the glowing coils. Also a shelf above where toast or other food can be kept hot. Made of pressed steel and easily kept clean.

Silk covered connection cord and switch plug. Price $4.00.

El Eggo An egg cooking machine that is also a two-party chafing dish. Eggs are steamed in a rack which can be replaced by a handled dish in which to shirr or scramble eggs or carry out any chafing dish operation.

Made of copper, nickel plated and polished, can be attached to any light socket. $9.00, including cord and plug.

C When you visit your dealer or lighting company to inquire about El Grillo, ask also to see some of these other appliances. If you do not find a dealer convenient, send your check to our nearest office and we will deliver without further expense. In Canada add duty.

Pacific Electric Heating Company, Ontario, California

136 Liberty Street, New York
1670 Pandora Street, Vancouver, B. C.
1001 Washington Blvd., Chicago
73 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

What Makes the Commercial Car a Practical Possibility?

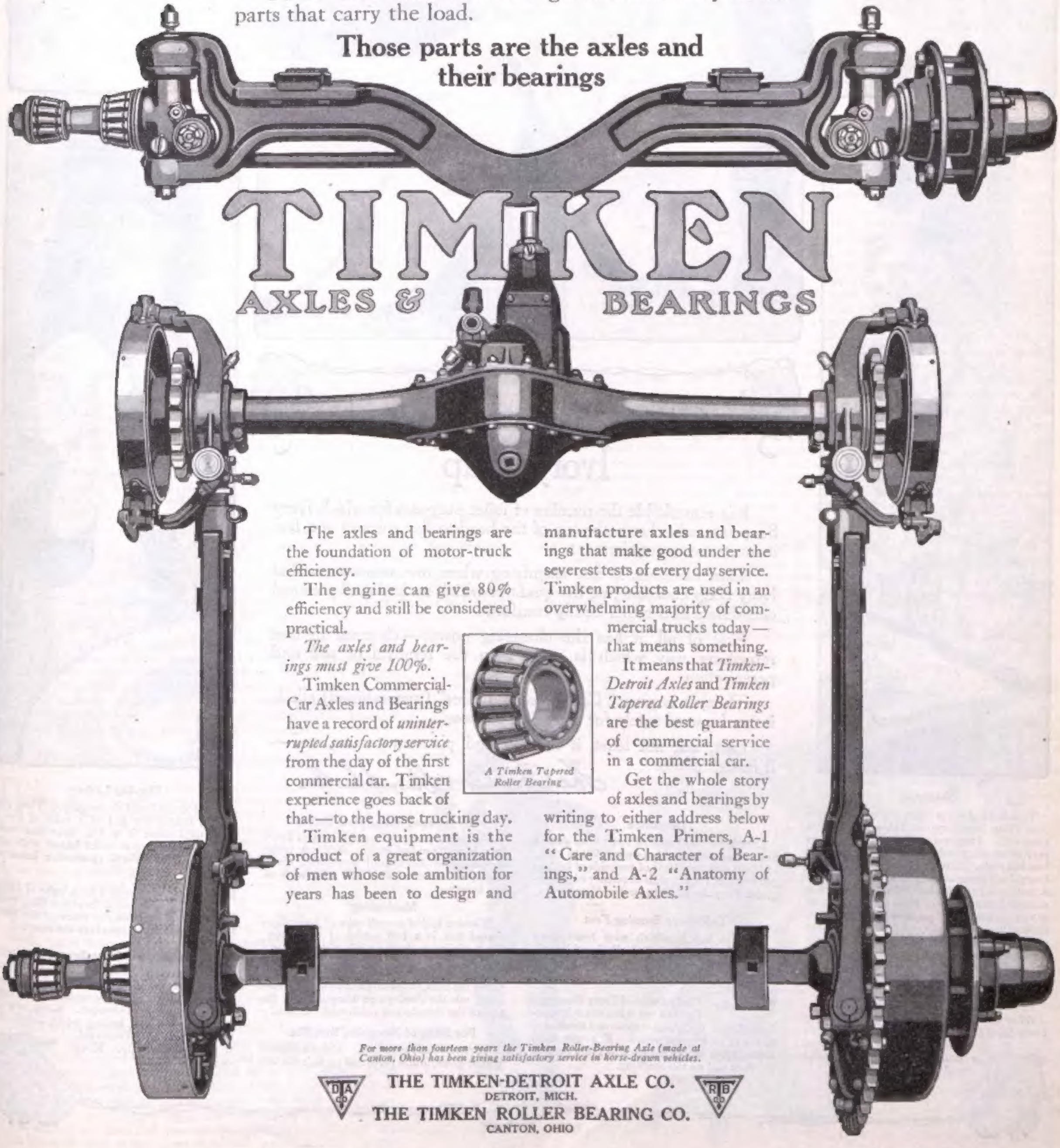
Strength and flexibility in the parts that carry the load.

To be commercial a motor-truck must carry its load in a commercial way.

It must give uninterrupted service—good service—over any road—ten hours a day—*every working day* in the year.

To do this it must have strength and flexibility in the parts that carry the load.

Those parts are the axles and their bearings



The axles and bearings are the foundation of motor-truck efficiency.

The engine can give 80% efficiency and still be considered practical.

The axles and bearings must give 100%.

Timken Commercial-Car Axles and Bearings have a record of *uninterrupted satisfactory service* from the day of the first commercial car. Timken experience goes back of that—to the horse trucking day.

Timken equipment is the product of a great organization of men whose sole ambition for years has been to design and manufacture axles and bearings that make good under the severest tests of every day service. Timken products are used in an overwhelming majority of commercial trucks today—that means something.

A Timken Tapered Roller Bearing

It means that *Timken-Detroit Axles* and *Timken Tapered Roller Bearings* are the best guarantee of commercial service in a commercial car.

Get the whole story of axles and bearings by writing to either address below for the Timken Primers, A-1 "Care and Character of Bearings," and A-2 "Anatomy of Automobile Axles."

For more than fourteen years the Timken Roller-Bearing Axle (made at Canton, Ohio) has been giving satisfactory service in horse-drawn vehicles.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.
DETROIT, MICH.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
CANTON, OHIO

Some Personal Uses of Ivory Soap

It is remarkable the number of toilet purposes for which Ivory Soap is used. From the top of the head to the soles of the feet it meets *every* requirement.

This, however, is not surprising when one remembers that Ivory Soap contains just the qualities which make for all personal cleanliness and much bodily comfort.

First of all, it has the cleansing power—cleanses in that refreshing way which is more than the removal of soil and perspiration

Then, it is pure. Containing no "free" (uncombined) alkali, it can be used safely for *any* toilet purpose.

Last, but not least, it is mild and pleasant to use, and—it floats.

The Procter & Gamble Co.

Shampoo

To a bowl of warm water add enough Ivory Soap Paste (see directions below) to make a good suds. Immerse the hair inch by inch to prevent tangling and, with the hands, saturate hair and scalp. Alternately rub the scalp with Ivory Soap Paste and dip the warm suds over it, but do not rub the hair. Do this about five minutes, then draw the head up and down to straighten the hair. Squeeze out the lather and rinse with spray or cup, gradually cooling the water. Dry by shaking and rubbing, in the sun if possible, but do not use strong heat. The color of grey hair is improved by adding a few drops of blueing to the last rinse water.

Massage

After washing and steaming the face, apply Ivory Soap Paste and massage gently. Then rinse repeatedly with warm water, splash with cold water and pat vigorously

Dentifrice

Dissolve a small cake of Ivory Soap shaved fine in two cupfuls of hot water. When cool, add four tablespoonfuls of peroxide of hydrogen and four teaspoonfuls of essence of wintergreen. For paste, add more water. Keep in jars.

To Relieve Burning Feet

Make a hot foot-bath with Ivory Soap Paste and add five drops of oil of eucalyptus, a powerful, pleasant antiseptic. Keep the feet in the water for fifteen or twenty minutes.

Foot Powder Grate a cake of Ivory Soap very fine and put it in a can with perforated top. Sprinkled in shoes and stockings, this will give great relief. If a new shoe burns, rub a moistened cake of Ivory Soap in the shoe and on the stocking.

To Remove Stains from Hands

Dissolve a quarter of a small cake of Ivory Soap in a pint of hot water. Add two tablespoonfuls of household ammonia, three tablespoonfuls of alcohol and beat with an egg beater.

Manicuring

Dissolve half of a small cake of Ivory Soap shaved fine in a half cupful of hot water. Then stir in two teaspoonfuls of olive oil and let cool. This cream rubbed around the nails will both cleanse and soften the cuticle. To polish the nails, shave fine a dry piece of Ivory Soap, rub the shavings on the nails with the tips of the thumbs and finish with chamois.

For Sting of Mosquito, Bee, Etc.

Wet a cake of Ivory Soap. Rub on affected part so as to form a paste and exclude the air.

Shaving Lather

Moisten the beard thoroughly. Then rub over it lightly the end of a cake of Ivory Soap until there is a thin layer like cold cream. Work up a moist lather with the brush. Rinse. Work up another lather as before.

Razor Strops Rub with a fresh cake of Ivory Soap until there is a thin, even coat. Then moisten the palm of the hand slightly and rub the soap into the strop.

How to Make Ivory Soap Paste

Shave one large cake of Ivory Soap into three quarts of water, or two small cakes into four quarts. Do this with a knife, vegetable grater or food chopper. Keep nearly, but not quite, at boiling point until the soap is dissolved. When cool, it will be like jelly. Keep in jars.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 5, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1912,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 185 *PHILADELPHIA, JULY 6, 1912* *Number 1*

Up and Down With the Drama

By a Woman Who Has Been Up and Down

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

The Starch-Box Was Not a Success

EVER since Arnold Bennett wrote The Truth About an Author—and even he doesn't claim that it is more than part of the truth about an author—everybody has been doing it. But most of us lack Arnold's courage. We are willing and anxious to tell some of the truth about ourselves, but we prefer to hide our identity behind a wall of anonymity, and from back of our barricade to launch our little shafts. It's a sort of guessing game: How far can I go without your finding out who I am?

I have been writing about eight years. Some clever English woman, asked when she wrote, replied: "When I am not playing bridge." I write when I am not raising my children, shopping for the house, consulting the cook, motoring, getting clothes fitted or playing double Canfield with my husband. That is a hot clew, the double Canfield. We are notorious for it.

In between times I write and I make a little money. I was not compelled to. My husband is a professional man who resents my desire to earn money for myself when it is unnecessary. But why should I not? I've made as high as fifty thousand dollars a year when I have had successful plays on. And eight years ago I had never earned a dollar.

The first check I got was for twenty-five dollars. A newspaper in my city—I am not a New Yorker—advertised a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best article on How I Keep House, told in a hundred words. Imagine telling in a hundred words how one keeps house! I can hardly tell the cook we are going to have guests to dinner in less! I won the prize. I told how the work of the maids was arranged and how good the results were; how easily and efficiently my household machinery ran. My neighbors were astounded when they read the article. From mere externals none of them had ever suspected such method among my servants! But I got the twenty-five dollars.

It was close to Christmas, and I spent all of it on my husband. For the several Christmases before that I had seen him open the bill for his Christmas gift on January first, and it had been always a humiliating moment. So I went out at once and bought him a watchfob, and having two dollars left I bought him a pair of bedroom slippers! Three or four years ago I bought him his first automobile for his birthday. He was dreadfully bored with it, being strong and vigorous and liking to use his legs. He tried to look pleased, but he was not one-tenth as delighted as he had been with the watchfob and the bedroom slippers.

So my first venture into literature was not fiction—because I do not think what the neighbors said about it need count. But shortly after Christmas I wrote a poem and got eight dollars for it. I bought the oldest boy a velocipede and myself a fountain pen.

Thriving on the Work of Four Women

THAT first year with short stories alone I made twelve hundred dollars! It took enough energy, at the prices I was getting in those days, to lift a good many pounds a fair distance in the air. I began to buy my own clothes and a few extra things for the house that I had always wanted, an oriental rug or two, and uniforms for the maids. I worked at night after the children had gone to bed and during the day while the baby was asleep. I got from twenty to forty dollars a story—the times I got as high as sixty were rare indeed—and I did my own typing, using one finger of each hand and many a time typing with the baby on my knee.

I was almost twenty-seven when I began. *Ergo* ——

Well, times have changed. The children are well grown. The oldest boy is taller than I and has a Tuxedo suit for school dances. I do not work with a baby on my knee. Often I wish there was a baby, but we have learned how it goes to have a corps of servants and a big house and two machines, and I could not bring the baby to the office.

Yes, I have an office in an office building. I could not work at home. The telephone was always ringing, or people were calling, or the laundress wished me to order a box of soap, or there were bills lying on my desk to be attended to or invitations to be answered. After seven years of working at home I took an office. It is a little coop near my husband's suite—he thinks it bully to have me near. In the intervals of his busy day he runs in and sits on the edge of my desk and distracts me generally. Or I go in and sit on his desk—this is the virtue of an anonymous article; I could not admit this otherwise—and sometimes we go out to lunch together. More generally, however, I have a glass of milk and two chocolate éclairs brought to my little office, and I read THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and eat my lunch, and hope that my self-denial is making me slim. I have put on a pound or two lately.

Every now and then some magazine writes me to ask if I think it possible to be a literary woman and not neglect my family. I get plenty of these letters, for I am pretty well known. I've written several plays, one of them a smashing hit; my short stories bring me quite usually a thousand dollars each and all of my books have been best sellers.

I always reply—if I have time to reply at all to the inquiries about literary women—that I am not a literary person at all, but a professional writer, and that most emphatically I *do* look after my family. It is quite possible if one is willing to work twice as hard as the ordinary woman. I do four times as much as any woman I know. I do all that my friends do in the way of managing my house, and more, for I do nearly all my own purchasing. And I do not do it over the telephone, as most of my friends do. I order the meals and interview the cook and plan the day, and when all that is done and the children are off for school, and the other women I know are getting their hair marcelled for a bridge luncheon, I am off to the office for six or seven hours' good hard work.

Is the Overworked Business Man a Hard Worker?

AND it is work. Some day when I have the time I am going to take a whack at the overworked business man. I sit at my desk day after day in the vacuum in which every writer must work, making bricks without straw, and across the airshaft—for I have an inside office for quiet—I see the overworked business man come in for the day's labor. I watch him look over his mail and dictate his letters and read the morning paper. I see him light a cigar and put his feet up. After a time a few men straggle in—they talk about yesterday's ball game or golf, throw in a little business, and by the time the Tired Business Man has finished the paper it is luncheon-time. He gets back about two, shouts for his letters, signs them and is off to the ball game!

It is hardly any wonder the theatrical manager goes crazy getting up plays for the Tired Business Man. Isn't it true that the harder a man has been working the easier it is to amuse him? It's a matter of reaction. What the manager is really doing is amusing the Blasé Business Man. Heresy, isn't it? All right. Let me burn as a heretic.

We are gradually approaching the theater, as you perceive. By the time I had been writing for a year and had grown accustomed to seeing my name in print I decided to

"And What is More, I Shall Ask For an Injunction and Close the Whole Thing Up!"

write a play. Everybody was doing it. All the world's a stage and men and women merely playwrights. The fact is that I did not know which side of the stage is the left side and which is the right—do you? Well, the left side of the stage is the player's left, not yours. Still, the fact that I knew nothing of technic did not deter me. To be quite frank, I did not know there was such a thing as dramatic technic. I thought I would write a play for David Belasco. In fact, having heard that Mr. Belasco wished a play for a certain star, I wrote him and asked whether I had been correctly informed.

He replied civilly he did wish a play for the star. I got a starch-box, a dozen or so lead soldiers of the children's, paper and ink, and prepared to toss off a play for the star. Had any one inquired I should have said nonchalantly that I was writing a play for David Belasco!

People have come to me since, many of them. They are going to write a play or they have it written. In these latter cases they are very careful not to let me know the idea. They think I might steal it and use it myself. They will sometimes tell, after much questioning, whether it is a comedy or a tragedy—generally it is a tragedy—but they will not go much farther. I am very gentle with them. I never read a manuscript, for I should have time to do nothing else if I once began; but I tell them where to send their stuff, and what books they must read, and that they cannot write a play in three days, which is what most of them expect to do. When I tell them that it generally takes a year and that my first produced play was rewritten nine times they think I am afraid of them and am trying to frighten them off. But, as I say, I am very gentle. I hark back to the arrogance of my early attitude, and I am meek and lowly minded and tolerant.

To go back to the starch-box. The idea of that first play was centered about an automobile race. It was a lineal descendant of Ben Hur, without Ben. The climax was when the hero, in the winning car, with his mechanician clinging to the machine to keep it steady, and with the scenery flying by on a panorama drop at a hundred miles an hour, wins the girl. Or perhaps—I have almost forgotten—the villain put tacks on the speedway and the hero lost the race. I think this was probably the way, for I remember distinctly that the hero was to play the last act in bandages.

The starch-box was not a success. Even labeling one of the lead soldiers "Eloise" with a tag—they were all tagged—only seemed to crush my inspiration. It did not look like Eloise. And when it came to the love scenes, and the hero with a lead rifle over his shoulder proposed to Eloise, who carried a drum, I could not picture her saying anything more romantic than "rat-a-tat-tat." An ensemble looked like a civil war, so finally I put away the starch-box.

From Tragedy to Comedy

BUT I did not put away the play; I finished it. When I got through, however, it was not a star part, so I did not send it to Belasco. Personally I thought every part was a fat one. I was positive that some one else would think of the same idea before I succeeded in having it produced, and I could hardly wait. I need not have worried; I still have it—or somebody has it. I got it out of my system, and the unanimity of its rejection taught me a great deal that I needed to know.

I believe all playwrights have much the same experience, although they will not always admit it. One of the most brilliant of our recent writers for the stage read me his first play. I went to sleep, being very tired, but the last thing I recall was a scene in a Western silver mine, where the mine mascot, a goat, had swallowed a stick of dynamite, and on being kicked by the villain blew up.

It is curious how far people go from what they know best to get an idea for a play. A couple of years ago a young professional man came to see me. He had written a very bad play about some trivial theme. He said he was writing because he was having some sort of trouble and was often up until very late and wished to use the time. Months later I heard his story. He was so frequently up late because his young wife went out night after night, coming home at three or four in the morning if she came at all. When she did not come he went after her, going from one café to another until he found her and brought her back to her young baby. On those nights when he sat waiting, starting at every sound, he tried to keep sane, poor boy, by writing a play, and a comedy at that!

It is trite to say that everybody writes plays. What seems most curious to me is the fact that the desire and the ability so seldom coincide. Perhaps it is because the professional writer, with both his natural and acquired equipment fitting him to write for the stage, realizes better than the amateur the difficulties of playwriting and its more than precarious rewards. Given his health, the professional writer can tell you pretty closely what he will earn in the next year. The reward of the theater, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth and frequently doesn't list at all.

I had been writing for the theater for four years before I made anything out of it—anything, that is, to boast about. I was making plenty of money in other ways. My first book was accepted almost as soon as it was offered, by the first publishing house to which it was submitted, and was a best seller. All my subsequent books have been as successful. I have never had a book rejected either by the publishers or by the public. But every now and then I must leave the staid and orderly walk of literature for a wild theatrical revel, a bacchanalian orgy of cues, exits, climaxes, stage business and rehearsals. It is in my blood; particularly in the spring, when other people are taking sulphur and molasses, I am almost invariably indulging myself with a three-act comedy or a four-act melodrama.

My first produced play was a melodrama. It was quite teary in places. This is curious, because I am cheerful myself, and my other stuff is generally considered amusing. A college professor in the West said, in a review of one of my books, that it rested and relaxed him, much as it rested his wife to take off her stays! So my first produced play was somber. Its history was curious. About the time I was sending my hero in the automobile play along a panorama track at a hundred miles an hour, I saw Henry Miller in the one-act sketch, David Garrick. I was profoundly moved—so moved that I decided to write a sketch myself! And I did it that night after the theater and typed it the next day with one finger. It was crude and rough, but it had an idea, and an idea that was new.

The automobile play having reached its last lap at that time, I went to New York with it and the sketch, going to the Holland House. I knew nothing about New York. I had been there on my wedding trip on my way across the ocean, and I had been there once in the interval, when a magazine I had been selling stories to expressed a desire to see me. The babies had been coming and I had been a busy young mother. The first baby came when I was twenty, and for the seven years after that I had never known one night's unbroken sleep. So it was a plunge when I went East. I was terribly worried about leaving the children, but here were two perfectly good and marketable ideas, and if I sent them by mail some one might steal 'em! I had heard of a lot of that sort of thing.

I knew one man in New York, the editor of the magazine that had sent for me. I shall never forget his face when I told him what had brought me. He groaned.

"Stung by the theatrical bee!" the editor exclaimed. "And coming here to New York with a play in your pocket!"

"Two," I said modestly.

"How long can you stay?"

"Over Sunday." It was Saturday morning.

He looked at me with pity not unmixed with awe.

"Whom do you expect to see?"

I said with becoming frankness that I expected to see Mr. ——, the biggest manager in the city.

"My dear young woman," he observed gently, almost sadly, "I know a chap who lives in this town and who for two years has made it his sole object in life to see that man. It can't be done. He's a sprite, a wizard. You can't find him—he's like a flea on a poodle's back."

Finally, however, he gave me a number of letters to different managers. I still have them. I did not present one. Like every woman, I listened to his advice and then went out and did what I wanted. I walked up Broadway to a certain theater, which I located by the telephone book, and I left the sketch with the stage doorkeeper. The rest of the day I spent buying clothes for the children.

The magazine editor and his wife took pity on my loneliness and that evening they asked me to spend Sunday out of town with them. I was glad to accept. New York on Sunday is as lonely as the Sahara desert—and as dry. Not that the dryness would have troubled me—I do not drink.

When I got back to the Holland House that Sunday night there was a message. Mr. —— had called me up. Mr. —— was one of the best known actors on the stage, and was playing a big part in New York at that time at the theater where I had left the sketch. I had been in New York less than thirty-six hours! Later on that evening he called up again. He said that he and his manager had read the sketch, and that they would like to see me in his dressing room at the theater the following evening, Monday. I was breathless with excitement and exultation, but I managed to gasp that I could hardly go to his dressing room.

Under All My Bad Handling There Was a Big Theme, Too Big to be Hidden

A Surprised Editor

I FANCY, as I look back, that he probably gasped at that. But he said at once that he quite understood, that his wife would meet me at the stage door and that the manager would send his machine for me.

I have known much of the theater since. I have been up to the eighteenth heaven of success and down in the nethermost hell of failure. I have never forgotten the perfect courtesy and genuine kindliness of that actor and his wife, or of the manager who met me that Monday night in the stifling dressing room of the theater and told me I had a big idea.

For that was it. Under all my bad handling there was a big theme, too big to be hidden—not a universal theme, perhaps, but one of those dramatic and vivid exceptions to the general scheme of life that make drama. And these people knew it. They asked me to make it into a three-act play, and I agreed. I would have agreed had they asked me to eat it. And they sent me to my hotel as I had come, in the manager's machine, and the actor's wife went with me.

The next morning, Tuesday, I sauntered in to see my magazine editor. He was up to his eyes in work, but I was a promising author and his find. He sent for me at once to come in.

"Well," he said indulgently, "did you take those letters I gave you?"

"Not yet," I replied.

"I thought you were going home last night?"

"I was, but—I couldn't very well."

He looked at me with cold suspicion. "Where were you?" he demanded. To a certain extent I know now that he felt a sort of responsibility for me to my husband and the babies.

"I was with Mr. ——," naming the manager, "and with Mr. ——, the star."

"What!" he yelled. "What!"

"I spent the evening with them," I went on calmly. "Mr. —— has taken my sketch and I am making it into a three-act play for ——"

He took out his handkerchief and mopped his face. "Well, I'll be hanged!" he muttered.

Making the sketch into a three-act play meant getting a new story and using the sketch as the end of the second act. I went back to the hotel and telegraphed to find out

(Continued on Page 48)

POWER AND HORSE-POWER

By Fannie Hurst

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

IN THE Knickerbeck Hotel there are various parlors: Pompeian rooms lined in marble and pillared in chaste fluted columns; Louis Quinze corners, gold-leafed and pink-brocaded, principally furnished with a spindly-legged Vernis-Martin cabinet and a large French clock in the form of a celestial sphere surmounted by a gold cupid.

There are high-ceilinged rendezvous rooms, with six arm and two straight chairs chased after the manner of Gouthière, and a series of small inlaid writing desks, generously equipped for an avidious public to whom the crest-embossed stationery of a four-dollar-a-day-up hotel suggests long-forgotten friends back home.

"I'm Sorry, Kiddo, But We'll Have to Make It Tomorrow Night for That Ride of Ours"

Just off the lobby is the Oriental room, thick with arabesque hangings and incense and distinguished by the famous pair of Chinese famille rose mandarin jars, fifty-three inches high and enameled with Hoho birds and flowers. In careful contrast the adjoining room, a Colonial parlor paneled in black walnut and designed by a notorious architect, is ten degrees lower in temperature and lighted by large rectangular windows, through whose leaded panes a checkered patch of sunshine filters across the floor for half an hour each forenoon.

Then there is the manicure parlor, done in white tile—and stationary washstands by the Herman Casky Hygienic Company, Eighth Avenue.

The oracle of this particular Delphi was Miss Gertrude Sprunt, white-shirtwaisted, smooth-haired and cool-fingered. Miss Sprunt could tell, almost as soon as you stepped out of the elevator opposite the parlors, the shortest cut to your hand and heart; she could glance at a pair of cuffs and give the fingernails a correspondingly high or domestic finish, and could cater to the manicurial whims of Fifth Avenue and Four Corners, alike. After one digital treat at her clever hands you enlisted as one of Miss Sprunt's regulars.

This fact was not lost upon her sister worker, Miss Ethyl Mooney. "Say, Gertie"—Miss Mooney tied a perky little apron about her trim waist and patted a bow into place—"is there ever a mornin' that you ain't booked clear through the day?"

Miss Sprunt hung her flat sailor hat and blue jacket behind the door, placed her hands on her hips, glanced down the length of her svelte figure, yawned, and patted her mouth with her hand.

"Not so you could notice it," she replied in gapey tones. "I'm booked from nine to quitting just six days of the week; and, believe me, it's not like taking the rest cure."

"I guess if I was a jollier like you, Gert, I'd have a waitin' list too. I wish I could get on to your system."

"Maybe I give tradin' stamps," observed Miss Sprunt flippantly.

"You give 'em some sort of laughing gas; but me, I'm of a retiring disposition and I never could force myself on nobody."

Miss Gertrude flecked at herself with a whiskbroom.

"Don't feel bad about it, Ethyl; just keep on trying."

Miss Ethyl flushed angrily.

"Smarty!" she said.

"I wasn't trying to be nasty, Ethyl—you're welcome to an appointment every twenty minutes so far as I'm concerned."

Miss Ethyl appeared appeased.

"You know yourself, Gert, you gotta way about you—a dollar tip ain't nothin' for you. But look at me—I've forgot there's anything bigger'n a quarter in circulation."

"There's a great deal in knowing human nature. Why, I can almost tell a fellow's first name by looking at his halfmoons."

"Believe me, Gert, it ain't your flossy finish that makes the hit; it's a way you've got of making a fellow think he's the whole show."

"I do try to make myself agreeable," admitted Miss Sprunt.

"Agreeable! You can look at a guy with that Oh-I-could-just-listen-to-you-talk-forever expression, and by the time you're through with him he'll want to take his tens out of the water and sign over his insurance to you."

"Manicuring is a business like anything else," said Miss Sprunt, by no means displeased—"you sure do have to cater to the trade."

"Well, believe me ——" began Miss Ethyl.

But Miss Gertrude suddenly straightened, smiled and turned toward her table.

Across the hall Mr. James Barker, the rubbed-down, clean-shaven result of a Russian bath, a Swedish massage and a bountiful American breakfast, stepped out of a French-gold elevator and entered the parlor.

Miss Sprunt placed the backs of her hands on her hips and cocked her head at the clock.

"Good morning, Mr. Barker; you're on time to the minute."

Mr. Barker removed his black-and-white checked cap, deposited three morning editions of evening papers atop a small glass case devoted to the display of Madame Dupont's beautifying cold creams and marvelous cocoa butters, and rubbed his hands swiftly together as if generating a spark. A large diamond mounted in a cruelly stretched lion's mouth glinted on Mr. Barker's left hand; a sister stone glowed like an acetylene lamp from his scarf.

"On time, eh! Leave it to your Uncle Fuller to be on time for the big show—a pretty goil can drag me from the hay quicker'n anything I know of."

Miss Gertrude quirked the corner of one eye at Miss Ethyl in a scarcely perceptible wink and filled a glass bowl with warm water.

"That's one thing I will say for my regular customers—they never keep me waiting; that is the beauty of having a high-class trade."

She glanced at Mr. Barker with pleasing insinuntion and they seated themselves *vis-à-vis* at the little table.

Miss Sprunt surrounded herself with the implements of her craft—small porcelain jars of pink and white cold creams, cakes of powder in varying degrees of pinkness, phials of opaque liquids, graduated series of files and scissors, large and small chamois-covered buffers, and last the round glass bowl of tepid water cloudy with melting soap.

Mr. Barker extended his large hand upon the little cushion and sighed in satisfaction.

"Go to it, sis—gimme a shine like a wind-shield."

She rested his four heavy fingers lightly in her palm.

"You really don't need a manicure, Mr. Barker; your hands keep the shine better than most."

"Well, I'll be hanged—tryin' to learn your Uncle Fuller when to have his own hands polished! Can you beat it?" Mr. Barker's steel-blue shaved face widened to a broad grin. "Say, you're a goil after my own heart—a regular little sixty-horse-power queen."

"I wasn't born yesterday, Mr. Barker."

"I know you wasn't, but you can't bluff me off, kiddo. You don't need to give me no high-power shine if you don't want to, for I've got one dollar and forty minutes' worth of your time cornered."

Miss Sprunt dipped his hands into tepid water.

"I knew what I said would not frighten you off, Mr. Barker. I wouldn't have said it if I thought it would."

Mr. Barker guffawed with gusto.

"Can you beat the wimmin!" he cried. "Can you beat the wimmin!"

"You want a high pink finish, don't you, Mr. Barker?"

"Go as far as you like, sis; give 'em to me as pink and shiny as a baby's heel."

Miss Sprunt gouged out a fingertip of pink cream and applied it lightly to the several members of his right hand. Her touch was sure and swift.

He regarded her with frankly admiring eyes.

"You're some little goil," he said; "you can tell me what I want better than I know myself."

"That's easy; there isn't a broker in New York who doesn't want a high pink finish, and I've been doing brokers, actors, millionaires, bank clerks and Sixth Avenue swells in this hotel for three years."

He laughed delightedly, his eyes almost disappearing behind a fretwork of fine wrinkles.

"What makes you know I'm a tape-puller, kiddo? Durned if you ain't got my number better than I got it myself."

"I can tell a broker from a business man as easy as I can tell a five-carat diamond from a gilt-edge bond."

He slid farther down on his chair and regarded her with genuine approval.

"Say, kiddo, I've been all round the world—took a trip through Egypt in my car last spring that I could write a book about; but I ain't seen nothin' in the way of skirts that could touch you with a ten-foot rod."

She flushed.

"Oh, you fellows are such jolliers!"

"On the level, kiddo, you're preferred stock all right, and I'd be willin' to take a flyer any time."

"Say, Mr. Barker, you'd better quit stirring the candy or it will turn to sugar."

"Lemme tell you, Miss Gertie, I ain't guyin' and I'll prove it to you. I'm goin' to take you out in the swellest little ninety-horse-power speedwagon you ever seen; if you'll gimme leave I'll set you and me up tonight to the niftiest little dinner party on the island, eh?"

She filed rapidly at his thumb, bringing the nail to a pointed apex.

"I'm very careful about accepting invitations, Mr. Barker."

"Don't you think I can tell a genteel goil when I see her? That's why I ain't asked you out the first time I seen you."

She kept her eyes lowered.

"Of course, since you put it that way, I'll be pleased to accept your invitation, Mr. Barker."

He struck the table with his free hand.

"Is There Ever a Mornin' That You Ain't Booked Clear Through the Day?"

"You're a live un all right. How about callin' round fer you at six this evenin'?"

She nodded assent.

"Good goil! We'll keep the speedometer busy all right!"

She skidded the palms of her hands over his nails. "There," she said, "that's not a bad shine."

He straightened his hands out before him and regarded them in mock scrutiny. "Those are some classy grabbers," he said; "and you're some classy little woiker."

He watched her replace the crystal stoppers in their several bottles and fit her various commodities into place. She ranged the scissors and files in neat graduated rows and blew powder particles off the cover with prettily pursed lips.

"That'll be about all, Mr. Barker."

He ambled reluctantly out from his chair.

"You'll be here at six then?"

"Will I be here at six, sis? Say, will a fish swim?"

He fitted his cap carefully upon his head and pulled the visor low over his eyes.

"So long, kiddo!" He crossed the marble corridor, stepped into the gold elevator, the filigree door snapped shut and he shot upward.

Miss Ethyl waited a moment and then pitched her voice to a careful note of indifference.

"I'll bet the million-dollar kid asked you to elope with him."

Miss Gertrude tilted her coiffure forward and ran her amber back comb through her front hair.

"No," she said with the same indifference, "he didn't ask me to elope with him; he just wanted to know if I'd tour Hester Street with him in his canoe."

"I don't see no medals on you fer bein' the end man of the minstrel show. Don't let a boat trip to Coney go to your head; you might get brain fever."

Gertrude Sprunt cast her eyes ceilingward.

"Well, one good thing, your brain will never cause you any trouble, Ethyl."

"Lord, Gert, cut out the airs! You ain't livin' in the rose suite on the tenth floor; you're only applyin' nail polishes and cuticle lotions down here in the basement."

"There's something else I'm doing too," retorted Miss Gertrude with unruffled amiability. "I'm minding my own affairs."

They fell to work again after these happy sallies, and it was late afternoon before there came a welcome lull.

"Who's your last, Gert?"

"Mr. Chase." There were two red spots of excitement burning on Miss Sprunt's cheeks, and her eyes showed more black than blue.

"Not that little guy with the Now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep expression? Take it from me he's a bank clerk or a library guy. Thank Heaven, I ain't got no cheap skates on my staff!"

Miss Gertrude flushed up to her eyes.

"He may be a clerk. But ——"

Mr. Chase entered quietly. There was a gentle, even shrinking, smile upon his features and he carried a small offering covered with purple tissue paper, which he placed nervously upon the edge of the table.

"Good afternoon, Miss Sprunt." He pushed the greeting toward her. "May I hope that you will accept these?"

"Oh, Mr. Chase, aren't you good!" The very quality of her voice was suddenly different, like the softening of a violin note when you mute the strings.

He drew his chair up to the table with the quiet satisfaction of a man ready for a well-merited meal.

"You and violets are inseparable in my mind, Miss Sprunt, because you both suggest the spring."

She laughed in low, rich tones, and her shirtwaist rose and fell rapidly from short breathing.

"Why," she said, "that's the very nicest thing any one ever said to me."

His hand, long-fingered and virile, drooped over the edge of the bowl into the warm water; he leaned forward with his chest against the line of the table.

"What do you mean, Miss Sprunt?"

She took his dripping hand from the water and dried each finger separately.

"If you had been doing high pink finishes for three years you'd know the difference when a dull white came along—I—I mean, I ——"

He smoothed away her embarrassment with a raillery: "By your polish shall ye be known."

"Yes," she replied with more seriousness than banter, "that's exactly what I mean. I'm not used to men whose polish extends beyond their fingernails."

She worked with her head bent low and he regarded the shining coils of her hair.

"How droll you are!" he said.

She pushed back the halfmoons of his fingers with an orange stick dipped in cold cream.

"When You Come to Live in a Lobster Palace You Usually Have Your Claws Done to Match Your Shell"

"You ought to watch your cuticle, Mr. Chase, and be more regular about the manicures. Your hands are more delicate than most."

He started.

"Of course I should pay more attention to them, but I'm pretty busy and—and ——"

"Of course I understand manicures are expensive luxuries these days."

"Yes."

"I have become so accustomed to hotel trade that I forgot that some hands may be earning salaries instead of drawing incomes."

Her manner was unobtrusive and he laughed quietly.

"You are quite a student of types, Miss Sprunt."

"Wouldn't I have to be, Mr. Chase, me doing as many as a hundred fingers a day, and something different coming with each ten of them?"

"You are delightful," he said, letting his amused eyes rest upon her; "but I fear you've mysterious methods of divination."

"Oh, I don't know," she said airily. "Just take you, for example. I don't need an X-ray to see that there isn't a Fifth Avenue tailor sign stitched inside your coat. It doesn't take any mind-reader to know that you come in from the Sixth Avenue entrance and not from the elevator. Besides, when you come to live in a lobster palace you usually have your claws done to match your shell. I'd have given you a dull white finish without your even asking for it."

"I see where I stand with you, Miss Sprunt."

"Oh, it isn't that, Mr. Chase. I guess, if the truth was known, the crawfish stand better with me than the lobsters."

Mr. Chase's fingers closed lightly over hers.

"I believe you mean what you say," he said.

"You bet your life I do!" she said, emphasizing each word with a buff. She looked up, met his insistent eyes and laughed in a high, unnatural pitch.

"Other hand, please," she whispered.

When he finally rose to depart she rose with him, holding her nosegay at arm's length and tilting her head.

"It's almost time for wood violets, Miss Sprunt. I'll try to get you some."

"Oh, don't trouble, Mr. Chase; these hothouse ones are beauties."

"I—I'll be dropping in soon again, Miss Sprunt. I think I'll take your advice and be more regular about my manicures."

"Oh," she said in some confusion, "I—I didn't mean that. You can care for them in between times yourself."

At the Sixth Avenue exit he paused.

"Good night," he said slowly.

"Good night," she responded, her lips warm and parted like a child's.

When the click of his footsteps had echoed down the marble corridor Miss Ethyl crossed the room and indulged in several jerky sniffs at the little floral offering. "Well, whatta you know about that little tin Willie, bringin' a goil violets in May? You better stick to the million-dollar kid, Gert; he's the strawberries-in-December brand."

For once Miss Gertrude did not retort; her eyes, full of dreams, were gazing past the doorway which had so recently framed the modest figure of Mr. Chase.

Promptly at six Mr. Barker appeared for his appointment. He bespoke the last word and epilogue in sartorial perfection—his suit was a trifle too brown and a trifle too creased and his carnation a bit too large, but he radiated good cheer and perfume.

Miss Ethyl nudged Miss Gertrude excitedly.

"Pipe the rig, Gert; he makes you look like a hole in a doughnut."

He entered, suave as oil.

"Well, sis, ready?"

"Oh, Mr. Barker, you're all dressed up—and look at me. I ——"

"Ah-h-h, how do you like it? Some class, eh? Guess your Uncle Fuller ain't some hit—brand-new gear from tonneau to rear wheels."

Mr. Barker circumvolved on one heel, holding his coat-tails apart. "I blew me right fer this outfit; but it's woith the money, sis."

"If I had known I'd have gone home and dressed up too."

"Well, whatta you know about that?" exclaimed Mr. Barker, observing her up and down. "That there shroud you're wearing is as classy as anything I've seen up in the lobby or any place else, and I've been all round the woild some too. I know the real thing from the seconds every time."

Miss Gertrude worked into her gloves.

"I guess it is more becoming for a girl like me to go plainly."

"Believe me, kiddo"—Mr. Barker placed his hand blinker fashion against the side of his mouth, and his lips took on an oblique slant—"take it from me, kiddo, when it comes to real feet-on-the-fender comfort, a nineteen-fifty suit with a extry pair of pants thrown in can make this rig feel like a busted tire."

"Well, Mr. Barker, I'm ready if you are."

He swung one arm akimbo with an outward circular movement, clicked his heels together and straightened his shoulders until his speckled white vest swelled.

"Hitch on, sis, and let's show Broadway we're in town!"

Gertrude took a pinch of sleeve between her gloved fingers; they fell into step. At the door she turned and nodded over one shoulder.

"Good night, Ethyl dear," she said a trifle too sweetly.

A huge mahogany-colored touring car caparisoned in nickel and upholstered in darker red panted and chugged at the Broadway curb. Mr. Barker helped her into the front seat, swung himself behind the steering wheel, covered them over with a striped rug and turned his shining monster into the flux of Broadway.

Miss Gertrude leaned her head back against the upholstery and breathed a deep-seated, satisfied sigh.

"This," she said, "is what I call living."

Mr. Barker grinned and let out five miles more to the hour.

"I guess this ain't got the Sixth Avenue 'L' skinned a mile!"

"Two miles," she said.

"Honest, sis, I could be arrested for what I think of the 'L.'"

"I know the furnishing of every third-floor front on the line," she replied with a dreary attempt at jocoseness.

"Never mind, kiddo, I've got my eye on you," he sang, quoting from a street song of the hour.

They sped on silently, the wind singing in their ears.

"Want the shield up?"

"The what?"

"The glass front."

"No, thank you, Mr. Barker; this air is good."

"This old wagon can eat up the miles all right, eh? She toured Egypt fer two months and never turned an ankle."

"To think of having traveled as you have."

"Me, I'm the best little traveler you ever seen. More than once I drove this car up a mountainside. Hold your hat—here goes, kiddo."

"I guess you'll think I'm slow, but this is the first time I've been in a automobile, except once when I was sent for in a taxicab for a private manicure."

"You think you could get used to mine, kiddo?" He nudged her elbow with his free arm; she drew herself back against the cushions.

"The way I feel now," she said, closing her eyes, "I could ride this way until the crack of doom."

They drew up before a flaring, electric-lighted café with an awning extending from the entrance out to the curb.

A footman swung open the door, a doorman relieved Mr. Barker of his hat and light overcoat, a head waiter steered them through an Arcadia of palms, flower-banked tables and small fountains to a mirrored corner, a lackey drew out their chairs, a pantry boy placed crisp rolls and small pats of sweet butter beside their plates and filled their tumblers with water from a crystal bottle, a waiter bent almost double wrote their order on a silver-mounted pad, and music faint as the symphony of the spheres came to them from a small gold balcony.

Miss Gertrude removed her gloves thoughtfully.

"That is what I call living," she repeated. She leaned forward, her elbows on the table, and the little bunch of violets at her belt worked out and fell to the floor. An attendant sprang to recover them.

"Let 'em go," said Barker. He drew a lavender orchid from the embankment between them and wiped its wet stem. "Here's a posy that's got them beat right."

She took it and pinned it at her throat. "Thanks," she said, glancing about her with glowing, interested eyes.

"This place makes Runey's lunchroom look like a two-weeks-old manicure."

"I told you I was goin' to show you the time of your life, didn't I? Any goil that goes out with me ain't with a piker."

"Gee!" said Gertrude; "if Ethyl could only see me now."

She sipped her water and the ice tinkled against the frail sides of the tumbler. A waiter swung a silver dome off a platter and served them a steaming and unpronounceable delicacy; a woman sang from the small gold balcony—life, wine and jewels sparkled alike.

A page with converging lines of gilt balls down the front of his uniform passed picture postcards, showing the café, from table to table. Gertrude asked for a lead-pencil and wrote one to a cousin in Montana, and Mr. Barker signed his name beneath hers.

They dallied with pink ices and French pastries, and he loudly requested the best cigar in the place.

"It's all in knowin' how to live," he explained. "I've been all over the world and there ain't much I don't know or ain't seen; but you gotta know the right way to go about things."

"Anybody could tell by looking at you that you are a man of the world," said Miss Gertrude.

It was eleven o'clock when they entered the car for the homeward spin. The cool air blew color and verve into her face; and her hair, responding to the night damp, curled in little grapevine tendrils round her face.

"You're some swell little goil," remarked Mr. Barker; a cigar hung idle from one corner of his mouth.

"And you are some driver!" she retorted. "You run a car like a real chauffeur."

"I wouldn't own a car if I couldn't run it myself," he said. "I ran this car all through France last fall. There ain't no fun bein' steered like a mollycoddle."

"No one could ever accuse you of being a mollycoddle, Mr. Barker."

He turned and loosened the back of her seat until it reclined like a Morris chair. "My own invention," he said; "to lie back and watch the stars on a clear night sort of—of gives you a hunch what's goin' on up there."

She looked at him in some surprise. "You're clever all right," she said rather seriously.

"Wait till you know me better, kiddo. I'll learn you a whole lot about me that'll surprise you."

His hand groped for hers; she drew it away gently, but her voice was also gentle. "Here we are home, Mr. Barker."

In front of her lower West Side rooming house he helped her carefully to alight, regarding her sententiously in the flare of the street lamp.

"You're my style all right, kiddo. My speedometer registers you pretty high."

She giggled.

"I'm here to tell you that you look good to me, and—and—I—anything on fer tomorrow night?"

"No," she said softly.

"Are you on?"

She nodded.

"I'll drop in and see you tomorrow," he said.

"Good," she replied.

"If nothin' unexpected comes up tomorrow night we'll take one swell spin out along the Hudson Drive and have dinner at the Vista. There's some swell scenery out along the Palisade drive when the moon comes up and shines over the water."

"Oh, Mr. Barker, that will be heavenly!"

"I'm some on the soft-soap stuff myself," he said.

"You're full of surprises," she agreed.

"I'll drop in and see you tomorrow, kiddo."

"Good night," she whispered.

"Good night, little sis," he replied.

They parted with a final handshake; as she climbed up to her room she heard the machine chug away.

The perfume of her orchid floated about her like a delicate mist. She undressed and went to bed into a dream-world of shimmering women and hidden music, a world chiefly peopled by deferential waiters and scraping lackeys. All the night through she sped in a silent mahogany-colored touring car, with the wind singing in her ears and lights flashing past like meteors.

When Miss Gertrude arrived at the Knockerbeck parlors next morning a little violet offering wrapped in white tissue paper lay on her desk. They were fresh wood violets, cool and damp with dew. She flushed and placed them in a small glass vase behind the cold-cream case.

Her eyes were blue like the sky when you look straight up, and a smile trembled on her lips. Ten minutes later Mr. Barker, dust-begrimed and enveloped in a long linen duster, swaggered in. He peeled off his stout gloves; his fingers were black-rimmed and grease-splotched.

"Mornin', sis; here's a fine job for you. Took an unexpected business trip ten miles out and the bloomin' spark-plug got to cuttin' up like a balky horse."

He crammed his gloves and goggles into spacious pockets and looked at Miss Gertrude with warming eyes.

"Durned if you ain't lookin' pert as a mornin' glory today!"

She took his fingers on her hand and regarded them reprovingly.

"Shame on you, Mr. Barker, for getting yourself so mussed up!" cried Miss Sprunt.

"Looks like I need somebody to take care of me, doan it, sis?"

"Yes," she agreed unblushingly.

Once in warm water, his hands exuded the odor of gasoline. She sniffed like a horse scenting the turf.

"I'd rather have a whiff of an automobile," she remarked, "than of the best attar of roses on the market."

"You ain't forgot about tonight, sis?"

She lowered her eyes.

"No, I haven't forgotten."

"There ain't nothin' but a business engagement can keep me off. I gotta big deal on and I may be too busy tonight, but we'll go tomorrow sure."

"That'll be all right, Mr. Barker; business before pleasure."

"I'm pretty sure it'll be tonight though. I—I don't like to have to wait too long."

He reached across the table suddenly and gripped hold of her working arm.

"Say, kiddo, I like you."

"Silly!" she said softly.

"I ain't foolin'."

"I'll be ready at six," she said lightly. "If you can't come let me know."

"I ain't the sort to do things snide," he said. "If I can't come I'll put you wise all right."

"You certainly know how to treat a girl," she said.

"Let me get to likin' a goil and there ain't nothin' I won't do for her."

"You sure can run a machine, Mr. Barker."

"You wait till I let her go along the Hudson road and then you'll see some real drivin'—last night wasn't nothin'."

"Oh, Mr. Barker!"

"Call me Jim," he said.

"Jim," she repeated softly after him.

The day was crowded with appointments. She worked unceasingly until the nerves at the back of her head were strained and aching and tired shadows appeared under her eyes. The languor of spring oppressed her.

To her surprise Mr. Chase appeared at four o'clock. At the sight of him the point of her little scissors slipped into the unoffending cuticle of the hand she was grooming. She motioned him to a chair along the wall. "In just a few minutes, Mr. Chase."

"Thank you," he replied, seating himself and watching her with interested, near-sighted eyes.

A nervousness sent the blood rushing to her head. The low drone of Ethyl's voice talking to a customer, the tick of the clock, the click and sough of the elevator were thrice magnified. She could feel the gush of color to her face.

The fat old gentleman whose fingers she had been administering placed a generous bonus on the table and ambled out. She turned her burning eyes upon Mr. Chase and spoke slowly to steady her voice. She was ashamed of her unaccountable nervousness and of the suffocating dryness in her throat.

"Ready for you, Mr. Chase."

He came toward her with a peculiar slowness of movement, a characteristic slowness which was one of the trivial things which burned his attractiveness into her consciousness. In the stuffiness of her own little room she had more than once closed her eyes and deliberately pictured him as he came toward her table, gentle yet eager, with a deference which was new as it was delightful to her.

As he approached her she snapped a flexible file between her thumb and forefinger and watched it vibrate and come to a jerky stop; then she looked up.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Chase."

"Good afternoon, Miss Sprunt. You see I am taking your advice." He took the chair opposite her.

"I—I want to thank you for the violets. They are the first real hint of May I've had."

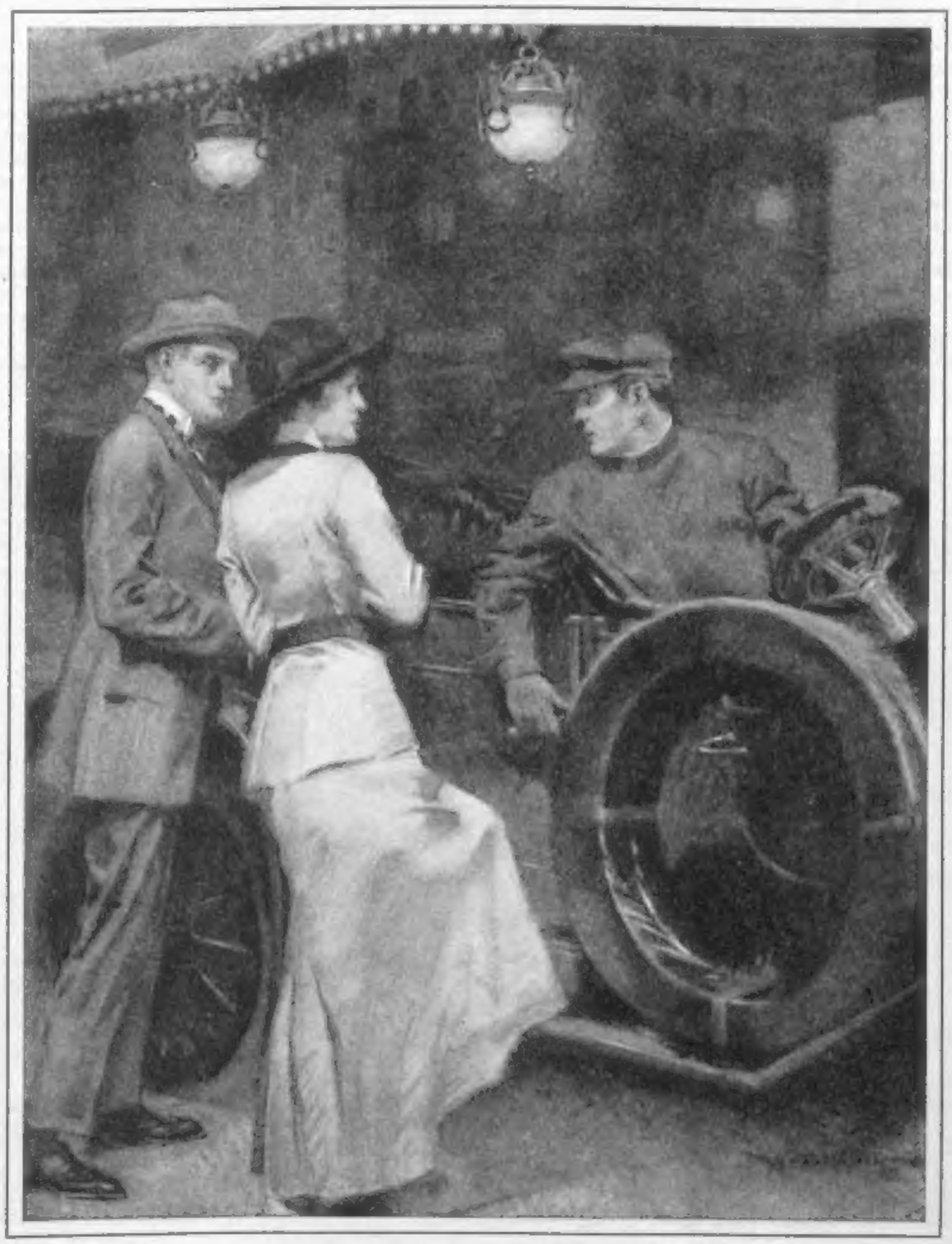
"You knew they came from me?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Why—I—why, I just knew."

(Continued on Page 52)



"It's All Right; This is Your Surprise"

DAVID MACKLEBY

"'A New England Mackleby, Born and Raised on the Old Mackleby Place'"

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

DOCTOR DAWSON sat on the lounge in his little office on the steamer Yokohama and puffed gently at a cigar. Evening inspection was over, the steerage steward had made his last requisition for medicine for a sick passenger, and on the deck overhead the quartermaster on lookout had taken up his two hours' tramp back and forth. Somewhere to the north of us the Kurile Islands lay in year-long solitude. A cold Kamchatka breeze rattled the lattice door.

"We ought to make the Japanese coast day after tomorrow," Dawson remarked. "How I hate this northern route! I shall never like this part of the world, though I've seen enough of it, Heaven knows!"

"I haven't been up here in a dozen years," I responded. "Not since the winter the Pelican was lost."

"I was in her," the doctor replied, "David Mackleby and I."

"I never heard the story of her loss," I told him. "That year I was beyond the reach of news. All I know is that the old packet vanished and the company chartered the Coldstream in her place."

Dawson frowned, his eyes fixed on the brass clock.

"It was just about this time—fifty minutes past nine at night—that the skipper came into my room on the old Pelican and got one-thirtieth of a grain of strychnine. His heart was weak. Well, it took more than strychnine to save the old ship! However, I was saved—and David Mackleby."

"Mackleby? Mackleby?" I repeated. "I don't think I ever heard of him."

"Certainly not," said the doctor. "He was a New England farmer on his wedding journey. He was at least sixty years old and had never seen salt water until he booked as passenger on the old Pelican one rainy autumn afternoon in Tacoma. His wife's name was Sophia, and I should judge that she was about forty, if not fifty.

"You know the Pelican was not a passenger steamer, though she had been built with accommodations for half a dozen; but somehow Mackleby picked her out as the one vessel he would consent to travel on, and the agent arranged it with the captain. So we sailed out of Juan de Fuca Strait, with David and Sophia settled in a room next to mine in the upper port alleyway. We were bound for Vladivostok.

"If there is a lonesome job it is that of doctor on a cargo boat. Consequently I rejoiced at the prospect of having some one to yarn with and made haste to get acquainted with my neighbors. Mackleby introduced himself as a farmer. I recall perfectly his first words: 'I'm a New England Mackleby, born and raised on the old Mackleby place,' and he reached out his hand for his wife and drew her up before me. 'This is Mrs. Mackleby, that was Sophia Green,' he told me. 'She and I, her father and my father, my grandfather and her grandfather, were always neighbors. Everybody in our country knows the Macklebys and the Greens.'

"You must know that David Mackleby, apart from his hands which were enormous, was an extremely ordinary-looking old fellow with thin, reddish hair, a wiry, slightly bent figure, close-clipped beard and mustache, and steady blue eyes. Compared with the rest of him, his huge hands were almost a deformity, being thick, short-fingered, with immense palms.

"Sophia was short, sallow-complexioned, yellow-haired and with a girlish figure. Her eyes were her only striking feature—of a very intense, velvety brown color, shaded by pale lashes.

"There you have our bridal couple, decked out in stiff new clothes and enjoying an Indian summer of wedded happiness. Prosaic, after all, you think? So I thought—but now David and Sophia stand out in my mind, gigantic and mysterious. Beneath the dry exterior of the elderly man and the plain wholesomeness of the middle-aged bride were the elements that make this world an astonishing succession of prodigies—that give ever new meanings to the words 'adventure' and 'romance.'

"Of course I didn't realize this at first. No one less than I suspected that the Pelican carried two passengers capable of portentous achievements. How could I? David stood two-leggedly stolid and spoke of his farm. Sophia gossiped the monotonous round of a country village. All that one might gather from their scanty conversation at table was that the Greens had always been good managers and that the Macklebys bore the reputation of being a little flighty.

"'David's father once went to Boston, with three hundred dollars, to buy a team of horses,' Sophia informed us one day. 'And what do you think he did? Why, he bought only one horse and spent the rest of the money on a windmill!'

"Though this seemed to be the sum total of the family unreliability, David evidently considered that his father's lapse had permanently injured the credit of the Macklebys. The unlucky windmill was without doubt the bar sinister of his escutcheon.

"I fancy Mrs. David related that story half a dozen times—whenever her husband needed what she termed a 'setdown.' Latterly David tried a feeble counter by an utterly useless attempt to brand an ancestral Green as a prodigal, bringing up the fact that Silas the second had once taken too much hard cider and sassed the minister, sitting on a cellar door and addressing the reverend man from that rostrum with haughty words. Sophia admitted the cider, but indignantly denied both cellar door and minister, asserting that these were additions of a generation devoted to scandal. 'You know, David,' she said, 'that Father Silas always drank hard cider, even when he was over eighty years old, and it made his eyes water—he was so set on staying young.'

"Now you know the ordinary course of their conversation, but there was another side to these people, as I found out little by little. In the first place, both of them had a passion for the sea. The Pelican certainly wasn't much of a vessel, and this North Pacific doesn't appeal to me as a romantic ocean; but they were completely satisfied with both ship and sea, as we discovered with some astonishment. Not that they expressed any delight or gave utterance to any praises of the voyage. Their talk was the tattle of a mild, inland village, but they acted like eager and intelligent adventurers.

"The skipper was the first to call my attention to it. 'The old boy stands on the deck there and stares by the hour,' he told me. 'I believe he wakes up every time it goes eight bells, for he's never been missing yet when the watch is called. The mate says Mrs. Mackleby is always dressed and up at four o'clock in the morning to see the sailors wash down. One would think they couldn't get enough of this seafaring business.'

"I fell to watching them myself; and I found they did indeed find some secret enjoyment in every maneuver. Time and again I caught their eyes meeting, not in lover-like glances, but as saying to each other: 'See? That's the way they do it!' They never said a word about marine matters, however, until long after we were apprised of their constant interest in the compass, the daily sights and every detail of the management of the ship.

"One evening at dinner the skipper, who had been busy over his reckonings all the afternoon, remarked that our position was where the old charts used to have Van Liuew's Whirlpool.

"David spoke up quickly: 'You say there is no whirlpool?'

"'It's very doubtful,' said the captain. 'Of course there's an eddy from the Japan Current; but as to a whirlpool five hundred miles across, our new charts don't recognize it.'

"David looked at Sophia and she looked back at him. She was evidently disappointed. 'I thought we'd see it,' she said. 'I know grandfather believed it was here.'

"'And it's on Grandfather David's chart, marked by his own hand,' said David.

"They were so annoyed that the skipper was enormously puzzled. He couldn't for the life of him see why the absence of Van Liuew's Whirlpool should bother an elderly couple of farmers on their honeymoon. Nevertheless, he said nothing, thinking it better to be silent, I suppose. As I've remarked, he had a weak heart and, like most men so afflicted, was in mortal fear of a discussion or any dispute.

"At last I discovered the secret of their interest. I knocked on their door as usual that evening and stepped in to find David and Sophia side by side on the lounge with an old chart spread on their knees. They were as startled as boys caught in an orchard and both of them flushed up. Before I thought I said: 'So! You have a chart of your own!'

"David explained. 'My grandfather and her grandfather were both whaling captains, doctor. This chart belonged to Grandfather Mackleby and he used it when he was in command of the ship Peter Mackleby. We were just looking ——'

"You would really have thought they had been apprehended in crime; but Sophia was game. 'And you can see he has it all marked down here,' she went on, 'with the date and everything—Van Liuew's Whirlpool.'

"I bent over that yellowed old chart and saw the brown-inked lettering in a fine hand—October 13, 1798—set in the center of a largish circle drawn round the zigzag delineation of the courses he had to sail that week. Evidently the ancient whalerman had found it stiff navigation those autumn days in 1798, and was glad when he had extricated himself and his ship from dangerous waters.

"'I observe he made a direct course into the Okhotsk Sea,' I remarked.

"'Just like Grandfather Green did,' spoke up Sophia, and dipped under the lounge to drag up a second old chart, on which she proudly pointed out how

"We Were Four Days and Nights Getting Within Sight of Land"

Captain Silas Green had made Cape Lopatka four hundred and six days out from Boston

"Once introduced into this hidden life of the Macklebys I quickly found myself their confidant. To be brief, this prosy old couple of honeymooners were on the Pelican in early winter in the North Pacific because to them the romance of the Greens and the Macklebys had there had its existence. Three generations had passed since David Mackleby and Silas Green tucked their chartpipes and quadrants under their blue-sleeved arms and retired from the poops of their ships to the stoops of their farmhouses; but with them they had taken the knowledge of many polar seas, the memory of stiff gales off the Horn, long passages up the Pacific and dark winters off the shore of Eastern Asia. David and Silas had died, bequeathing to their stay-at-home children farms, houses, scanty wealth and—the old charts and verdigris-bitten instruments with which they had so often observed strange stars.

"From David's dry words you could gather that, as a boy, he had listened to tales by the fire and gone o' nights to dreams of roaring seas and an unknown sail on the horizon. Sophia openly and shamelessly rejoiced in recollections of the yarns of grim old Silas, and mentioned, as a matter of lifelong regret to herself, that no grandson had lived to cherish the tradition of seafaring Greens.

"'Father never even set foot on a ship,' she told me; 'but we all expected my brother Silas to go to sea in command of his own vessel!'

"It seems that Silas the third had died in youth, without even having viewed the element on which he had been destined to rule. Sophia alone had been left to cherish the tradition and recall the family history passed on distant seas.

"I imagine that New England farms didn't pay very well in the times when David and Sophia were young. At any rate, David had fully expected to go to sea, but had necessarily remained at home to dig out of the soil a living for his mother and sisters and decrepit father. He and Sophia had found no opportunity to be married until the summer before they embarked on the old Pelican, though I understood that they had been lovers since childhood.

"From little things they mentioned during our long days together I can easily see how closely connected with their love affair was the knowledge that both of them were of seagoing parentage. Sophia's legacy of an old chart and a dried shark's egg matched David's. In the days when they walked home from school together they had this secret bond of intimacy. The course of true love, otherwise placid and even prosaic, had been made romantic to them by the possession of a common heritage of high adventuresomeness. I verily believe that it was the blood of the old whalerman that made David's father rashly waste money on a windmill; and, though Sophia's father sipped his hard cider boastfully, I am sure his watery old eyes were scanning gray horizons and conning rushing ships through trackless seas.

"You would hardly credit the queer old tags and ends of things they exposed to me as mementos of their grandparents. David offered for inspection a Davies' Navigation, so antique that Gerhard Mercator himself must have drawn the maps. 'David knows all the problems in it,' Sophia informed me in strict confidence. 'My husband is a first-class navigator!'

"Among Sophia's treasures I recall a compass card marked with strange astrological signs about its circumference and having a stiff seaman's prayer written across it. 'Grandfather,' she told me, 'always used this. All it needs to make it good is a brass bowl filled with old brandy.' She explained that old Silas had consistently floated this compass card in neat liquor, as befitted a hardy mariner and dauntless whaler. She also kept the quadrant used by David Mackleby the elder. 'It was my husband's wedding present to me,' she related with pride. 'Grandfather gave his to a nephew, the son of his sister's son.'

"I did not expose their romance—if I may so term it—to the other officers on the Pelican. It would only have spoiled their fun. You know how youngsters like to tease people who aren't familiar with matters marine; and I honestly liked the old couple and their passion for the sea—though I confess I smiled many a time to myself over Sophia's serene confidence that David, if need be, could instantly take over command of the Pelican.

"As a matter of fact, that elderly farmer's head was chock-full of queer knowledge, picked out of his old Davies or got from Grandfather David's verbal memoirs. He used secretly to get the noon observations from the chart-room slate and work them up himself by the tables in his own antique tome, and many a time has Sophia knocked at my door in the afternoon to inform me of the exact position of the Pelican as ascertained by her husband.

"The Pelican Was Afire Fore and Aft"

"Somewhere—maybe in a second-hand stall in Boston—he had picked up on his own account a massive treatise on Loading Weights, which I suppose he studied with nightly zest, though the abstruse tables and calculations must have sorely tried even so devoted an intellect as David's. He stayed awake nights with this treatise when he found out what our cargo was by an inspection through the main hatch when the mate was having a look into the hold.

"'Coal,' said David to Sophia and myself, 'is a ticklish cargo. In the first place, it is dead weight and must be carefully stowed. In the second place, it is liable to catch fire.'

"'Is this ship loaded with it?' she demanded.

"'Partly,' David answered, pursing his lips; 'but they have done excellently in putting iron rails at the bottom. That lowers the center of gravity, and——' But why quote his learned remarks? The Pelican carried three thousand tons of steel for the Trans-Siberian Railroad, and on top of it a thousand tons of coal for the return voyage—coal having been cheap that year on the Sound. Suffice it to say that the coal did get afire while we were off the Aleutians; and a lively, exciting time we had of it too!

"The first sign of trouble was the bulging of a small bulkhead in the bunkers, discovered by a trimmer. Investigation, of course, showed that the bulkhead was hot; therefore there must be fire on the other side of it. Little was said, but the captain used every effort to extinguish the smoldering coals before they blazed. It was in vain. The fuel would burn, and the Pelican lay to while we went for it with the pumps and the hose.

"It must have been about a week that all hands labored in that infernal mess. It was smoke and grime alow and aloft, dirty weather abroad, and we in a part of the Pacific where one can't count on passing vessels for assistance; but the fire finally died down, the hatches were replaced and the Pelican resumed her slow course.

"David tremendously enjoyed the excitement. He didn't take off his clothes or leave the deck. Sophia was rather afraid, I think, and, though she recognized the element of adventure in our predicament, much preferred four meals a day and a solid night's repose. It seemed that neither Grandfather Green nor Grandfather Mackleby had ever contended with fire during their voyagings. She took a small pleasure in the fact that she and David were having an experience novel in the family history.

"As I say, we got the fire out and went on our way; but the steamer behaved oddly. The mate said the compasses were out of order and that the ship behaved very awkwardly. His annoyance when the Pelican suddenly listed eight degrees to port and kept that angle was really comic. As it proved, there was little fun in it.

"The rails had been stowed crisscross in tiers and wedged and swamped with heavy timbers. The fire had eaten along these, allowed the tiers to work back and forth—finally to slump over to port and stay there.

"The captain was worried out of his head by this and adopted a diet of digitalis to keep his heart going.

"At last, when he found his vessel almost unmanageable, he decreed that some attempt must be made to straighten up the cargo. The weather being as good as one could expect, the hatches were taken off, the winches started and our crew set to work to restore some balance to the poor craft.

"A week's hard work in sleety weather piled our decks to the rail with coal and made the steamer lurch drunkenly in the heavy swell. Then the mate drove his [illegible]men below and did his best to rewedge and fasten the tiers there. I suppose all would have gone well had not a storm compelled a hasty dumping of the coal into the hold and the closing of the hatches. We survived the gale only to discover the fire was alight again and beyond any control.

"It was about where we are now, I think, that the old Pelican was finally given up. For two days we had been steaming as fast as we could for Japan, with a strong easterly wind abeam; but, even when fanned by this, we could scarcely breathe, so impregnated was the air with sulphurous fumes. The chief engineer announced that his men couldn't work much longer below, the skipper hauled up for the Kuriles and we knew we must soon abandon the ship.

"David and Sophia received the news calmly. I see David yet, standing in the doorway of their cabin, with an old cap on his head, home-knitted mittens on his enormous hands and sailors' seaboots on his legs. He was smiling down on his wife, while she busily packed what few belongings they might take with them into an ancient leather valise. When he was gone on some useless errand Sophia turned her placid face to me. 'I'm so glad David

(Continued on Page 32

The New Community Skyscraper

BELOW THE CURB WITH THE FOUNDATION ENGINEER

By James H. Collins

WHEN New York's little old City Hall was finished, a hundred years ago, it was considered one of the most notable buildings in the country. Today it is still a gem of classic design; but the city departments, eternally growing, have for years been scattered round in private office buildings. Yearly rent bills come quite near the half-million dollars that the little old City Hall cost in the first place.

To bring its scattered government together, New York has taken a thoroughly modern course. Abandoning the costly monumental style so long inseparable from all public buildings, it is putting up a skyscraper—a true office building, and one of the largest and latest of its kind.

This new Municipal Building will cost in the neighborhood of eleven million dollars. That is twenty-two times the cost of the old City Hall, but the latter is expensive in comparison; for any one of the twenty-five main floors of the new structure has more office space than the old, and there will be fifteen ample tower floors above these, besides a system of subcellars thirty-odd feet below the curb, into which the little old City Hall might be stowed out of sight.

The Municipal Building is an excellent illustration of the community tendency now found in skyscraper construction. This construction has been used for many freaks and oddities. New York has twelve and fifteen story buildings not twenty-five feet wide—brick and steel dominoes set on end among old-fashioned neighbors. But the true modern skyscraper is now being planned to cover large areas, with protection of its own light and air. To fill it with tenants, whole trades and industries must be routed out of various quarters and brought together. Thus it often happens that plans to secure tenants are often laid before the site is cleared of old structures; and the building, when finished and filled, will be a community, like the Hudson Terminal, which is so complete a center for concerns engaged in transportation engineering and equipment that, it is boasted, all the plans and supplies for a big railroad system might be secured without leaving its roof. The Municipal Building will bring together under one roof the government of a metropolis, and it is laid out on such a scale that it covers two irregularly shaped city blocks, with a street carried bodily through its center.

The contrast between this huge municipal organization and the modest one housed in the old City Hall a hundred years ago is startling; yet it is only typical of the degree to which business interests have grown in that space of time. The skyscraper meets the need for modern business housing and, despite the big figures connected with it, has probably just begun to fulfill its possibilities. Thus far it has soared upward; but now, backed by the business-community idea, it seems destined to spread horizontally also. Not only will blocks be covered, but perhaps streets, and when the little old-fashioned streets no longer drain away the tenants then something better in streets will be developed. New York's gigantic new City Hall offers some interesting studies in foundations—the first and last word in skyscraper-building.

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK

Condition of the Municipal Building—April 27, 1912

Rocks of Ages

THE foundation engineer is a modest man. Sometimes, when the newspapers mark the finish of a new skyscraper by telling of the marvels wrought by the pneumatic caisson and the "sandhog," he protests that there is nothing very wonderful or new about his art. The Municipal Building weighs one hundred and sixty-five thousand tons; but in proportion to the area of its site it is no heavier than the Washington Monument or the Great Pyramid.

Yet skyscraper foundations are wonderful and new nevertheless. Though the Monument and the Pyramid have ample room round their bases in which spreading foundations could be laid in soil not likely to be disturbed, the skyscraper's great weight must be carried within the limits of its site. It is bounded by busy streets and is usually slipped into its appointed place amid a tangle of vital city machinery. Moreover, in the one spot of a city where the largest skyscrapers have been developed because of concentration of business—namely, lower New York—Nature seems to have met the foundation engineer with as cunning a combination of obstacles as could be found in any other city on the globe.

New York proper, or the end of Manhattan Island below Tenth Street, is a narrow ledge of bed-rock sloping off toward the extremity. Upon this sloping rock shelf is piled a hundred feet or more of mingled clay, hardpan, gravel, boulders, sand and quicksand, permeated by springs, while from ten to thirty feet below the curb lies the water-level of the rivers and bay.

Had Nature only looked ahead a little, in the remote geological period when she formed this spit of rock, and foreseen that man would want it as the site of a metropolis, she might have saved him lots of trouble and expense; but she didn't. And so it happens that man has paid as much as one hundred to two hundred dollars for excavating a single cubic yard of soil for skyscraper foundations in lower New York.

To secure perhaps three subcellars to hold the vast machinery of a big skyscraper, the foundation engineer building in that locality must make a watertight bowl of his building below the curb, setting it right into the water and quicksand. To keep his bowl steady, prevent settlement, and support the great weight above, he puts long legs of concrete under it, going clear to bed-rock. It is the peculiar character of the ground in lower New York that has made pneumatic-caisson work necessary. Uptown the island rises above water-level and rock can be reached near the surface by open digging. Even in Chicago, where bed-rock lies from fifty to a hundred feet below the surface, concrete legs are put under skyscrapers by a comparatively easy process; for the soil is a stiff clay, with little water. Pneumatic caissons are not necessary, and the foundation engineer merely digs a few dozen wells to the rock.

Buildings That Hang in the Air

NOT long ago an American builder erected a theater in London. The site was a plot of ground inside a block wholly surrounded by houses. An entrance was provided by leasing two lower floors of a building fronting the street, and converting the space into a foyer, like the neck of a bottle. In the cellars of this building were stores of costly wine, not to be disturbed under any circumstances. On the upper floors were various tenants, who were not to be disturbed either. There are many technical pleasantries in the building business. That entrance was put in according to contract; but for several days the tenants upstairs were practically hanging in the air, with all their household goods. They didn't know it, however, and the builder didn't let them drop.

When the engineers came to the site of the new Municipal Building they found a few items of property must be hung up in the air in the same way, but on a larger scale:

One city street, with carline, to be carried bodily without interrupting traffic. It was hung so that every trifle of settlement daily could be remedied by turning a few jackscrews.

One hundred and sixty feet of high-pressure fire-main, containing water at two hundred pounds to the square inch. It was exposed and hung in the air without interrupting service.

One hundred and seventy-five feet of three-foot water-main at fifty pounds' pressure. Ditto.

One hundred and fifty feet of conduit containing telephone, telegraph and lighting wires. Ditto.

Two hundred and eighty feet of elevated railroad to be underpinned as the earth was dug away.

Four hundred and fifty feet of four-track subway railroad. The building foundations went below its level. The subway floor rests on sand that would run like water if exposed, and is subject to vibration of trains. Sheet piles were driven to confine the sand, and so successfully that settlement amounted to hardly three-fourths of an inch through the whole job.

The pneumatic caisson is a hollow chamber that is sunk gradually into the

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK

Sinking the Deepest Caisson in the World for the Foundations of the Municipal Building. This Concrete Pile Reaches Down 150 Feet Below Street Level to Bed Rock

earth by weights. Its edges cut into the soil and workmen familiarly known as sandhogs dig away the earth inside, breaking and blasting rock, and sending the material up in buckets as the caisson sinks deeper.

When the caisson goes down in watersoaked soil and quicksand these substances are prevented from rushing in by air which is constantly pumped in under pressure into the chamber where the men work; and the men, as well as all material taken out, must pass through double air-locks, which prevent the escape of the compressed air at the top.

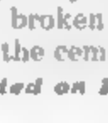
There is a limit to pneumatic-caisson work—a limit of human endurance; for, as the caisson goes farther below water-level, the air pressure inside must go up. Pressure of soil-water increases downward just like density in sea-water depths, and the air pressure must be equal. If it were lower the water would come in on the workmen. If it were higher water and quicksand outside would be blown out of place and foundations of surrounding buildings probably be weakened.

This human-endurance limit is fixed roughly at about one hundred feet below water-level. At that depth the sandhog is working in an air pressure of nearly forty-four pounds to the square inch. As soon as pressure in the caisson reaches twenty pounds his pay begins to go up and his hours are cut down. At one hundred feet he is working only an hour and a half a day, divided into two shifts of forty-five minutes each, with four hours' rest between.

When the site of the Municipal Building was explored by small borings the foundation plans had to be radically changed; for it was found that bed-rock in some places lay two hundred feet below the curb—far too deep for pneumatic-caisson work. The foundation engineer is resourceful. He has frozen treacherous, waterlogged soil with artificial refrigeration, so it could be dug, and in other cases held it by injecting cement grout to solidify it. On this job, however, neither method seemed suitable.

So where rock was two hundred feet down the area of the caissons to be sunk was increased and they were driven only seventy-two feet below the curb. The increased area gave them sufficient footing in the sand, as they bore only part of the weight of the building. At other parts of the site, where solid rock was at an average of one hundred feet below the waterline, the caissons were sunk to it, carrying the main weights. Beneath this building lies the record caisson. It was driven one hundred and twelve feet below water-level, or about one hundred and fifty feet below the curb, in just one month. Pressures as high as forty-seven pounds to the square inch were necessary at the last, when the work was done by twenty shifts of sandhogs, each shift of five men, working in two forty-minute spells a day, with four hours' rest between. By strict medical supervision and modern sanitary appliances, together with good management, the work was done with no accident of any sort.

Where bed-rock can be reached by open digging through the clay, as in Chicago, foundation work is simpler; and yet it has its incidents. The first skyscraper set on concrete legs in that city was on a site where rock lay about a hundred feet down. More than two hundred and fifty open wells were to be sunk to rock and filled with concrete. The engineers started their first well confidently and by night had a perfectly round hole in the clay, six or eight feet in diameter, of good depth, like this:



When they came back next morning, however, that well had become a narrow oval slit, like this:

Across the street was another skyscraper, built on an old-fashioned "raft" foundation. The enormous pressure of this building downward on the clay was simply closing up their well about as fast as they could dig it, by squeezing the clay together; so each of those two hundred and fifty wells had to be strongly braced inside with lagging.

When one of the wells touched rock the men mixed up a batch of concrete and started filling. Then another unforeseen condition arose. There are many different opinions among engineers about the right way to mix concrete—the subject has all the technical intensity and diversity of women's fashions. This job was directed by an expert who held that it was fatal to make concrete any thinner than damp brown sugar. His mixture was dumped in according to specifications; but, before it reached the bottom of that hundred-foot hole, gravity caused the different ingredients to separate. The broken stone got to the bottom first; it was followed by the cement and finally the sand.

(Concluded on Page 34)

THE AMERICAN SPENDERS

In Easy Circumstances—By Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

Ever Since the Beginning of the Republic There Has Been Money in the Ransome Family

ON THE outskirts of Avalon, a small but rather fashionable city of the East, stands the Ransome estate—an old house remodeled to suit modern conditions, and two or three acres of lawn and garden. Mark Ransome, secretary and part owner of the Avalon Fixture Company, a factory of moderate size, acquired the land and erected the house just before the Civil War. Ever since the beginning of the republic there has been money in the Ransome family; and Mark built from the proceeds of inherited property. In that house he lived and died; therein he brought up one son and three daughters. Mark Ransome's income was ample and stable. With no great ambition beyond the bounds of his town and his business, he was nevertheless progressive enough to keep his factory in step with the times. Every year he put away some money in stocks or other investments. The daughters all married. Upon his death in 1894—his wife was already dead—his outside properties were bequeathed to the two daughters who had married men in moderate circumstances. So, with justice to all, he gratified one great desire of his somewhat Tory soul by leaving his business and his landed estate to Webb Ransome, the son who was to continue his line.

Webb Ransome is now nearing the dividing line of the fifties. The wife of his youth, whom he married at thirty—she is a member by birth and breeding of his "own crowd" at Avalon—remains with him. He has three children. Harold, the eldest, is an undergraduate at the college from which Webb himself took his degree in the eighties. Betty attends a seminary and finishing school in the nearest large city. Arthur, aged thirteen, has entered a private school.

The Ransomes, as I have indicated, are members of the village aristocracy at Avalon. All aristocracies are founded upon wealth; and this upper class of Avalon—far more exclusive, if the truth were known, than the Sixteen Hundred of New York—includes a few people who would be reckoned rich anywhere. Most of them, however, find themselves in about the same circumstances as the Ransomes, who have money enough to meet every legitimate need, but not nearly enough to buy all the frills and luxuries they deem befitting their station. Though their income would probably be a matter for envy to ninety-five per cent of us, it is not large enough to suit the Ransomes; they must "manage."

Sometimes, in uneasy moments alone with his conscience, Webb Ransome is troubled to think that he has not provided for his children as did his father. In the eighteen years of his control the factory has made more money than ever before; yet somehow he seems never to get ahead. Modern life has him in its grip, as it has Robert Hart, the journeyman carpenter, and John Carson, the head of his shipping department. He feels—or rather his wife feels for him—that he must follow the pace of the five or six richest families in Avalon or lose countenance. He has never quite formulated that feeling; but it rests always at the bottom of his psychology.

. . . . . .

To begin at the very foundation of his troubles—that house. His father, as I have said, built it just before the Civil War. When Webb Ransome came into possession, the place was hopelessly behind the times. It had only one bathtub, installed by Mark Ransome in the eighties at the insistent demand of his family. Even that was of tin, and the room wherein it stood was finished with oilcloth, not tiling. Webb Ransome built in a modern bath, with enameled tubs and tiled floors and walls. Five years later he found that he must have another for his guests—and acted accordingly. The old house, being heated by a furnace, had no fireplaces. Open grates had "come in" by the nineties, and the Ransomes must follow the fashion with three fireplaces—in the living room, the library and the best chamber. Hardwood floors, individual washbowls for the bedrooms, an improved range with a hot-water system, electric lighting—all these are but items in his improvement of the Ransome estate.

So far, however, the comparison is not all unfavorable to Webb Ransome, head of the family in this generation. Mark Ransome built a house at the beginning of his reign—Webb Ransome rebuilt a house. But Mark Ransome stopped there. The bathtub was the one considerable

improvement of his life. Webb Ransome, on the other hand, is always tearing up floors to install something new which the times demand. In 1900 he put in his extra bathroom. Then his wife felt the necessity for a breakfast room apart from the dining room. Of course she got it. Then it was a pergola and some new beds of fancy roses in the garden.

A year or two later the Ransomes abandoned their old refrigerators and built into the walls of the kitchen a tile-lined ice box with glass doors—very clean, very useful and also very expensive.

As he increased the conveniences of his house Webb Ransome was forced to increase the scale of upkeep. In the line of primitive necessities he burns more fuel than did old Mark Ransome—the fireplaces and hot-water system account for that. In the item of lighting the difference is still more wide. Electricity may cost no more, lamp for lamp, candle-power for candle-power, than gas. I leave that to the experts. As people in general use it, however, they consume a great deal more, just because it is easier to turn a switch than to find a match and light a jet or wick. Moreover, Webb Ransome probably burns three lights to his father's one. The elder Mrs. Ransome had one gas-jet in her boudoir, and only one. Mrs. Webb Ransome has an electric light at each side of her mirror, a reading lamp beside her bed, an electric bulb in her closet. In the stiff old parlor of Mark Ransome's day there was one chandelier with four gas-jets. Transformed into the modern living room, it has an electric chandelier fixed to the ceiling; three sconces, each with its two lights; and a shaded lamp for the periodical table. Let heat and light—those absolute necessities of our temperate zone—stand for the rest of the primitive expenses in keeping up the Ransome house. Every item has increased in cost—and increased not so much because basic prices are higher as because the Webb Ransomes want more than did their parents.

In the Days of the Simple Life

I WISH that I could establish a comparison between the things—the mere inanimate objects—in the Mark Ransome house of 1875 and the Webb Ransome house of 1912. That is impossible, because the prototype of the Mark Ransome house does not exist in this modern world. One can piece out a comparison only here and there—and then from fragments of memory.

However, we should find, I think, that two objects—mere things—have been made to grow in this establishment where but one grew before. The Mrs. Ransome of 1912 is under the tyranny of her possessions; wherein, I fear, she but typifies her sex, class and generation. She must have pretty objects about her; from them she gets most of her joy in life. Let us take just a few items here and there.

Mr. and Mrs. Ransome Look Upon These Boats Enviously

In the china closets, the dressers, the sideboards of the modern Ransome house you would find upon inspection exactly seven separate and distinct patterns of china; whereas in Mrs. Mark Ransome's house there were but two. In considering a family lower on the financial scale I have told how the French habit of course dinners calls for an ever-increasing number of dishes for special uses. Now that habit had reached the smart set of Avalon in the time of the elder Mrs. Ransome; nevertheless, she managed with two kinds of china, one for every-day use and one for best. A few years ago Mrs. Webb Ransome acquired the fad of separate patterns for separate courses. In theory that involves no more dishes than the older custom; in practice it involves a great many more. Every set must be kept up—replenished when a piece is broken or chipped. She cannot, in case of shortage, have her maids rewash the plates of the fish course for the game course, as her mother-in-law used to do. When Webb built the breakfast room she found it necessary to buy a separate set of breakfast china—pretty and serviceable Copenhagen. Mrs. Mark Ransome served breakfast on the same set of good, plain, gold-rimmed china that she used for the regular family dinners. And every year Mrs. Webb Ransome, following modern customs of service, uses more and more dishes with each course. For example, there are the service plates. The guest, upon entering the dining room, finds them at the places. They are never used. With the appearance of the first course the maid whisks them away, replaces them with plates for use, and of a different pattern.

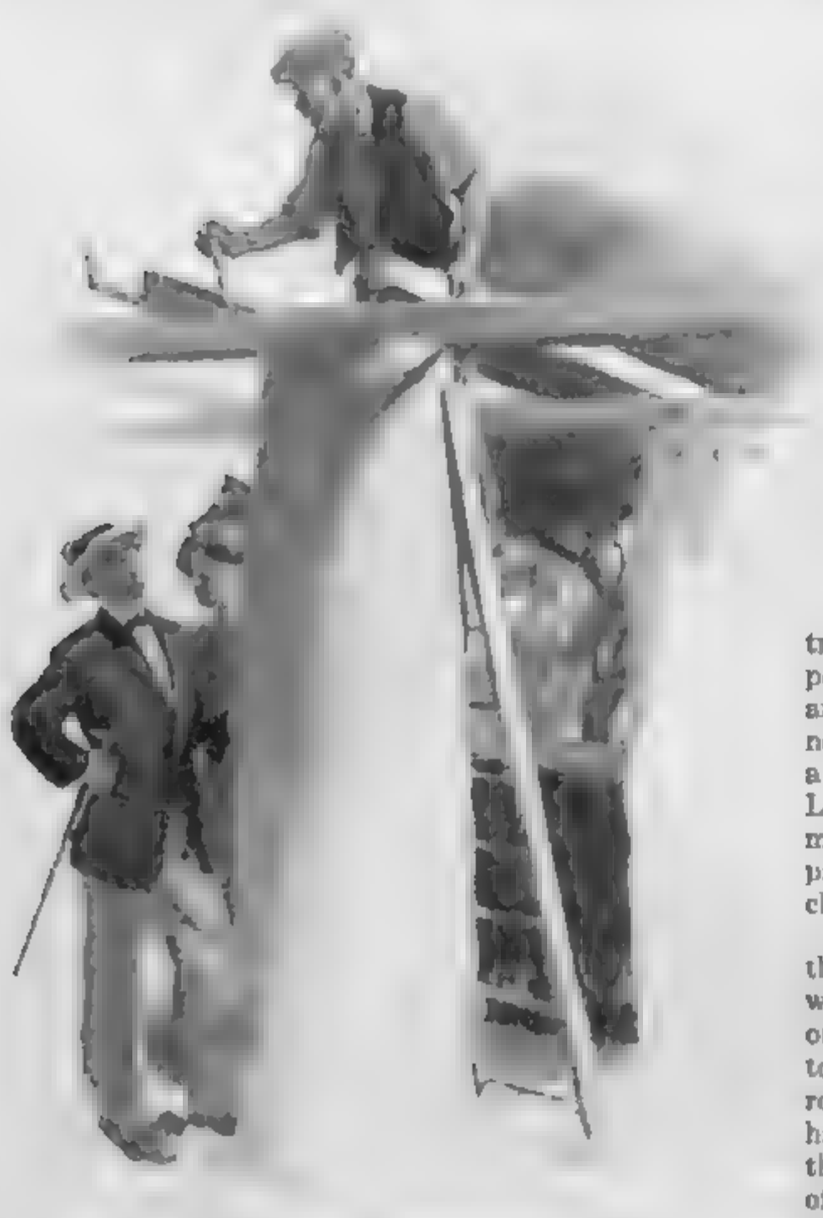
In the old days it took one dish to serve toast at the Ransome breakfast table. Now it takes three—a flat, cold plate; a shallow, hot plate superimposed thereon; a hemispherical cover. In the matter of silver a similar evolution has occurred. Mrs. Mark Ransome did very well with two sets of forks, one large, one small. While the family or the guests were eating, the kitchen force washed the forks of the last course for use with the next one. Now Mrs. Webb Ransome has different forks for each course. Mrs. Webb Ransome feels, as her mother-in-law never did, the necessity for flowers and useless ornaments on her table. So she has four different sets of centerpieces, the most expensive being of Bohemian glass. She owns as much table linen, and as fine, as Mrs. Mark Ransome. Besides, she has two sets of lace doilies, for use on those state occasions when she dispenses with the tablecloth and serves luncheon on the bare, polished mahogany. We can linger no longer in the dining room, though it has other illuminating differences.

As you enter the living room you behold to the left a large, inviting table, holding all the latest periodicals. There are three old American magazines which still stick to their high price, five others which represent the fifteen-cent division, two general women's magazines, a fashion book devoted exclusively to dress and society, a five-cent American weekly which we are too modest to name, an illustrated "ten-center," an English weekly, two country-life periodicals which concern themselves with the garden and the house, two serious reviews, the two Avalonian newspapers and a New York daily. Mark Ransome kept a few periodicals on one corner of his library reading table. Let me be exact: He subscribed to one thirty-five-cent magazine, to one newspaper, to one review, to one story paper and, in the early decades of his married life, to one children's magazine.

Consider the allied item of books: The library retains the old collection that Mark Ransome gathered. Webb, who believes with his father that a gentleman should read only from his own books, has added to it; also, from time to time, he has replaced out-of-date encyclopedias and reference works with new editions. Take it all in all, he has acquired about as many new books as his father; but the library does not contain all the books. Along the walls of the living room runs a line of low shelves, gaudy with the red-and-green-and-gold backs of the latest popular fiction. Now the Mark Ransomes also used to read popular fiction but out of the Seaside Library or other paper-covered editions issued at ten cents. The same grade of modern fiction costs the Webb Ransomes from a dollar to a dollar and a half. They are paying not for literary quality—though I maintain that popular fiction has improved immeasurably since 1880—but for the printing and binding. Outside of the periodicals, one cannot get good current literature nowadays except in cloth covers. Being a writing man myself, I seem to tilt here at my own source of income; but in justice to all I must state these facts.

Let us consider the pictures: In the old parlor, beside the family portraits, hung a few steel engravings. The portraits remain, but the engravings are gone—replaced by what our very oldest generation might have called "hand paintings." These, gathered by the Ransomes in their travels, include some passably expensive and meritorious works of art. There are, besides, a score of little pictures, filling nooks in the wall-spaces, giving a livable air to the rooms. Nearly all of these involve some special expense. There is a set of Japanese prints—real Hokusais—purchased by the Ransomes during a trip to the Pacific Coast. There is an Helleu drypoint, one of a limited edition. There is a tiny sketch, with a master-touch in its broad strokes—a modern American painter did it and it cost a hundred dollars. The elder Ransomes had just one piece of statuary—a Rogers group. The younger have strung along the bookshelves of the living room and library some tiny Barrés, Tanagra figurines, small reproductions of the masters.

In taste there is no comparison between the two dynasties of household furnishing—so much have the Webb Ransomes improved upon their elders. Now, in the very simplest things, taste is frequently less expensive than lack of taste. A Martha Washington chair, made by hand from the Heppelwhite model in 1780, was not only more beautiful than a gilt-embossed black walnut chair, made by hand from the Hiram Smith model in 1870, but it cost less for material and labor. However, we come to a degree in taste where it begins to involve extra cost—and the Webb Ransomes have gone far beyond that point. For example: Mrs. Ransome, in her progress toward the peaks of artistic appreciation, has achieved that stage wherein color harmonies please her soul. She has a yellow room, a green one, a pink one. To gratify this desire she plans daily, she drops dollars weekly. Then, too, she has begun to collect old china and pewter, an expensive activity unknown to her mother and her mother-in-law.



Then it Was a Pergola and Some New Beds of Fancy Roses in the Garden

A Look Into Mrs. Ransome's Writing Desk

HOWEVER, the greatest difference between the Mark Ransome house and the Webb Ransome house lies in the miscellaneous objects; and of these the place is so full that I despair of a complete catalogue. The habit of making presents has grown mightily since Mark Ransome kept house. Then people gave remembrances rather sparingly at Christmas and still more sparingly on birthdays. Now we have also Easter presents, graduation presents, confirmation presents, presents on the occasion of departing for a journey or returning from the same. Once we reckoned with the wedding gift alone. Now we give to the girl upon her engagement and to the several babies upon their appearance. Once, if the truth were known, even people in the easy circumstances of the Ransomes chose for Christmas and birthday presents "useful things"—half necessities. Now we must give some luxury, some ingenious thing, "with a thought back of it."

By the accumulation of presents, by the new wants which they have engendered, Mrs. Ransome carries a large load of pretty but useless baggage through the world. Look at her little writing desk: It includes, as did her mother's and her mother-in-law's, a gold pen with an ornamental holder. It includes, besides, a silver-and-brocade desk set, consisting of an inkwell, an array of pens, a roller blotter, a mucilage pot, a stampbox—all matched in design. To correspond, her mother had just an old-fashioned cut-glass inkwell. In the pigeonholes and drawers of that modern desk lies an elaborate and specialized equipment of stationery—cut, engraved and embossed for Mrs. Ransome's exclusive use. It is all of one tint; that gives to Mrs. Ransome's correspondence the individual, personal touch she loves. There are four varieties of letter paper and envelopes. The first, for formal correspondence, is stamped with Mrs. Ransome's heraldic lozenge—she has grown sapient enough to know that no woman commoner is entitled to a crest. The second—for intimate letters—bears her monogram. Incidentally that monogram occurs and reoccurs through the house—on linen, lingerie and dozens of articles for her personal use. The third, which

she uses for business or club correspondence, is engraved simply with the address of her house. The fourth bears the name and post-office of her country place, to which we shall refer later. All but the business set have duplicates in note sizes.

Then there are two sizes of correspondence cards, with envelopes to match, and tiny envelopes for mailing her calling cards. Her stationer keeps in his office not only the plates for her calling cards, but others. One proclaims a formal reception, one a tea, and one carries the Christmas greeting to the scores of acquaintances and distant relatives whom the Ransomes do not remember by formal gifts. Mrs. Mark Ransome? She got along with her personal cards and two sizes of paper. Mrs. Webb has more letter-writing to do than Mrs. Mark ever had—infinitely more, what with the increased complexity of modern life and the growth of desire for the thing. The difference in the number of stamps which Mrs. Mark Ransome used, and the number which Mrs. Webb Ransome uses, would make a really considerable item in a year's personal budget.

She Has Begun to Collect Old China and Pewter

Behold Mrs. Webb Ransome's dressing table! Upon it lies a matched set of twelve toilet necessities in monogrammed silver. Acquired fifteen years ago, it is a little out of date. Mrs. Ransome longs for solid ivory. Betty, her daughter, has her own little set in that expensive quality of celluloid which imitates ivory. Upon Mrs. Mark Ransome's bureau lay one wooden-backed brush, one bone comb, one metal shoehorn, one metal button-hook—and nothing else.

Even if the Webb Ransomes did no more entertaining than their parents, their establishment—what with the multiplication of objects—would require more service. Then, too, Mrs. Mark Ransome did not hold herself above certain higher activities of housework, such as attending to her own room and making fancy desserts, while Mrs. Webb Ransome does not even supervise the preparation of her dinners. The older family, as a matter of fact, had three servants—a cook, a second girl and a man outside. In addition, Mrs. Mark Ransome usually employed an extra woman to help with the laundry on one or two days of the week. The cook would be esteemed a rather plain mechanic in these days. On ordinary occasions she herself used to serve the meals. The second girl cleaned the house and did the ironing. The man was practically coachman, hostler and gardener. He attended the two or three horses; he drove the carriage when Mrs. Mark Ransome made calls or Mr. Ransome went traveling; he fed the furnace; he kept up the grounds. The Webb Ransomes employ five people to serve their wants besides the extra woman on washdays. Were it not for modern labor-saving devices—like the vacuum cleaner—they would need even more service than this.

Where the Ransome Money Goes

THERE is the cook. She has twice the skill of Mrs. Mark Ransome's chef and she gets more than twice the wages. To touch any work outside of her specialty would be beneath her dignity. The second girl, primarily a waitress, does the chamberwork and dusting, assisted by the third girl who is also laundress and scrubwoman. It goes without saying that the Webb Ransomes have long abandoned their carriage, surrey and horses. They own two automobiles—a touring car and a runabout. The chauffeur is the anomaly of modern service. He is not considered a servant, but a mechanic; however time may hang on his hands, he will do nothing but drive, clean and repair the machines. So the Webb Ransomes must employ a man—just as Mark did—to keep the grounds and tend the furnace. The chauffeur, with his twenty dollars a week and board, is an extra. Here, perhaps, is the place to note that the cost of these two automobiles, in investment, equipment and upkeep, is far higher than that of Mark Ransome's horses, carriages, sleighs and harness.

When the hot weather came Mark Ransome used to move the family to his cottage by the lake. His son follows that custom; but the cottage—quite simple and primitive—did not long satisfy the needs of Mr. and Mrs. Webb Ransome. Their richer neighbors were putting up villas; they imitated by a bungalow. This they furnished with an artistic and expensive simplicity. A roughwood chair with a grass-matting seat costs about as much as an upholstered chair. Here, too, Mrs. Webb Ransome indulged her fancy for the special, the exclusive thing. I mention only the piazza. Thereon the Mark Ransomes had a set of old wooden chairs, a rustic bench and a hammock. The Webb Ransomes have inclosed their piazza with glass and furnished it with a set of matched rustic furniture of special design.

Between the two generations of Ransomes a new interest had grown up in the American aristocracy—the English-born taste for sport. There was a little lawn by the old cottage. Thereon the Mark Ransomes and their friends played croquet on summer afternoons or—during the short run of that artificial game—indulged in archery. The equipment for these sports was comparatively inexpensive and they required no special grounds or costumes. The Webb Ransomes have a lawn-tennis court. To install it cost about five hundred dollars. Its upkeep makes quite a little item. How much the Ransomes pay for tennis balls in the course of a season they have never estimated, but it cannot be far from fifty dollars. When we began to play lawn tennis in America even champions did not scorn to use balls that had gone a little dead with age. Now no self-respecting player starts a match without breaking the seal of a new box.

Mark Ransome had one wooden rowboat and one catboat. Webb Ransome has a steel rowboat, a knockabout sailboat of special design for scrub racing, a canoe and a gasoline launch. Some of his neighbors possess motor boats, which whisk you in a breath from one end of the lake to the other. Mr. and Mrs. Ransome look upon these boats enviously—were it not for the high cost of living they would get one themselves.

The boats, the tennis court, all the new fancies and conveniences about the bungalow, have created the necessity for more service. The gardener cannot leave the town house, because summer is just the time when the lawns require most attention; so during their stay at the cottage the Ransomes employ another man, who keeps up the boats, rolls the tennis court and does odd jobs.

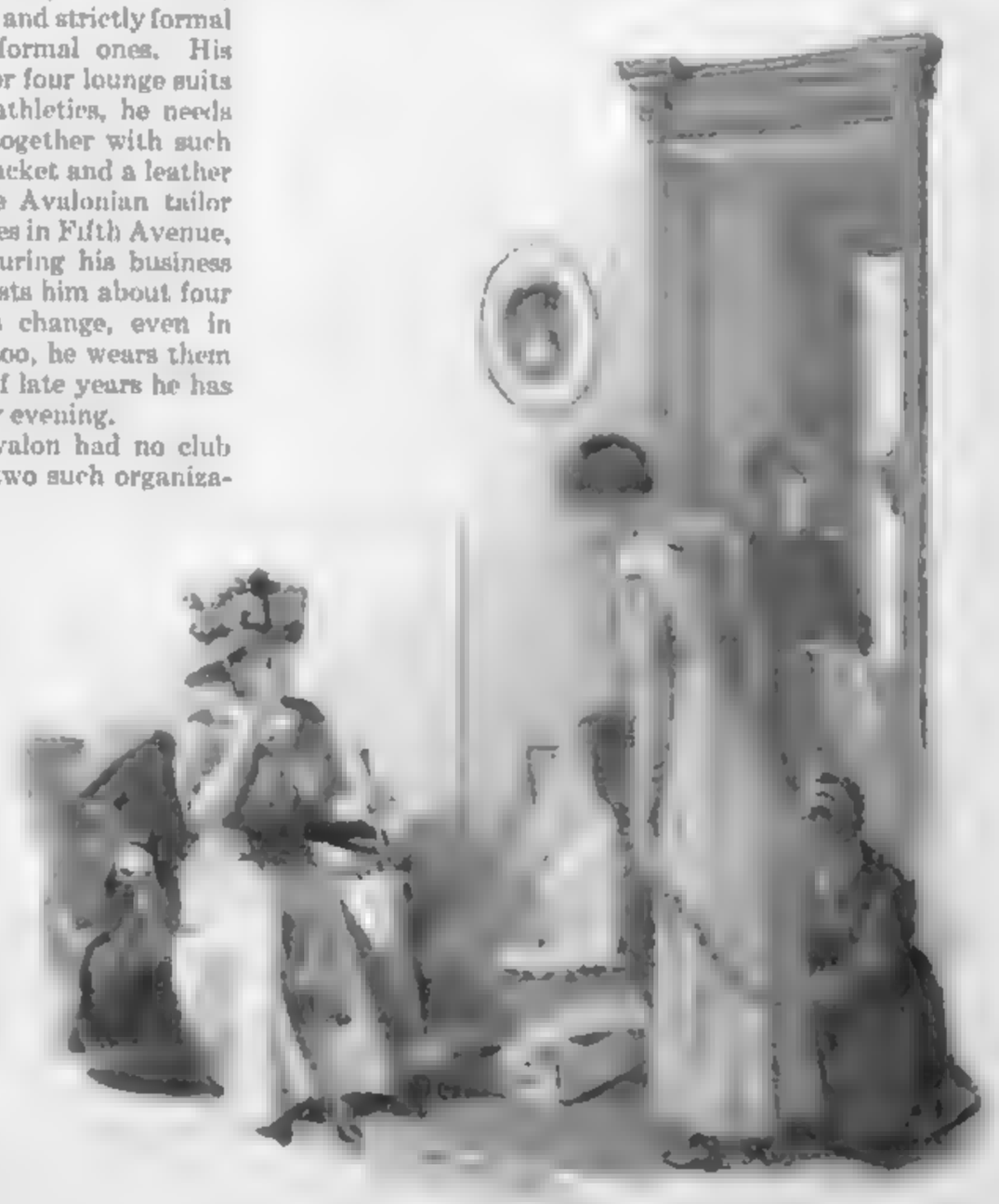
The necessities of space have made this comparison of the two establishments scattering and superficial. Let us proceed, however, to the purely personal or nearly personal expenses of the individual. Mark Ransome was a man of substance in the community. In the way of dress and fashion he did all that became a gentleman, as a gentleman was rated in his circle. He kept up a dress suit, a frock coat for church and formal affairs, and in summer and winter about two business or lounge suits. He patronized a good and moderate-priced tailor of Avalon. He made no great concession to the fashions. One of his dress coats, for example, lasted him from 1871 to 1880. Now Webb Ransome must have not only a dress coat, but a dinner jacket—not only a frock coat for church and strictly formal affairs, but a morning coat for less formal ones. His standard of dress requires about three or four lounge suits at a time. Also, since the craze for athletics, he needs special flannels for golf and boating, together with such fancy garments as a Norfolk shooting jacket and a leather coat to wear in the automobile. The Avalonian tailor satisfies him no more. He gets his clothes in Fifth Avenue, New York; they are fitted on him during his business trips to the metropolis. A dress suit lasts him about four years—certainly no longer. Fashions change, even in those set and formal garments; then, too, he wears them more frequently than his father did. Of late years he has made it a habit to dress for dinner every evening.

When Mark Ransome flourished, Avalon had no club in the modern sense. Now there are two such organizations—and to keep up with your set you must belong to both of them. The Cosmos Club costs thirty dollars a year for dues and many times that sum for the incidentals that arise when a man belongs to a club. The Country Club also charges thirty dollars a year for a family membership. Besides, Webb Ransome paid an assessment when it was founded. In spring and fall he plays golf—a thing unknown, of course, in his father's day. I need not inform any golfplayer how much the game costs for clubs, for caddies, for postmortem drinks and dinners at the clubhouse. The Country Club is pleasant and gay. In the summer the members vary the monotony of cottage and bungalow life by little dinner-dances at the clubhouse. At least once every summer the Ransomes entertain in this fashion—a dinner of about thirty covers, with wines, liqueurs and tobacco and dancing.

I suppose that the item of alcoholic liquor in a family budget should be charged to the head of the house; therefore discussion of that item is pertinent here. Mark Ransome regularly had wine on his table—port or sherry—which he sipped with the dessert from a thimble-sized glass. Champagne, purchased by the half-dozen bottles, was reserved for special occasions, such as Christmas dinners, birthday parties and family reunions. From the example of his fellows and from his farings about the world Webb Ransome has acquired the habit of light table wines. At first he bought a staple commercial claret, burgundy or hock—California wine, bottled, relabeled and doctored up in France. As the taste became specialized he began to buy more expensive vintages for company dinners. With all their really formal dinners the Ransomes serve champagne. Of cocktails at home Mark Ransome never dreamed. Now a round of cocktails always precedes a formal dinner at the Ransome house. After dinner Webb Ransome serves liqueurs, of which he keeps six varieties in stock. He has, in fact, quite a wine cellar in his basement.

Living in the Age of Chiffon

AT FIRST glance one would say Mrs. Mark Ransome dressed about as well as Mrs. Webb does. Personal decoration of the female is a universal want in the human species. The elder Mrs. Ransome kept in commission nearly as many dresses as does her daughter-in-law, and she followed the styles pretty closely. Only the fashions—as any one may see by consulting the files of Godey's Lady's Book or Harper's Bazar—did not change so rapidly in the sixties or seventies. Then again new occasions, calling for new costumes, have arisen. Until a few years ago Mrs. Webb Ransome played golf—she needed special clothes for the links. Now she motors. This requires an automobile coat—serviceable for that occasion alone—an automobile veil, gauntlets and goggles. Further, the accessories of dress have multiplied. Mrs. Mark Ransome would not know what to make of her daughter-in-law's glove-boxes, with their dozens of pairs of white kid gloves, of chamois gloves, of silk gloves—all waiting their turn to go to the cleaners. She would be amused to know that the rows of shoes, each shoe stretched on a tree or spring, were for the use and adornment of just one woman. Mrs. Webb Ransome tries to make her accessories of dress match in color and design. How expensive that taste may be, every woman knows. Still further, this, as a drygoods expert once expressed it to me, is "an age of chiffon." Styles come and go; but each involves, somehow, a number of filmy, flimsy garments. Just compare Mrs. Mark Ransome's cloth waist with the chiffon-over-silk-and-lace which Mrs. Webb Ransome wears. In the basic economic values of raw material and labor Mrs. Webb's are far more expensive; also, they are less durable and harder to cleanse. *(Continued on Page 30)*



Once the Avalonian Dressmaker Did Pretty Well for Betty

TEETH

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

We Cut Them With the Aid of Nurse's Thumb

ONE of the most pleasant features about being born, as I conceive it, is that we are born without teeth. I believe there have been a few exceptions to this rule—Richard the Third, according to the accounts, came into the world equipped with all his teeth and a perfectly miserable disposition; and once in a while, especially during Roosevelt years, when the Colonel's picture is hanging on the walls of so many American homes, we read in the paper that a baby has just been born somewhere with a full set, and even, as in the case of the infant son of a former member of the Rough Riders, with noseglasses and a close-cropped mustache. This, however, may have been a pardonable exaggeration of the real facts. As I recall now, it was reported in a dispatch to the New York Tribune from Lover's Leap, Iowa, during the presidential campaign eight years ago this summer.

In the main, though, we are born without teeth. We are born without a number of things, clothes for example, although Anthony Comstock is said to be pushing a law requiring all children to be born with overalls on; but teeth is the subject which we are now discussing. This absence of teeth tends to give the very young of our species the appearance, in the face, of an old-fashioned buckskin purse with the drawstring broken; but be that as it may, we are generally fairly well content with life until the teeth begin to come.

First there are the milk teeth. Right there our troubles start. To use the term commonly in use, we cut them, although, as a matter of fact, they cut us—cut them with the aid of some such mussy thing as a toothing ring or the horny part of the nurse's thumb or the reverse side of a spoon—cut them at the cost of infinite suffering not only for ourselves but for everybody else in the vicinity. And about the time we get the last one in we begin to lose the first one out.

They go one at a time, by falling out or by being yanked out or by coming out when we eat molasses taffy. They were merely what you might call our entered-apprentice teeth. We go in now for the full thirty-two degrees—one degree for each tooth and thirty-two teeth to a set. By arduous and painful processes stretching over a period of years we get our regular teeth—the others were only volunteers—concluding with the wisdom teeth, so called. But this is a misnomer; there never is room for them and they have to stand up in the back row and they usually arrive with holes in them, and if we really possessed wisdom we should figure out some way of abolishing them altogether. They come late and crowd their way in and push the other teeth out of line, and we go about for months with the tops of our mouths filled with braces and wires and things, so that when we breathe hard we sob and croon inside of ourselves like an Eolian harp.

Having Teeth Made to Order

BUT in any event we get them all, and no sooner do we get them all than we begin to lose them all. They develop cavities and aches and extra roots, and we spend a good part of our lives and most of our substance with the dentist. Nevertheless, in spite of all we can do and all he can do, we keep on losing them. And after a while they are all gone and our faces fold up on us like a crush hat or a concertina, and from our brows to our chins we don't look much more than a third as long as we used to look. We dislike this folded-up appearance naturally—who wouldn't? And we get tired of living on spoon victuals and the memory of past beefsteaks. So we go and get some false teeth made. They have to be made to order; there appears to be no market for ready-made teeth; you never see any hand-me-down teeth advertised, guaranteed to fit any face and withstand a damp climate.

Getting them made to order is a long and unhappy process and I shall pass over it briefly. Having got them, we find that they do not fit us or that we do not fit them, which comes to the same thing. The dentist makes them fit by altering us some and the teeth some, and after a few months they quit feeling as though they didn't belong to us but had been borrowed temporarily from somebody's loan collection of ceramics. But about the time they are becoming acclimated and we are getting used to them the interior of the mouth, for private reasons best known to itself, changes round materially, and we either have to go back and start all over and go through the whole thing again, or else haply we die and pass on to the bourn from which no traveler returneth either with his teeth or without them. If Shakspere had only thought of it—and he did think of a number of things from time to time—he might have divided his seven ages of man better by making them the seven ages of teeth, as follows: First age—toothless; second age—milk teeth; third age—losing 'em; fourth age—getting more teeth; fifth age—losing 'em; sixth age—getting false teeth and finding they aren't satisfactory; seventh age—toothless again.

I knew a man once who was a gunsmith and lost all his teeth at a comparatively early age. He went along that way for years. He had to eschew the tenderloin for the reason that he couldn't chew it, and he had to cut out hickorynut cake and corn on the ear and such things. But there is nothing about the art of gunsmithing that seems to call for teeth, so he got along very well, living in a little house with the wife of his bosom and a faithful housedog named Ponto. But when he was past sixty he went and got himself some teeth from the dentist. He did this without saying anything about it at home—he was treasuring it up for a surprise. The cornerstone was laid in May and the scaffolding was all up by July, and in August the new teeth were dedicated with ceremony.

They altered his appearance materially. His nose and chin, which had long been on terms of intimacy, rubbed each other a last fond goodby, and his face lost that accordion-plaited look and straightened out and became about six or seven inches longer from top to bottom. He now had a sort of determined aspect like the iron-jawed lady in a circus, whereas before his face had the look of being creased in and wadded down inside of his neckband so his hat-brim could rest comfortably on his collar. He knew he was altered, but he didn't realize how much until he went home that evening and walked proudly in the front gate. His wife, who was timid about strangers, slammed the door right in his face and faithful Ponto came out from under the porch steps, growling, and bit him severely in the calf of the leg. There was only one consolation in it for him—for the first time in a long number of years he was in position to bite back.

The Dog Treed the Woodchuck at the Base of That Cherished Tooth of Yours and Starts to Dig Him Out

And that's how it goes with teeth—with your teeth, let us say—for right here I'm going to drop the editorial we and speak of them as your teeth from now on. If anybody has to suffer it might as well be you and not I; I expect to be busy telling about it. As I started to say a while ago, you—remember it's you from this point—you get your regular teeth in your youth and they start right in giving you trouble. Every little while one of them bursts from its cell with a horrible yell, and in the lulls between pangs you go forth among men with the haunted, hunted look in your eye of one who is listening for the footfalls of a dread apparition. One-half of your head is puffed out of plumb as though you were engaged in the whimsical idea of holding an eggplant in the side of your jaw. A kind friend meets you, and speaking with that high courage and that lofty spirit of sacrifice which a kind friend always exhibits when it's your tooth that is kicking up the rumpus and not his, he tells you you ought to have something done for it right away. You know that as well as he does, but you hate to have the subject brought up. It's your toothache anyhow. It originated with you. You are its proud parent—but not so awfully proud at that. Mother and child doing as well as could be expected, but not expected to do very well.

But these friends of yours keep on shoving their free advice on you and the tooth keeps on getting worse and worse until the pain spreads all through the First Ward, and then you grab your resolution in both hands tightly to keep it from leaking out between your fingers and you go to the dentist. This happens so many times that after a while you lose count, and so would the dentist if he didn't write your name down every time in his little red book, with pleasingly large amounts entered opposite to it. It seems to you that you are always doing something for your teeth. You have them pulled and pushed and shoved and filled and unfilled and refilled and excavated and blasted and sculptured and scroll-sawed and a lot of other things that you wouldn't think could be done legally without a building permit. As time passes on, the inside of your once well-filled and commodious head becomes but little more than a recent site. Your vaults have been blown and most of your contents abstracted by Amalgam Mike and Dental Slim, the Demon Yeggmen of the Human Face. You are merely the scattered clews left behind for the authorities to work on, the faint traces of the fiendish crime. You are the point marked X.

But all along there is generally one tooth that has behaved herself like a lady. Other teeth may have betrayed your confidence, but Old Faithful has hung on, attending to business, asking only for standing room and kind treatment. The others you may view with alarm, but to this tooth you can point with pride. But have a care—she is deceiving you.

Some night you go to bed and you have a dream. In your dreams it seems to you that a fox-terrier is chasing a woodchuck round and round on the inside of your head. In that tangled sort of fashion peculiar to dreams your sympathy seems to go out first to the fox-terrier and then to the woodchuck, as they circle about nimbly, leaping from your tonsils to your larynx and then up over the rafters in the roof of your mouth and down again, and pattering over the submaxillary from side to side. But about then you wake up with a violent start and decide that any sympathy you may have in stock had better be reserved for personal use exclusively, because at this moment the dog trees the woodchuck at the base of that cherished tooth of yours and starts to dig him out. He is a determined dog and very active, but he needs a manicure. You are struck by the fact almost immediately.

The Dog and the Woodchuck

UTTERING some of those trite and commonplace remarks that are customary for use under such circumstances and yet are so futile to express your real feelings and sentiments, you arise and undertake to pacify the infuriated creature with household remedies. You try to lure him away with a wad of medicated cotton stuck on the end of a parlor match, but arnica is evidently an acquired taste with him. He doesn't seem to care for it any more than you do. You begin to dress, using one hand to put your clothes on with and the other to hold the top of your head on. At this juncture the dog tears down the last remaining partition and nails the woodchuck. The woodchuck is game—say what you will about the habits and customs of the woodchuck, you have to hand it to him there—he's game as a lion. He fights back desperately; intense excitement reigns throughout the vicinity. While the struggle wages you get your clothes on and wait for daylight to come, which it does in from eight to ten weeks. Norway is not the only place where the nights are six months long.

There is nobody else waiting at the dentist's when you get there, it being early. You are willing to wait. At a barber shop it may be different, but at a dentist's you are always willing to wait like a gentleman. But the sinewy young man who is sitting in the front parlor reading the Hammer-Thrower's Gazette welcomes you with a false air of gayety entirely out of keeping with the circumstances and invites you to step right in. He tells you that you are next. This is wrong—if you were next you would turn and flee like a deer. Not being next, you enter. Right from the start you seem to take a dislike to that young man. You catch him moistening his hands and hitching his sleeves up as you are hanging up your hat. And, anyhow, he is too robust for a dentist. With those shoulders he ought to be a boilermaker or a safemover or something of that sort. You resolve inwardly that next time you go to a dentist you are going to one of a more ladylike bearing and gentle demeanor. It seems to you a brutal thing that a big strong man should waste his years in a dental establishment when the world is clamoring for

It's Your Toothache Anyhow. It Originated With You

strong men to do the heavy-lifting jobs. But before you can say anything this muscular athlete has laid hands on your palpitating form and wadded you abruptly into the hideous embraces of a red-plush chair, which looks something like the one they use up at Sing Sing, only there it is done more quickly and with less suffering on the part of the condemned. On one side of you, you behold quite a display of open or exposed plumbing, and on the other side a tasty exhibit of small steel tools of assorted sizes, so no matter which way your gaze may stray you'll be seeing something attractive.

You also take notice of an electric motor about loud enough and large enough, you would say, to run a trolley car, which is purring near by in a sinister and forbidding way. They are constantly making these little improvements in the dental profession. I have often heard that fifty years ago a dentist traveled about over the country from place to place, sometimes pulling a tooth and sometimes breaking a colt. He practiced the former art with an outfit consisting of two pairs of iron forceps—one pair being saber-toothed while the other pair was merely saw-fretted—and he gave a man the same kind of treatment he gave a horse, only he tied the horse's legs first. But now electricity is in general use, and no dentist's outfit is complete without a motor attachment that makes a crooning sound when in operation and provides instrumental accompaniment to the song of the official canary.

I know why a barber in a country town is always learning to play on the guitar and I know why a man with an emotional Adam's apple always wears an open-front collar. I know these things, but am debarred from telling them by reason of a solemn oath. But I have not yet been able to discover why many a dentist keeps a canary in his office. Nor do I know why it is just as you settle your neck back on a head rest that's every bit as comfortable as an anvil, and just as a dentist climbs into you as far as the armpits and begins probing for the bottom of a tooth which has roots extending back behind your ears like an old-fashioned pair of spectacles, that the canary bird should wipe his nose on a cuttle bone and dash into a melodious outburst of two hundred thousand twitters, all of them being twitters of the same size, shape and color. For that matter, I don't even know what kind of an animal a cuttle is, although I should say from the shape of his bone as used by the canary in place of a pocket handkerchief, that he is circular and flat, and cannot stand on edge except with difficulty.

But if you will pardon my temporary digressions into the realm of natural history we will return to the main subject, which was your tooth. The moment the muscular young man starts up his motor and gives the canary its music cue and begins pawing over his tool collection to pick out a good sharp one, you recover. All of a sudden you feel fine and so does the tooth. Neither of you ever felt better. The fox-terrier must have killed the woodchuck and then committed suicide.

The Horrors of the Red-Plush Chair

YOU are about to mention this double tragedy and beg the young man's pardon for causing him any trouble and excuse yourself and go away, but just then he quits feeling of his biceps and seizes you abruptly by your features and undoes them. If you are where you can catch a glimpse of yourself in a mirror you will immediately note how much the human face divine can be made to look like an old-fashioned red-brick open Colonial fireplace.

For the First Time in a Long Number of Years He Was in Position to Bite Back

There are likely to be several things you would like to talk about. You are full of thoughts seeking utterance. For one thing, you want to tell him you don't think the brand of soap he uses on his hands is going to agree with you at all. You probably don't care personally for the way a barber's thumb tastes, but a barber's thumb is Peaches Melba alongside of a dentist's. Before you can say anything he discovers a cavity or orifice of some sort in the base of your cherished tooth. It seems to give him pleasure. Filled with intense gratification by this discovery, and fired, moreover, by the impetuous ardor of the chase, he grabs up a crochet needle with a red-hot stinger on the end of it and jabs it down into your tooth to a point opposite where your suspenders fork in the back.

You have words then; or at least you start to have them. But he puts his knee in your chest and tells you that it really doesn't hurt at all, but is only your imagination, and says other soothing remarks of that general nature. He then exchanges the crochet needle for a kind of an instrument with a burr on the end of it. This instrument first came into use at the time of the Spanish Inquisition, but has since been greatly improved on and brought right up to date. He takes this handy little utensil and proceeds to stir up your imagination some more. You again try to say something, speaking in a muffled tone, but he is not listening. He is calling to a brother assassin in the adjoining room to come and see a magnificent example of a prime old vatted triple-X exposed nerve.

You Try to Lure Him Away With a Wad of Medicated Cotton

So the second gravedigger rests his tools against the palate of his victim and comes in. As nearly as you can gather from hearsay evidence—not being an eyewitness yourself—one of them harpoons the nerve just back of the gills with a nutpick—remember it is your nerve they are taking all these liberties with—and pulls it partway out of its lair, and the other takes a tack-hammer and tries to beat its brains out. Any time he misses the nerve he hits you, so his average is still a thousand, and it is fine practice for him and both of them enjoy it immensely. A pleasant time is had by everybody present except you and the nerve. The nerve wraps its hindlegs round your breastbone and hangs on desperately. You perspire freely and make noises like a drunken Zulu trying to sing a Swedish folksong while holding a spoonful of hot mush in his mouth.

Becoming wearied of these congenial diversions and of the shop talk that has been going on, the second man eventually returns to his original prey and the person who has you in charge tries a new experiment. He arms himself with a kind of an automatic hammering machine somewhat similar to the steam riveter used in constructing steel office buildings, except that this one is more compact and can deliver about two hundred more blows to the minute. Thus equipped he descends far below your high-water mark, and engages in aquatic sports and pastimes for a considerable period of time. It seems to you that you never saw a man who could go down and stay down as long as this young man can. You begin to feel that you misjudged his real vocation in life when you decided he ought to be a boilermaker. You know now that he was intended for pearl-fishing. Why, he's a natural-born deep-sea diver. He doesn't even have to come up to breathe, but stays below merrily, knocking chunks off your lowermost coral reefs with his little steam riveter and having a lovely time. Along about here it is customary for you to swoon away.

On recovering you see that he has changed his mind again and is now going in for amateur theatricals and using you for a theater. First thoughtfully draping a little rubber drop-curtain across your proscenium arch to keep you from seeing what is going on behind your own scenes, he is setting the stage for the thrilling sawmill scene in Blue Jeans. You can distinctly feel the circular saw at work and you can also taste a hod of mortar and a bucket of hot tar and one thing and another that have been left in the wings. You also judge that the insulation is burning off of an electric fixture somewhere upstage.

All this time the tooth is still offering resistance, and eventually the dentist comes out in front once more and makes a little curtain speech to you. He has just ascertained that what the tooth really needed was not filling, but pulling. He thought at first that it should be filled and that is what he has been doing, but now he knows that pulling is the indicated procedure. He does not understand how a tooth that seemed so open could have deceived him. Nevertheless, he will now pull the tooth. He pulls her. She does her level best, but he pulls her. He harvests small sections of the gum from time to time and occasionally he stops long enough to loosen up the roots as far down as your floating ribs.

Our Faces Fold Up on Us Like a Crush Hat or a Concertina

But he pulls her. He spares no pains to pull that tooth. Or if he spared any you are not able subsequently to remember what they were. You utter various loud sounds in a strange and incomprehensible language, and he leans back and braces his knees against your lower jaw, and the tooth utters the death rattle and begins picking the cover-lid. And then he gives one final heave and breaks the roots away from the lower part of your spinal column, to which they were adhering, and emerges into the open, panting but triumphant, and holds his trophy up for you to look at. If you didn't know it was your tooth you would take it for an old-fashioned china cuspidor that had been neglected by the janitor

It was a tooth that you had been prizing for years, but now you wouldn't have it as a gracious gift. You are through with that tooth forever. You never want to see it again. As for the dentist, he collects the fixed charge for stumpage and corkage and you come away with a feeling in the side of your jaw like a vacant lot. Your tongue keeps going over to see if it can recognize the old place by the hole where the foundations used to be. You never realized before what a basement there was to one jaw tooth. As you come out you pass a fresh victim going in, and you see the dentist welcome him and then turn to crank his motor, and you hear the canary tuning up with a new line of V-shaped twitters. And you are glad that he is the one who is going in and you are the one who is coming out.

Science tells us that the teeth are the hardest things in the human composition, which is all very well as far as it goes; but what science should do is to go on and finish the sentence. It means the hardest to keep.

The Last of the Herd

A DAY spent in Wainwright Park last August will linger always as a pleasant memory. Assistant Superintendent L. T. Bioletti, a grizzled veteran of the Canadian West and an Englishman despite his name, did me the honor to act as my guide. The park is a beautiful wild pasture of open, rolling land, dotted with clumps of poplar timber—comely, clean-looking trees, with white boles and small silver leaves, forever shivering in the winds.

We drove southward from the Wainwright gate in search of a big herd of buffaloes that Mr. Bioletti had sighted the day before. For ten miles we drove steadily at a round trot, without ever a fleeting glimpse of a buffalo. There was a strong wind blowing from the south against which Mr. Bioletti was sure the buffaloes were traveling, true to their old wild habit of heading into wind and storm, even in the fiercest blizzards of winter. I soon began to realize we were on a buffalo hunt in earnest.

At a point some fifteen miles from the park gate we left the Hardesty Trail we had been traveling and struck into the untracked wild. Through a distant gap in the hills two buffaloes came slowly into view. A bunch of eight appeared on a distant slope. Half a mile from them a dozen more were pasturing. We were getting into the buffalo country. Fresh wallows were everywhere. We scared up a bull that plunged away across country at a clumsy gallop. He ran for miles. The last we saw of him he was still running.

Soon we topped a slight crest and there before us was a real herd, such as the Western prairies used to know—more than four hundred buffaloes by actual count. They were scattered over perhaps a square mile of level meadow and lightly timbered slopes beyond.

All ages were represented—magnificent shaggy bulls, lords of the herd; younger fellows that sauntered about, shouldering smaller animals insolently; bulls whose heads were still crowned with yearling spikes; frisky young heifers; old cows, with calves at their flanks; calves in the bright yellow of their first weeks on earth; calves that were turning dark, becoming shaggy about the neck and beginning to look like real buffaloes.

Here in the Wainwright pasture I had stepped suddenly from the prosaic present into the primeval past. The old West was spread out in a living picture before me. It was a sight to stir the pulses of the least poetic—this thrilling vision of a herd of wild buffaloes in the wilderness!

MY LADY'S GARTER

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XII

WITH Chatham Light hard down astern and Race Point Light aport, the motorboat Pyramid swung in a wide semicircle and pointed her slender nose almost due west, questioning the darkness with a tentacle of flame from her powerful searchlamp. She slackened on the turn and then straightened out; her engines roared as they gave her more gas, and with quickened speed she went smashing on through the sinister green waters, the phosphorescent ruffle at her bow gleaming like white teeth and trailing away into nothingness in her wake.

Through the gaunt rigging of fishing craft, huddled at anchor like sheep, were small, twinkling, detached stars; and this was Provincetown by night. More than once the man at the Pyramid's helm, himself an impalpable part of the surrounding gloom, glanced toward the town that hangs on the tail of Cape Cod, and a dozen times he turned to stare flatly astern. Twice he extended a hand and touched a lever as if to slow his engine, but changed his mind.

There came at last, far behind, that which he had evidently been expecting—a sudden bursting into view of another searchlight low on the waters. Obviously, from the dip of the light, here, too, was a motorboat; and obviously, too, here was some new game of hare and hound. The Pyramid played it her own way, for her engines slowed suddenly, her helm went hard aport and she swung in round Race Point as a curving arrow, the pursuing light dropping off astern. True to this course she held until the light reappeared, until her own light showed dead ahead a swarm of small craft bobbing at anchor in Provincetown haven.

Her Own Light Showed Dead Ahead a Swarm of Small Craft Bobbing in Provincetown Haven

Danger to his own craft or those about him was apparently of little moment to the helmsman of the Pyramid. Bearing straight down upon the half-hundred or more sailboats and small vessels of the swarm, he turned three switches one after the other and his lights died, the searchlight first, then the red port light and the green starboard light. Still there was a glow from the cabin; he opened a fourth switch, and that light, too, was extinguished. From a distance the effect was as if the Pyramid had dropped anchor and made snug for the night—obviously an effect calculated to throw the hound off the track.

But the Pyramid didn't slow. Like some black leviathan of the deep she went plunging on through utter darkness, her helmsman staring ahead tensely with only the night-lights of other craft to guide him. Through the outer edge of the patch of vessels she wriggled on, rubbing shoulders with a dory here and a catboat there and a launch yonder: on and on through until came clear water ahead.

Then and not until then did the helmsman glance back. Already the powerful light of the pursuing motorboat had touched the outer fringe of the little fleet, and she was slowing. Abruptly the Pyramid came round to her helm, straightened out, her engines crackled and she leaped ahead like a thing of life. The hare had doubled; the hound seemed hopelessly entangled in the mess of small craft. Observing all of which the helmsman of the Pyramid smiled grimly.

"I think, perhaps, that will keep that chap busy for an hour or so," he remarked.

All her own lights extinguished—an excess of caution, perhaps, now—the Pyramid ran on blindly through the darkness with only the Pole Star to guide her. Mile after mile she laid behind her, her nose pointing nor'west by west, her helmsman staring ahead and smoking idly. In fifteen minutes he would pick up Minot's Ledge Light; then it would be easy to make either Satuit harbor or Bass Cove, which his chart told him lay between Second and Third Cliffs. There he could lie up for the night, fill his gasoline tank and be away early with a fair chance.

"I love you!" The flashes of Minot's Ledge Light—one-four-three—came at last faintly, low over the rolling waters. The helmsman nodded understandingly. Ten minutes later a glowing speck on Third Cliff reached him; another ten minutes and similar glowing specks appeared on Second Cliff. Within less than an hour the cliffs themselves bulked on either side of him, and, running close up to the beach, he cast anchor. It would be only a question of a few hours before the pursuing motorboat realized the trick that had been played; but it would probably have to beat up the coast to find him, and meanwhile there was a good night's rest ahead.

The clock on the little white church in Satuit was booming eleven as the helmsman, having made all snug for the night, went below. With one hand he fumbled for an instant in the darkness of the cabin, then the electric lights flamed and he stood blinking in their glare, slender, almost boyish in figure, lithe, powerful, sinewy, built like a steel bridge. His face was youthful, his hair thick and wavy, his eyes brown. "I'll take one look at this thing, anyway, before I turn in," he remarked.

From a drawer of the gravity table he produced a photograph and, dropping down on a stool beside the table, he fell to studying it. It seemed to be a representation of a personal ornament of some sort—a dark ribbon edged with a contrasting color and overlaid with shields, upon each of which appeared to be a motto: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*" He spelled it out laboriously with the aid of a magnifying glass. In each of the shields a stone of some sort was set—it was impossible to tell from the picture what the stones were; and there was a pendant representing St. George and the Dragon.

"I don't think there's the slightest doubt but what it is the same," he mused. "If it is ——"

He produced a long pocketbook from an inside pocket of his coat and drew from it a tissue-wrapped something which he opened. It was the Countess of Salisbury's garter! For half an hour he sat motionless, comparing the photograph, detail by detail, with the jeweled trifle which he had spread on the table before him. At length he arose, replaced the photograph in the drawer of the table, restored the garter to his pocket and stepped out on deck for a final look round. Five minutes later he was asleep.

The clock on the little white church in the village struck twelve, then one, then two. A bulging searchlight swept round the point of Brant Rock, headed for Bass Cove. On and on it came steadily, until finally the rhythmical beat of an engine was audible over the waters. Ten minutes, and the searchlight focused the Pyramid as she lay, slowly rising and falling, at anchor. Another ten minutes and there came a hail:

"Motorboat ahoy!" The man asleep in the cabin of the Pyramid moved uneasily. "Hey there, aboard the Pyramid!" The sleeping man awoke suddenly, listening. Instinctively he reached for the electric switch, but he didn't turn it—he merely waited. "Hey, you Pyramid!"

Through the portholes of the Pyramid the glare of the searchlight poured in thin streams. For a scant second the face of the man in her cabin was illumined. Dead white it was, the colorless lips closed, the eyes narrowed, the chin thrust forward. Silently as a snake he slid out of his berth, pulled open the drawer of a locker and took up a revolver. It was loaded, he knew that—it was always loaded! Facing the sliding door that led to the deck, he stepped back until he rested against the forward wall of the cabin, and there he crouched, the revolver in his right hand, his left resting on the electric switch.

"If it's a bomb they've got me!" he muttered. "Otherwise I have a chance."

The engine of the other motorboat was still now. There came a squeak of davits as her tender was lowered; then the splash of oars; and finally the Pyramid rocked slightly as the tender bumped gently on her port. Still the man in the cabin was motionless! The muffled sound of feet on the deck became audible as one, two men scrambled over the rail; then the hissing of their boots across the canvas floorcloth, the laying of a hand on the door of the cabin. The door slid back. For a scant instant the clear sky was visible beyond, then was obscured by a moving figure. There came a sudden blaze of light as the electric switch was turned, then a curt:

"Hands up!"

The man in the door was no fool. The light, sudden as it was unexpected, dazzled him so that he could barely distinguish the crouching, pajama-clad figure at the end of the cabin with revolver lined for his breast—so his hands went up.

As he stared at the intruder the face of the man with the revolver underwent a curious change. The color came back to his cheeks, the brown eyes opened slightly, the lips parted.

"Why," and there was a note of astonishment in his voice, "it's Detective Meredith, isn't it?"

"Right," was the response.

"I beg your pardon, really," and the threatening revolver clattered on the table. "You startled me a bit. Come in."

"Thank you!" There was grim irony in the detective's voice. "You don't object to a friend, I hope? Allow me, Mr. Dexter," and he stood aside to admit an English-looking person with gimletlike eyes, "to introduce Mr. George Harrington Leigh, alias The Hawk. Mr. Dexter," he took the trouble to explain, "is from Scotland Yard."

"Scotland Yard? Indeed?" There was almost a welcome in the manner of the pajama-clad young man. "I've met some of the Scotland Yard operators. However," and he smiled pleasantly, "Mr. Meredith is in error as to my name. I'm afraid he mistakes me for some one else."

"Yes?" There was ironic courtesy in Meredith's tone. "And what name does it please you to wear now?"

"It pleases me now to be known as Bruce Colquhoun."

"Just as you like, of course." Meredith stared at him for a moment; then, laughing, picked up the revolver from the table. "It has taken me six years to land you. It was a long chase, eh?"

XIII

WITH many and divers creature comforts generously provided from the well-stocked galley of the Pyramid spread out on the table between them, the three men sat down in apparent amity to thresh out the matter in hand. It may have been accident, but it probably wasn't, that led Detectives Meredith and Dexter to choose those seats nearest the companionway which led to the deck, for by their choice they effectually barred all egress to their pajama-clad host, this self-styled Bruce Colquhoun.

There was complacent gratification in Meredith's manner as he drained his glass and leaned back, tilting his cigar upward; sheer, watchful rigidity in the attitude of the Scotland Yard man, Dexter, whose eyes never for a moment left those of their host; and Colquhoun himself seemed merely curious. Certainly there was no other visible emotion, not a trace of anxiety or of impatience.

"You know, Leigh ——" Meredith began finally.

"Colquhoun, please."

"It's Old Daddy Heinz' Account-Book—Absolute Proof That The Hawk Was Alive on June Seventeenth, Eight Days Ago!"

"You know, Colquhoun," Meredith corrected himself, "there was a widespread and well-established belief that you were dead, until the other night when old Daddy Heinz was found murdered in his place in West Thirtieth Street. I don't think I am incorrect when I say that the search for The Hawk was at an end. But certain discoveries were made in the examination of Daddy Heinz' place which ——"

"Before you go on," Colquhoun interrupted, "let me ask who Daddy Heinz is—or was?"

"So you're going to make trouble after all?" the detective questioned. He shook his head in obvious disappointment. "Does it happen by any chance that you've ever seen this?"

He produced a badly worn, curious little leatherbound book and, without opening it or relinquishing it, held it up before the eyes of the young man. At last Colquhoun signified a casual negative.

"I have no recollection whatever of ever having seen it."

"Well, I'll tell you what it is!" Meredith leaned forward suddenly and brought a great fist down on the table. "It's old Daddy Heinz' account-book—absolute proof that The Hawk was alive on June seventeenth, eight days ago! The last entry, made the day Daddy Heinz was murdered, reads: 'Advanced to Hawk, $1000.'" He paused.

"Well?" queried Colquhoun. "What about it?"

"On the strength of that entry, search for The Hawk was renewed," and Meredith flung a hand impatiently at his host. "I put practically every plain-clothes man in New York on the job. Three days ago one of them discovered that a man answering the description of The Hawk, except in one minor particular, had purchased a large, powerful motorboat—the Lizzie Ann—and had vanished in it up Long Island Sound. We chartered another motorboat and started in pursuit, Dexter and I, with a pilot. We picked up the first trace of the Lizzie Ann at New London, where"—he spoke measuredly, impressively—"where we learned that the old name had been painted out and a new one, Pyramid, painted on!"

Colquhoun smiled charmingly.

"Just between us now, man to man," he asked, "if you had bought a good-looking motorboat named the Lizzie Ann wouldn't you have changed the name of it?"

The frivolous tone irritated Meredith and brought a flush to his cheeks. That complacent gratification, born of the belief that quarry long sought had surrendered without a fight, vanished.

"We were not more than three hours behind you into Martha's Vineyard, and only two hours at Siasconset, where you stopped to take gasoline," he went on in detail. "We sighted you off Chatham Light and followed you round Race Point, where we lost you. I had an impression you'd make for Boston, so we swept up the coast until—well, here we are."

"And now that you are here," remarked Colquhoun quietly as he flicked the ashes from his cigarette, "just what do you want?"

"We want you!"

"The charge against me being ——?"

"There are several," the detective declared harshly. "First, complicity in the murder of Daddy Heinz; second, complicity in the theft of the Brokaw Hamilton jewels, which was distinctly in the manner of The Hawk; again, a possible connection with the disappearance of a certain jeweled garter. Going back some six or seven years, we want you for the Miller jewel robberies aggregating a hundred thousand dollars; and the Kendrick affair; and the disappearance of the ——"

"That's quite enough," the young man interrupted. "I gather from all you've said that this person whom you call The Hawk is really wanted. And you say I am The Hawk!"

"I intended to convey some such impression," remarked Meredith curtly. "You're not going to deny it, are you?"

"Well, before you take me, before you so much as lay a finger on me, be sure I am The Hawk!" Some curious change had come into Colquhoun's manner. "And one other little thing. You have a warrant, of course?"

"Yes."

"Issued in the state of New York?"

"Right."

"Well, don't get excited and forget that I am now in the state of Massachusetts, and if it comes to a showdown your warrant is worthless here." He paused to light a fresh cigarette. "I have no intention of being disagreeable, but —— Sit down again and let's talk it all over. There's no hurry."

Detective Meredith obeyed the command automatically. Vaguely he felt somehow that he was losing ground, and once he glanced uneasily at Dexter. Imperturbable as ever, the Scotland Yard man was merely staring straight into Colquhoun's eyes.

"Now"—and Colquhoun became the inquisitor—"do you know personally this individual whom you call The Hawk?"

"I do, yes."

"You know him well, I suppose?"

"I've seen him twice." Meredith failed to exhibit any enthusiasm as he answered.

"Only twice! And how long ago was that? Some six years, I imagine?"

"Six years, yes; but ——"

"Just a moment, please. You have a photograph of him?"

"There's not a photograph of him in the world, so far as any one knows."

"But you have, of course, a minute description of him?"

Meredith nodded emphatically, but it was Dexter who produced the printed slip which, half a dozen years previously, had been sent broadcast over the world. Colquhoun shifted his gaze to the Scotland Yard man.

"Would you mind reading it?" he inquired.

"Brown, wavy hair," said Dexter.

"Right!" said Colquhoun.

"Brown eyes."

"Yes."

"Clear, olive complexion."

"Yes."

"Straight nose."

"Yes."

"Medium mouth, with rather full lips."

"Correct." This from Meredith.

"Perfect teeth."

Colquhoun answered in the affirmative by smiling again.

"Number eight shoe," Dexter continued.

Detective Meredith picked up one of a pair beside the berth and examined it.

"Seven and a half," he said.

"Number seven hat."

Opening a locker beside him, Colquhoun took out a stiff hat and passed it to Meredith.

"Seven and an eighth," he read.

"Seven glove." Dexter was reading monotonously, raising his eyes each time to meet those of Colquhoun.

"Correct," Colquhoun admitted.

"Carriage straight."

"Right." This, too, from Colquhoun.

"About five feet ten inches tall."

"Five feet ten and a quarter," Colquhoun corrected.

"Weight about ——" For the first time there was a change in Dexter's expression and he raised his eyes to Colquhoun.

"I said the description was perfect except in one minor detail," Meredith reminded them. "This thing of weight is the exception."

Colquhoun nodded and arose.

"The description says," Dexter told them, "that his weight was about one hundred and eighty pounds."

"I weigh just one hundred and forty-seven," said Colquhoun.

"That's of no consequence," Meredith asserted. "Any man may lose weight."

For half a minute, perhaps, the young man stood motionless and silent, staring at the two detectives. Dexter mechanically folded the printed slip and tucked it away; Meredith's eyes were blazing.

"That's all of it?" Colquhoun demanded.

"Except that I've seen you twice," Detective Meredith pointed out; "except for the manner of your disappearance from New York; except for the fact that you changed the name of your motor boat—and in addition there are a hundred other trivial things, one of them being the fact that you knew me and called me by name when I entered this cabin."

"I have seen your picture in half a dozen newspapers within the week in connection with the Brokaw Hamilton jewel case," Colquhoun told him quietly. "Is it so very curious, after all, that I should know you?"

"Why did you run away from us then?"

"That is for you to find out." Suddenly Colquhoun leaned across the table, resting on his hands, his face not more than two feet from Meredith's. "You want The Hawk," he taunted. "You've never seen him but twice, and that was six years ago. Now am I the man you want? Have you ever seen me before in your life? Isn't it true that the description you have there would fit two out of every five young men you meet? You want The Hawk; you say you know him. Do you want me? Am I the man?"

Dexter glanced from the tense face of the young man to the puzzled countenance of his fellow detective. Meredith leaned to one side, struck a match and rather nervously relighted his cigar.

"Your description is purely superficial," Colquhoun declared in the same tone. "Do you recognize my voice as The Hawk's? Have you a record of the fingerprints of The Hawk? Or a rogues' gallery picture? Are there any distinguishing marks on his body? For instance, I am

After a Long Time an Angel Came, an Angel in a Dory

vaccinated on my right arm. Was The Hawk vaccinated on his right or left? The left is usual. Have you any ——"

"Why did you change the name of your boat?"

"Because I didn't like the other one."

"And if you are not The Hawk, who are you?"

"Bruce Colquhoun is my name."

"But who are you? Where do you come from? Why are you here?"

"Those are things for you to find out."

"You refuse to give any account of yourself at all?"

"I do."

There was a long, tense silence. Meredith was possibly the ablest man in the New York police department; and there were only rare occasions when he was in doubt. But now —— He glanced round rather helplessly at Dexter; the gimletlike eyes told him nothing.

"You know, of course," Colquhoun continued suddenly, "that your New York warrant is worthless here in Massachusetts. Very well. If you really want me I'll waive my rights, surrender to you and go back to New York with you now. If you want to search I'll deliver over to you keys to every drawer, every locker, every cupboard aboard this boat, and I'll empty my pockets on the table in front of you. But"—and there was almost a menace in his voice—"if you fail to prove I am The Hawk I shall hold you responsible to the last fraction, legally and morally; and in addition to all that I'll make you the laughingstock of the police of the world. Do you want me?"

Meredith only stared. Colquhoun drew a bunch of keys from his trousers, and they rattled on the table under Meredith's hands. Again he turned, this time to draw a long pocketbook from his coat. That, too, he tossed on the table. Meredith picked it up eagerly.

"One moment before you open that," the young man interrupted. "You can't identify me as The Hawk, and you know it perfectly. There are papers in that pocketbook that will identify me as some one other than The Hawk; but if you open it to find I am not The Hawk I've told you what will happen. The same conditions apply to the keys. And your warrant was issued in New York!"

He turned away suddenly and stood looking idly through a porthole into the night. Meredith and Dexter exchanged one quick glance and Dexter shook his head almost imperceptibly. After a moment Meredith replaced the pocketbook on the table gingerly. So it happened that for an instant he had held the Countess of Salisbury's garter in his hand! Rising, he pushed the keys back toward Colquhoun; Dexter, too, arose. The young man turned.

"I'm beginning to believe there has been some bally mistake, you know!" remarked the Scotland Yard man.

"And you?" The young man shot the question at Meredith curtly.

"We all make mistakes sometimes," the detective admitted. He was staring straight into Colquhoun's eyes. "There's one more question I'd like ——"

"Ask it if you like. I don't know that I'll answer it."

"You were crouching against the wall there, prepared to kill, when we entered the cabin," Meredith reminded him. "If you were not expecting us, whom were you expecting?"

"I'll not answer the question," was the crisp reply. "I'll merely point out that if I had been The Hawk I should have killed you, shouldn't I?"

Meredith didn't say.

"That's all, I think," Bruce went on. "You decline to arrest me? Very well. I'll accept your apologies for the intrusion, and—good night. I'm dead for sleep."

Meredith and Dexter scrambled over the side of the Pyramid into their tender and rowed away. Colquhoun stared after them until they were swallowed up in the darkness, then went below. The pocketbook containing the Countess of Salisbury's garter still lay on the table.

"Gad, if he had opened it!" He laughed charmingly.

XIV

OLD Captain Barry pulled sturdily, at times almost vainly, against an ebbing tide that slid past his oars silently and smoothly as oil, grounded his dory and, with thin, sinewy shanks bare to the knees, hopped out upon Peggotty Beach. Cicely Quain, curled up on the sands in bathing dress, watched him idly as he dexterously ran the light boat up the slant beyond reach of the lapping waters, and her eyes followed his as he turned round and stared out upon the heaving bosom of Bass Cove.

The sea was slow-moving, mighty and almost black, save far away at the foot of Third Cliff, where it broke with a sinister roar against the rocks and shot a white cloud of spray high in air. Here and there were varicolored specks—lobster-pot buoys; and close up in the foreground lay two large motorboats tugging savagely at their anchors. Cicely could barely make out the names—the Pyramid the nearer one, and the Maid of the Sea farther out.

"Ain't nothin' particular mean about the sea when the whitecaps are a-running," the aged captain remarked to her sociably; "it's just tricky like a playful purp. But when it's still and slick and greasy-lookin' like it is now, a man ain't got no more chance than a jaybird in ——" He didn't finish the sentence. "Likely-lookin' la'nches out there, be'n't they? Them two big ones, I mean. They came in last night."

(Continued on Page 45)

HIGH PLAY

The Story of the Summer City

By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

II

AT THE appointed hour Virginia was waiting for Sterling in the hotel, speaking and shaking his hand with a composure in direct contrast to the manner of the man. For the man was thunderstruck. Virginia of the old-fashioned air, of the subdued color, the pensive moonlight fay strayed and half strange to garish day, had vanished. The violet had become a tiger lily.

From head to foot she was crimson—plume, silken gown and slippers; a single spray of lilies-of-the-valley across her breast relieved the dazzle of color and matched the whiteness of her throat.

As Sterling walked speechless into the restaurant he could hardly believe that sweet, low voice came from the creature at his side.

Was it the reflection of the plumed hat which tinged the cheek, so fair but still unblooming yesterday? That new contour of the face! Virginia was made up.

"Double-crossed!" said Sterling to himself. He admitted it though his heart quailed; but, as pride, hope and love sank and disappeared in a succession of crashes, a savage humor took possession of the man.

Seated at the sequestered table, their eyes met in a long look. There was a noble kind of flattery in Sterling's manner to all women; the pallor of his face unscarred by vice, his cautious but decided movements and depth of glance, hinted at a character molded by the press of danger among experiences far beyond the sight and walk of women. And they had thrilled to feel the wisdom and bravery of the world defer to them in so graceful, tragic a fellow.

Therefore his words were now the more remarkable for being at total variance with his usual manner.

"I could swear on the sacred chameleon!" he said. "Didn't the Egyptians have a sacred chameleon?—every other pest was sacred there!"

"Swear by the cat—we are assured of cats," suggested Virginia, delighted to renew their learned and witty conversation of the evening before.

"I chose the chameleon as the most notable of lightning changers. But I have a better oath than chameleon or cat; I will swear by the city, the heathen city, bacchanalian with the sun, that you fell asleep a sober butterfly and woke up a tiger-moth."

"The alchemy of the sun," she explained.

"The wine list," demanded Sterling of the waiter.

"Wine ——" she hesitated, "for yourself, of course."

"Would you have me drink in your matchless fellowship alone," he replied reproachfully, "when hereafter I must be the solitary drunkard of the bitter cup?"

Again the long look that she seemed striving to break; then, with a slight flush and breathless little laugh, she drew a tiny finger down the list.

"I do not see any that I know," she hesitated.

"Good gracious!" murmured Sterling.

"But if they should have some elderberry wine—just a glass!"

This confirmed his belief, for there never was one of the unclassed since the world began who had not some weird preference in the matter of drink.

"You hear—elderberry wine," said Sterling gravely to the waiter; "that sounds delicious."

The waiter departed. Presently ensued wild ruffling of pompadours in the rear of the restaurant, hard words between head waiter and cellar man; and then a messenger boy in a taxicab began careering about the city—for the signora of Mr. Sterling must not be disappointed.

"We will drink to the last day of your holidays—and the first of mine," Sterling was saying.

"Why must you bring our parting to mind when we have two hours of companionship before us?"

"Much can be lived in that time," he nodded. "But, look you, Miss Tiger-Moth, this red flame of love ——"

"I fancied it green," she said hastily.

"——which you flutter so closely about," he finished, "might singe you as it is consuming me."

Her breast rose and fell quickly as though in fright; but if offended she did not acknowledge it.

"Poor gentleman!" she said, affably concerned, as a court lady might be in such an avowal.

Sterling was disconcerted and slightly exasperated. "This scene is a matter of course," he thought, "and I might as well go through it as quickly as possible."

He smiled at her retort, showing more than was necessary of his even, glistening teeth. She replied with a flash of her own.

Sterling persisted: "You have gambled and won; but what have I lost that you might win?" This was more diplomatic.

"You have lost your heart?" she asked more earnestly, never once taking her eyes from his face.

"I feel, too, as though the city raged with carnival, and I would not die alone. I have staked equally with you."

"I did not mean for you to risk so much," she replied pensively.

"But I have risked all."

This girl, innocent as morning, wrapped in scarlet clouds, leaned toward him under yellowed desert palms; the air was damask dusky from shaded tapers; a thin strain of music threaded the room. He could imagine the soft padding of sandals on the marble flags and had a flashing, burning vision of a Roman villa.

"It seems to me that the town crashes in swift decadence," he told her in a voice rich and strangely alluring as a tiger's purr, "throwing out of its dulled splendors one vast momentary spark."

He meant that the burning city, in its lethal struggle, indulged in one delirious moment of liberty, license, after a thousand years of civilized restraint. And partially she understood.

"Give me a cast of the dice," he said. "Do not speak of parting till I have fairly lost."

Does she understand? Of course she does—this scarlet wanton, lovely in flesh and mind; but her face is inscrutable. And, thinking thus, Sterling cannot divine of the wondering light in her steady eyes whether terror or love answers him.

Her hands, very slender and girlish, lay on the table, and Sterling slipped his single diamond over her finger.

"Fortune has favored me to frivolous excess; she will not deny me you," he tells her.

"I will answer you, but not yet a while," she says suddenly and firmly. She glances at the ring, half smiling, and, laying it beside her plate, turns to dinner, with a curious little sigh.

"I win!" he whispers exultantly to himself.

It was at this moment that Maybelle paused in passing, and Sterling spoke indifferently, calling her by her first name.

She lingered, laughing a little loudly to Virginia over some incident of their lunch, and Sterling stared at her frowningly; but, with quick instinct in such affairs, he noted the contrast in the two—Maybelle's tall and rather voluptuous figure, gowned exquisitely in chiffon, a feather yielding the only glance of color to her costume; Virginia's girlish form in flaunting scarlet. Yet the other woman's face was flushed, while the rouge made two hectic spots on the refined paleness of Virginia's.

"Maybelle is furious about something," grinned Sterling, and dismissed the thought as the woman passed; but he did reflect with an impatient frown: "Virginia must learn to dress in better taste—like Maybelle."

Apparently lost in contemplation, Virginia sat perfectly still for several moments looking after the actress. Then the elderberry wine arrived and Virginia drank a glass unconcernedly to the last drop.

After this she began to converse with great wit and animation on her experience at lunch, the ladies she had met and a shopping tour that followed.

Sterling responded now with equal gayety—the girl was his; and a great winning she was! "I'm in love with her anyway," he told himself; and yet, with his very sense of possession and in this heated humor, would come the cruelest pang of disappointment which he tried to alleviate with wine.

They were near the end of the dinner, both flushed and laughing, the diamond ring still lying unremarked upon the cloth, when the head waiter approached.

"Mr. Robert Vane is here, asking to see you on a most important matter," he announced deferentially.

"Robert Vane! Curse the cards!" laughed Sterling good humoredly. "I'd forgotten this. Show him here."

Sterling had arranged this meeting in Virginia's presence that she might judge him fairly before he ever attempted to win her favor.

"But now," he thought, "the coming disclosures will make a great hit with her as a sporting girl."

Again that shudder of disappointment swept over him; and, though he thought it would be impossible to leave her now even for a day, the gambler began to feel more pain than pleasure in his winnings.

Mr. Robert Vane approached; he was thin, elegant, with clayey complexion and the manners of the half-fashioned yet thoroughly fashionable man.

"Pardon intrusion," he said bruskly. "I'll make it brief. All I have to say—and understand, my boy, I say it in good part—is hands off! You understand!" patronizingly. "Well!" demanded Vane in a little bluster of temper as the other returned no answer. "Do you wish to be spoken to more broadly?"

Sterling rose suddenly and presented Mr. Vane. "My brother!" he said distinctly.

As the girl acknowledged the introduction in her sweetly modulated tones, Mr. Vane was struck by her obsolescent grace and prettiness.

"Would almost expect a curtesy," he thought. He did not shrug at the barbaric taste of Broadway in the matter of colors. The gown was modish and the girl lovely as a Puritan child-witch amid her glowing fagots

"Beastly daring in this hell-roaring weather!" continued Mr. Vane in thought; "but she's arrayed those snowy beauties of hers ——"

Mr. Vane not infrequently neglected or totally forgot important matters in such contemplation. "She's like morning—spring-fresh; and dripping color from a wild, hot sunset."

In spite of such figures, wholesome and natural in art and poetry, Mr. Vane's gaze did not float over Virginia with simple admiration. Instead, it clung to the rounded brow, the sensitive mouth, the full, delicate lines of her throat and figure; and only a snap of Sterling's jaw recalled him.

"How-do, Virginia?" said Robert Vane.

Vane was nettled either by his brother's cold but courtly indifference or, in passing, by Virginia's mood of reserve.

"If it's necessary to speak more plainly to you," Vane began emphatically, "where ——"

"Here," replied Sterling, seating himself. The other remained on his feet.

"I tell you, hands off Baron Hirschel!" he burst out, and swore with a total indifference to this odalisk of Sterling's. "You saw him with me. You know he's a friend; in fact, he's a close friend of mine. Yet you lured him to your joint and are bent on the ruin of him!"

Sterling maintained silence; he scarcely heard the man and did not heed his words at all. Astonished, anxious, baffled, he scrutinized the face of Virginia, which was not raised to him again.

A blush fluctuated in her cheeks, as though fire waxed and waned in her bosom; but her features were expressionless.

Vane managed to rise to a sort of superficial fury and indignation.

"Isn't it enough to be a disgrace and all that to an aristocratic family—ashamed to use your own name ——"

"My name is Daniel Sterling," said his brother, as though just hearing.

"What damned equivocation!" sneered Vane. "That's part of your name, I admit; but all this is outside the case. Live as you choose, call yourself what you like, be what you are—I don't care a curse! But I want you to let my friends strictly alone. How much has the Baron lost by this time?"

"Enough to bring him back again," replied Sterling absently and not once removing his gaze from Virginia's face.

"Thousands—thousands!" exclaimed Vane, choking with rage. "Why, he got only fifty thousand cash, in advance of the girl! Everybody knows he's gambling mad; he'd stake his nobility on a turn at faro!" He waxed more indignant and referred to Mr. Sterling as a vampire who sucked blood; then as a jackal who gnawed the bare bones—all of which was set forth in the lurid phraseology of a most fashionable Augustan.

Having thus reduced the Baron to a skeleton, shackled by Mr. Sterling, he hammered his ultimatum into the table with his fist.

"If you don't break away I'll set my father after you!" He was too proud and aristocratic a character to confess kinship with this outcast brother by saying "our" father. "He's at the Empire with us right now."

This stroke told on Sterling, who winced slightly.

"I'll tell him you are swindling our friends; and if his command won't stop you he'll break up your joint with the police. I believe he'd shoot you!"

"This for Sterling! He's Treated Me Like a Dog Since You Came"

Sterling rose suddenly, with a deprecating gesture, and, after a word of excuse to Virginia, escorted his brother to the end of the lane of palms.

"How is the old gentleman?" Sterling inquired in a low tone.

"Bad—feeble!" growled the other one tartly.

"He must not be troubled," began Sterling thoughtfully; and then, abruptly as he had risen from the table he turned back in quick response to a still alarm.

Vane looked after him in some disgust. "Dare say her turn's about due at the roof garden; and he couldn't leave her long enough to hear about his old sick father! Didn't he wilt?" chuckled Mr. Vane, pausing at the bar. "It was easier than I looked for. Moreover, I understand—he'd rather pass up the Baron than have me get Virginia away from him!"

He patted his scanty hair approvingly before the glass and shook his head mournfully over the degeneracy of Daniel.

"Damme, she is some queen though!" he thought; then throwing back his shoulders with a manly fierceness: "Boy, bring me an amusement list from the desk. Ah-haa!"

Meantime Sterling had learned his fate. Virginia had stolen away without word or token. Yes—there was writing on the menu card: "Goodby! I liked you very much; but I can have no answer."

He stared round blankly, picked up the diamond ring and, hastening to the street, looked up and down.

"What wonderful finesse!" he thought; yet he became angry over this coquettish hide-and-seek.

"But she'll come back," he muttered, straining his eyes and glancing round corners. "She'll come back; and the whole perfect character, built up with such finesse, will give way suddenly—they never sustain it long—and she'll clap her hands and coo that she loves a true sport ——"

He glanced into several restaurants. "Of course the clothes and makeup give her away," he thought, composedly lighting a cigar. "Taste is beyond them."

"She'll show up about the evening after tomorrow, being so cunning," he continued, standing in the middle of the pavement. "She's not bad—only fallen from grace. I'll marry the little fool. What am I myself!"

His thoughts were becoming more broken, tumultuous, when Maybelle Golden passed, on a man's arm and glancing furtively about. Seeing Sterling, she left her escort abruptly.

"Dan!" she murmured, standing before him, then clasping his arm.

"Have you seen Virginia?" he asked bruskly.

The gambler must have had many endearing qualities concealed under his callous skin, for in this instant of hope his face took the hue and joyous expectancy of a boy.

The woman thought him supernally beautiful, but in her astonishment remained mute, only shaking her head negatively.

His color faded, his eyes narrowed and became intensely black, with a living, darting star in each.

Recovering her speech Maybelle spoke with a hauteur which was only common anger and offended pride after all.

"If you're chasing her ——"

Sterling stopped her with a look.

"I love her and must find her. I intend to marry her. Pass on!"

Sterling gave a quick glance of contempt at beauties never alighted before and strode away. He went back to the gambling-house. He dragged himself about while Mr. Palter looked on. "I feel like a dead man warmed over!" he said. The heat had ceased to excite or stimulate him and the summer city no longer seemed a blazing hippodrome of empire, where beasts roared in carnival.

Mr. Palter observed with exasperating intuition: "Ice went out; now fire's gone out. You can be cool."

Sterling walked into a dark room adjoining and sat down. Mr. Palter moved after, in his dignified walk, and switched on a glare of lights.

"Face it!" he advised.

After a time Sterling came out again, saying: "I faced it, Pal; I'll be a good loser."

Gradually he informed his partner of his experience.

"Even yet I don't know what to make of her," he concluded. "Will she appear again?"

Mr. Palter shook his head. "You're not her game," he said. "Brother Robert made you out a kind of crook. Dames generally fall for a straight sport. But some of 'em don't, even at that; they want brokers," he added.

"You come out of the same hole you went in," retorted Sterling bitterly. The man's face was pinched, but his emotions were completely under control; and he said candidly: "I don't yet comprehend how I can give her up."

His partner made no answer, and presently Charley, the croupier, came in with his cash.

Mr. Palter gave him an envelope and the youth smilingly tore it open.

"Why, here's two weeks' salary!" he exclaimed.

"One week extry—to get a job on," said Mr. Palter.

As the fact dawned on him that this meant discharge, Charley stared hopelessly.

"Why, you even left me alone to lock up all the cash—twenty-five thousand!—the night you learned ——"

"So!" agreed Palter. "A minute before that you knew you were a crook, who couldn't be trusted with money."

"Why, yes, sir ——"

"Now you and I know that you can be trusted, because you wouldn't make a getaway with thousands when you had taken time to think it over. You're sure of yourself now, which is better than a job."

"Yes, sir," agreed the boy, much affected; and he left presently after shaking hands with considerable cheerfulness.

"Give him another show; he's all right," said Sterling; but Mr. Palter waved the suggestion aside. "I gambled twenty-five thousand to show him he was straight—ain't that enough?" he said. "Danny"—the ophidian eyes were fixed unblinkingly upon Sterling's face—"the boy's a good loser; now he can bank on futures."

"I understand, Pal; I'll be a good loser ——" Sterling's voice failed him however; and he strode out, past the statue of Chance, on his way home.

All men in despair seek the river for companionship—at least once; and Sterling called a cab, which he dismissed on Riverside Drive near the tomb of Grant.

"This hot, sticky air has the taste of blood!" he thought, and spat it out in disgust.

He glanced back at the distorted buildings and half-sprawling human figures in the distance.

"Still, you're pretty black down there below," he said to the river. "Guess I'll go back to the Salamanders."

"Halfway round the world and back—perhaps—for Daniel Sterling Vane!" he said with sudden resolution; and presently, returning home, he began to pack up in a sort of frenzy.

Meantime Mr. Palter had expressed himself fully to the ledger. "The idear!—the very idear of treating a dame on the level!" he said. "Danny tells Brother Robert to come with his friendly message; and of course she ducks. The very idear! Some men never get bug notions out of their heads." To the safe he said, when locking up: "A dame had to come sometime, of course. What luck she was a quitter! And I never knew Danny to lose hard before."

In the first impulse which had moved him for years, Mr. Palter put a heartfelt curse on the girl in crimson. Then, remembering the savage criminations of Brother Rob, he took out the ledger and charged ten thousand more to Baron Hirschel's account.

Maybelle dug her nails into her palms and paced the length of her suite of rooms. When exhausted, sleep attacked her in short, cataleptic fits. After dawn the fits became of longer duration and she was roused from one by the persistent ringing of her bell.

She thought the maid had arrived and shouted for her to go away, but Virginia Tarn's clear voice floated through the transom and Maybelle flung open the door.

The girl entered wearing the same black threadbare dress in which she had first met Sterling on the street. This intensified the whiteness of her skin which, even in the searching morning light, had the soft dazzle of newly fallen snow. The hazel eyes seemed larger than before, as though haunted by long wakefulness, but they were very clear and she greeted her friend with a smile.

She carried two neatly made bundles, which now she unwrapped, revealing the crimson costume of the evening before. Both Virginia and Maybelle were silent, the former blushing slightly as the flaunting color struck her eye and the actress looking on with a singular expression of contempt and interest.

"I wish to thank you very much indeed," said Virginia. "Your kindness has made this a memorable vacation."

"You will revel in your brief experience when back in the shop?"

Virginia looked into the actress' face. "I shall remember your kindness and your hospitality," she replied.

"And I shall remember you," said Maybelle in heavy, bitter tones.

For a moment the girl seemed mildly surprised by her friend's manner; and then, laughing, she said:

"I shouldn't have awakened you so early, but, being on my way to work again, I really wished to put aside all the idle, romantic themes of vacation—and I couldn't do that with this splendid gown by me."

"They were romantic," said Maybelle, again choosing a word to harp upon; and then, with quick afterthought: "My friend's gown fits you to perfection and becomes you much better than it does her. I'm sure she'd be delighted if you'd accept it ——"

"Oh, no," replied Virginia promptly. "I couldn't do that. 'Twas forward enough to wear it last evening—yet that was a kind of carnival frolic, you see, being vacation."

She hesitated a moment, smoothing the skirt upon a couch, and then said earnestly: "Besides, Mrs. Golden, I believe that a girl—particularly a working girl—should dress more soberly."

"No!" exclaimed Maybelle with grave cynicism. "You don't mean they would pervert your modest assurance into effrontery? No; don't tell me that, girl! I'd never believe it—quite the contrary." "Villainously sly and dangerous!" she thought.

Virginia either did not understand sarcasm or did not choose to do so. She continued smoothing the skirt for several moments and then a faint rosy hue appeared in her face; it spread, deepened, until, with throat and brow and cheeks a raging scarlet, she replied:

"We were mistaken, Mrs. Golden, when we thought that gown would be so appropriate for dinner. You ladies brought up in fashion and of distinguished carriage may dress in any manner that becomes your beauty and be properly admired."

"And were you not properly admired—most properly so?" inquired Mrs. Golden. "You ingénue of hell!" she supplemented to herself, digging the nails into her palms and standing erect and still.

"Mrs. Golden," said Virginia, "I spoke to Mr. Sterling on the street—spoke to him first."

"Is it possible he misunderstood your motive!—the flirtatious ——"

"No—no!" exclaimed Virginia; "he is a truly chivalrous man."

"Couldn't we have been mistaken in him?" pondered the other woman aloud.

"Why, how could we be?" inquired the girl with a lift of her head and a certain nobleness of look. "It is impossible for a lady to mistake a gentleman."

Maybelle could hardly repress her fury.

"My wearing such splendid clothes was a mistake," said Virginia simply and candidly.

"But shouldn't a gentleman know a perfect lady too?" queried Maybelle, restraining herself.

"If she conducts herself as one and dresses to her circumstances. But then," cried the girl, smiling, "I should thank you very much for your kindness instead of saying such things. Only, Mrs. Golden, if he should ever mention me again will you tell him the plumes were borrowed?" The girl rose with a sudden recovery of spirits. "Now I'll wrap up my own blue dress and be gone to work."

Upon their return from shopping the previous afternoon Maybelle had insisted upon arraying the girl for her dinner with Sterling as members of the modish younger set were wont to dress; but this amiable little creature of the shop and street, after consenting to be made her prettiest and blushing delightfully to the compliments of the actress, actually demurred at appearing so in the summer city.

"You crafty puss!" Maybelle had cried. "You know a man would follow you to the world's end in that dress." And Virginia, suddenly thrust into the hall with the door locked behind her, had heard her friend's goodby float gayly from within.

Now Virginia peeped into a closet at hand, where her blue waist and skirt had hung, and then for the first time cast an attentive glance through the rooms of the apartment. The most astonishing disorder prevailed. A chair was upset, a lampshade broken, and the whole place, rich in furnishings as a Turkish bazar, was strewn with rumpled, knotted gowns, hose, lingerie. Here and there colors ran into one another, making clots or sinister-looking stains. It might have been a scene of terrific struggle.

A wisp of blue claiming Virginia's eye she seized upon it as though making a rescue from the general wreck. Then she held it up with one quavering little cry—the garment was torn into tatters by hands of frenzied, inhuman strength.

"I wish that soft flesh had been under it!"

Virginia for the moment did not comprehend. "It was my mother's wedding dress," she explained sobbingly.

"Ah!" exclaimed the woman—"that's your lucky dress, is it not?"

"I do not understand you," replied the girl slowly. Again her eye swept the chaos of the rooms. "Something dreadful has happened to you, Mrs. Golden!"

"Nothing has happened!" As Virginia faced her again the woman marked the suppleness of her rounded limbs, the freshness of her complexion, the dimple at the throat—that dimple maddened her; she actually clawed her body through the robe. "If your body had been in that waist! Oh, if it only ——" The woman was exclaiming vehemently but smoothly, leaning forward, without gestures. "You snake of cream and roses and topaz ——" She paused again, still rigid; but the slight turn of the eyes brought her face to face with herself in the mirror.

Her black hair hung in coarse matted strings; her brows beetled, giving a cavernous depth to her eyes; her figure started forth gauntly under the tightly clutched gown. As if the terror which had desolated the rooms by night had cast an evil spell over her Maybelle saw herself, ravaged of beauty, towering above the girl, inconceivably harsh, haggard and ferocious. She raised her hands as if motioning the girl aside; then, pressing them to her temples, approached the mirror, fascinated.

"You—you destroyed my dress?" asked Virginia faintly.

"I destroyed it," returned the woman, preoccupied with her own dread presence.

"How could you, Mrs. Golden?"

Maybelle began re-coiling her hair hastily, smoothed her brows, and with an effort of will composed her expression; but she would not face the girl.

"I wished you were inside of it! Fancy!" she exclaimed aloud in bitter reverie—"Fancy Dan Sterling, with his temperament and style, entertaining in a swell restaurant at dinner—dinner of all times!—a blondined squab with a Sixth Avenue makeup! You certainly had nerve!"

"Why, what did you expect?" asked the girl after a brief silence.

"I expected him to give you the gate, of course."

"Mrs. Golden, will you face me?" The girl spoke quietly and the woman wheeled upon her.

"I am not very sophisticated, you see," said Virginia with a long look; "but I—understand—you—now—thoroughly! Thank you."

"Don't exasperate me again!" exclaimed Maybelle tempestuously. "Are you trying to put something over on me?" she asked then. "Won't go, my dear. No—really. I know your kind. Why, it really would have been doing you a favor to dress you that way if you'd been going out with a broker. But Sterling!" She laughed her disgust. "And to think the renowned connoisseur should be running round the street searching, after you'd slipped away! Why did you slip away?" she demanded. "You saw that your plumage didn't attract him, I guess. No; you wouldn't lose your game that easily."

Virginia, having recovered the remainder of her torn blue dress from the wreckage, was engaged in wrapping it up; she did not answer.

"I saw Bob Vane at the table with you two; he seemed rather excited," pursued Maybelle. "Wanted his money back? Likely Dan had been cheating him," she said spitefully.

"Never—no, never!" exclaimed Virginia indignantly.

"Why, that's his business ——"

"I have heard that before," said the girl quietly. "It is a lie!"

Maybelle lost all control of her emotions. "You think you can cinch that crook, don't you? Because he took up with you on the street—because —— Marry—*you!*"

Virginia interrupted Maybelle's cruel laugh with a single steady look.

"I dearly wish he could know that I understand," she said, "and that no calumny from man or woman—Mr. Vane or Mrs. Golden—can change my conviction that he is a man of honor and kindly heart. As for his estimate of me and my character, I invited suspicion and must abide its verdict."

Tears were in her eyes as she spoke the word; and Maybelle, made desperate by her defense of the man, rushed headlong to her desk, whence she took a revolver, gabbling like a maniac.

"This for Sterling! I loaded it last night—such a night! He's treated me like a dog since you came."

Virginia went toward the frantic, jealous woman without either defiance or fear. Yet Maybelle suddenly felt in her advance a compression of the air as though fates closed about her; in fact Virginia bore the serene spirit which had flashed among the Tarns since the night of time, as a lamp passed steadily from hand to hand. It had burned with plenteous, grateful light among friends and peaceful neighbors, but had also dominated over the smoky crush of armies.

Suddenly Maybelle was overcome with the curiosity of one who refused to acknowledge danger in such an aspect as her own. Virginia's expanding presence became like a whorl of bayonets, her face lit by the bluish reflection of steel; and Maybelle squinted anxiously, concerned over the outcome of the situation.

An expression or gesture of fear, defiance or command might have caused Virginia's death before that most desperate of passions; but, instead of these, she showed only a natural, cold displeasure as she touched the weapon, which Maybelle clutched more desperately and then relinquished. For it was most plain that Virginia was displeased.

"It is for gentlemen to settle personal affairs in such a manner," she said severely; "this is not becoming in any woman."

A faint memory of the old dueling pistols among the relics of her grandfather came to the girl, and she half smiled when tossing Maybelle's revolver through the open window.

A sharp report clattered up past the windows as the weapon was discharged on the pavement of the court.

Maybelle shrunk aghast, as though the violence of her disposition had been publicly proclaimed; but Virginia, unheeding, picked up her bundle and paused one moment to say:

"I had intended never to see Mr. Sterling again; and after the dinner of last evening, and its incidents, a meeting would be beyond the bounds of ordinary decency. You can understand?" she asked rather doubtfully, but with earnestness. Then she went out.

Maybelle stood still, the hand which had surrendered the revolver still half raised. Soon she began to tremble.

Then, with strange credulity, the woman whispered: "She is a good girl!" At last she did understand.

Running to the window she saw Virginia enter the court, heard the firm tap of her heels upon the walk and watched her out of sight across the street.

"She must be a lady," whispered Maybelle; and, looking over the chaos of the apartment, she blushed and hung her head with a sense of shame.

The scene, with all its dramatic intensity, appealing to her, she sighed loudly. "What actresses ladies would make!" she concluded.

Presently she kneeled before the desk and scribbled a note to Sterling. This note, being sent by messenger to the gambling-house address, was delivered to Mr. Palter.

In a partnership of this nature, of course, no party to it may be held legally accountable to the others. Consequently it behooves each member of the firm to have an eye on the other's private life, which, becoming involved, might lead to defalcation without remedy. In this case, however, the partnership had grown into a kind of brotherhood and Sterling spoke occasionally of his personal affairs in careless confidence. Mr. Palter himself seemed to have no personal or private affairs whatever.

Palter held Maybelle's note in his hand.

"Poor business!" he said, observing the feminine scrawl of the address, with strong disapproval. "They're driving Danny to Europe—ain't it far enough?" After a moment's reflection he decided to investigate for business reasons. "Danny might be backing a chorus," he said indignantly. So he tore open the envelope tranquilly and read:

Dear Dan: I've gave you a dirty deal in making that girl up in scarlet dress and paint. Then I locked her out; so she had to dine like a house afire. M.

Mr. Palter's disapproval became more pronounced.

"Sounds like a riot at the Haymarket," he said. "Fine company for my partner!" He scrutinized the note closely. "What's wrong with it?" he muttered; then placed his large white thumb upon the very spot. "'I've gave,'" he repeated; "I have gave! That's right—it's a chorus," he concluded and, tearing the note, threw the scraps into his basket.

Presently Sterling came in rather briskly and announced that he had secured a room on a slow boat leaving the second day following.

"Sure going?" asked his partner.

The other nodded. "Sure—out of this inferno!" In spite of his brisk movements the man's shoulders sagged forward and his features were pinched. "I'll remember all your counsels, Pal."

"Consider," interrupted Mr. Palter, eying him craftily—"Consider that 'I have gave' none."

But no sign of guilt betrayed Sterling as the angel to a chorus.

. . . . . .

Virginia walked to the office where she worked with countless other girls mailing letters and circulars. The forewoman looked at her in surprise.

"What are you here today for?" she asked.

"Why, my vacation ended yesterday," replied Virginia, concerned lest her position had been taken from her.

"Don't you know, you little farmer, that vacation never ends on Saturday? Now skip—you have another day for Coney and the boys. Skip—have a good time!" And the woman, giving her a good-humored glance and push, passed on.

Virginia hesitated—that day of all days she needed work, hard work to occupy her mind and body; but during that one moment of indecision the events of the past two days began circling round her in scenes of increasing vividness. With no duty at hand she harked back to them and their confusing drift bore her along like the press of a multitude.

Well, she would devote this day to memory; there were some incidents of her vacation to make merry over—and even the lament of pleasures dead is sweet to the forlorn.

There was a park near by where she often sat enjoying her reflections—a park consisting of a square of distant sky and a square of earth, where a fountain steamed, cannas drooped, and dust, which might well be humanity incinerated by the sun, moved along the walks.

Virginia chose her seat in the grayish shadow of a shabby maple; on the other end of the bench sat a man with head bowed upon his hands.

Virginia gave herself up to reverie, sometimes smiling. At these moments she would glance toward the dejected man, wishing she might share such enjoyment with him.

Then in troops came the sadder memories, some of them causing her to blush. In this rectangular pit of buildings the air began to cloud and lighten fitfully and Virginia looked far up suddenly, apprehending a storm. A distant sullen thunder had been heard at evening in the city, but now the noonday sky was clear and glaring; and the girl felt uneasily that these fitful lightnings were of the mind and vision. So she placed her hands over her eyes.

In this region of blindness a strange, heavy fowl seemed visible in the ragged tree near by. It rose slowly to the very opening of the pit and then dropped.

"That is death itself!" confessed the girl presently, and drew closer to the derelict for companionship.

A great effort was required of her spirit, but presently, as Sterling had done by command of Palter, the girl rose and opened her eyes slowly to look at things under the light.

"I must not sit here smiling and chattering idly, even though it is vacation," she told herself; "and, furthermore, I cannot conceal myself by closing my eyelids."

"She Wished You to Know That She Esteems and Trusts You, in Defiance of the Opinion of Others"

A sense of some great moral obligation oppressed her, and whatever Virginia felt she quickly understood; for culture and gentleness have ever a clarity of mind and direct simplicity of action as well.

So now she reopened the affair of the past two days to a broad inspection.

"It is true that I love Mr. Sterling," she admitted, walking slowly away; "and I know he loves—Virginia Tarn. For he looked it—and he would be honorable in a glance as surely as in a word. And then after I slipped away he came searching for me. He surely met Mrs. Golden upon the street and told her he wished to marry—Virginia Tarn. It is singular," she sighed; "yet it is true. And he must have been emphatic to rouse Mrs. Golden to such fury." There was a moment's supreme happiness in this reflection, and Virginia paused.

Then, walking on: "Mr. Sterling spoke to me impulsively last evening because he supposed me to be as sophisticated as himself; he did not know how else to address me. Yet his manner was courteous and I am sure there was distress in his expression."

Suddenly missing her bundle Virginia hurried back to the bench where she had left it; but the bundle was gone by this time and so was the man who had held his head in his hands.

"That contained a poor recompense for theft," she said sorrowfully; "they are only fragments to any one else, but quite a treasure to me."

She looked about mutely for a moment; and then:

"Mr. Sterling had become convinced of his mistake," she exclaimed proudly. "Of course he had or he would never have come searching for me—or told Mrs. Golden what he did. And he will think always that Virginia Tarn believed those accusations of his brother—and without waiting a word from him deserted the friend who, of all the people in this vast city, had alone been good to her."

The girl compressed her lips and, with an air of determination, walked rapidly up the avenue.

"I know how despairing I should have been had he left me under suspicion," she thought; "and I must do as I would be done by."

Virginia remembered every word Robert Vane had spoken; and presently, arriving at the hotel he had named, she inquired for him and was told she should send up her card.

Virginia wrote her name on one given her by the clerk and waited while the card was being delivered to Mrs. Robert Vane.

"I do not know her," said this lady; but Robert, entering the room, started visibly on hearing this woman's name read aloud.

Mrs. Vane, a delicately formed little woman with faded blue eyes and ashy yellow hair, observed his emotion with quiet cynicism.

"I will see her," she told the boy, and closed the door.

Robert swore fluently under his breath. "The little fool!" he exclaimed. Still there was a certain pleasure in the thought that he had made himself so irresistibly attractive at one appearance. And he had actually wasted time in looking over various music halls the previous evening.

When Virginia entered Mrs. Vane retired a few steps, while Robert stared from a corner over the top of a newspaper.

"I wish to see Mr. Vane—the elder gentleman," said Virginia clearly.

Robert guffawed silently. "What a witch's wit!" he thought delightedly. "I didn't mention my wife's presence here last evening."

Mrs. Vane was at sea for the moment, but unfortunately her husband's expressive face was not entirely concealed by the newspaper.

"Are you sure it is the elder Mr. Vane—General Vane?" she asked Virginia insinuatingly.

"The elder Mr. Vane," repeated the girl. She did not acknowledge the presence of Robert, but felt his peering glance and flushed slightly with angered pride.

Mrs. Vane studied her face, thinking contemptuously: "A mere little shopgirl too!" She persisted with exasperating incredulity. "The General? Why, he has been ill. I believe he has not risen today. Here is Mr. Robert Vane."

Suddenly the curtain of a doorway was thrown aside.

"Madam!" exclaimed a peremptory voice, "is a lady who does me the honah of calling to believe I will not welcome her?"

An old gentleman in a linen suit came forward, leaning on a stick. His shoulders were bent—his silky hair floated about his head like a silvery light; but there was something in the bearing of that old man, with the transparent hands and high-bridged patrician nose, that sent a thrill through the company.

Virginia hesitated as she encountered his direct and penetrating glance; then she advanced to meet him.

General Vane did not seem annoyed by the cheap hat and threadbare dress.

"She has the presence!" thought the old gentleman approvingly, and smiled into the girl's thoughtful hazel eyes.

Virginia would rather have talked to him alone—the very presence of the younger man was insulting to her; but, as the others remained by, she felt obliged to pass through this ordeal as quickly as possible.

(Continued on Page 36)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3 25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 6, 1912

Our Paper Revolution

NO DAY has passed in the last half-dozen years without some wail from the Bourbon press over the wild wave of radicalism that has been ingulfing the United States, obliterating all old landmarks, sweeping away every cherished institution and rushing the country on to the very brinks of a hundred empirical Niagaras! An intelligent foreigner who derived his knowledge of political affairs in this country from the editorial pages of our valued reactionary contemporaries would conclude that some momentous change had actually been getting itself accomplished here; but unless the Bourbon press is inhumanly deficient in humor it must laugh in its sleeve.

The chief focal point of political agitation in the last half-dozen years has been the tariff. Insurgency, with its revolt against machine rule, grew directly out of that. At least six years ago it was perfectly clear that public opinion demanded thoroughgoing tariff reduction. Five years ago the demand was so patent and overwhelming that the Republican organization began to acknowledge it. Four years ago the organization made a solemn pledge which the country understood to mean downward revision. Yet for all practical purposes the tariff stands just where it did. No Big Interest has surrendered an actual penny of tariff privilege. The duties collected on imports of cotton manufactures, silk, paper and fibers have been higher since the so-called revision was made than they were before. On manufactures of iron and steel the difference between 1908 and 1910 was two and one-quarter per cent. Far from having shot any Niagara, we have been merely paddling round the edge of a millpond—though the little Bourbon boys have shrieked in a more or less humorous effort to distract our attention from the fact. The revolution has all been in the newspapers. In the statute books unruffled calm has prevailed.

Chicago and Berlin

THE mayor of Chicago is distinguished, we believe, above all other executives of first-class American municipalities in that he has been at the head of the city government—though not continuously—for some ten years. To have a mayor who knows the business of government from experience is exceptional. Giving him any reasonable encouragement to devote himself to that business as he might to a private undertaking or profession is still more exceptional. In the matter of city government we have the patent-medicine habit. We hanker to try a brand-new compound about once in two years, and we insist upon shaking the bottle well before and while taking. Only an opportunity—dramatically offered and valiantly seized—of performing an extraordinary public service by blocking Baron Yerkes' traction schemes could have won for Mayor Harrison his fairly unique record of four consecutive terms. If his services, whatever their intrinsic merit, had not happened to be of a sort that appealed powerfully to a highly inflamed public opinion, no doubt he would have been retired, almost as a matter of course, in two or four years. There is as much that is humdrum in running a city as in running a bank, and humdrum stirs no chord in the popular breast. Stockholders do not shout themselves purple in the face over the president of the First National Bank. They merely examine the record and—if he has been capable—reëlect him. City stockholders yawn and wonder if a new man would not do better.

We are reminded of this by reading that Berlin the other day elected a new mayor—a man who has been thirty-six years in public service, has been privy councilor and a cabinet minister. He was elected for twelve years and will undoubtedly be reelected for another twelve if he lives and acquits himself satisfactorily. Running a German city is regarded primarily as a business.

Farming in the United States

MORE than one-third of all the improved farm lands in this country lie within the states of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas. Include the group of states immediately to the south—namely, Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma and Texas—and you have almost half of all the improved farm land in the country. In the last census period the total area of improved farm land increased by sixty-four million acres, or fifteen per cent, against an increase of twenty-one per cent in population; but nearly half of this total increase occurred in the group of states first named above. More than two-thirds of it occurred in the two groups named above. If it had not been for the land brought under cultivation in that strip of territory on the west bank of the Mississippi the whole United States would have shown an increase of only four per cent in area of improved farm land during the ten years.

There is a vast difference between the area of land in farms and the improved area. About one-half of the total land area of the country is embraced in farms, but little over one-half of the farm land is improved. In the matter of bringing land under cultivation the western half of the Mississippi Valley took such a tremendous lead during the last decade that all the rest of the country, comparatively speaking, was nowhere; and even in the eleven states named much less than fifty per cent of the land is now cultivated. Probably, also, in comparison with what it might be made to produce, the land set down as improved is only about half cultivated. As a rough sort of guess, we should say there is now extracted from the soil of the United States in agricultural products about a quarter of what the soil is capable of yielding.

It Belongs to Tacoma

IN A RECENT number we published an instructive article, by Mr. Frederic C. Howe, entitled The Discovery of the Schoolhouse. One of the pictures which was used for the illustration of the subject showed an exceedingly fine high-school building and stadium—buildings of which any city in the United States might well be proud. Some of our readers felt that as the legend under this picture did not mention any city it might be inferred from the text of the article that the high school and stadium were located in New York or Wisconsin. We are glad to correct this impression, and to tell our readers that both the high school and the stadium are located in Tacoma, Washington.

Business and Politics

BIGGER bank clearings, bigger railroad earnings, bigger foreign trade; iron, steel and copper advancing! Such are some of the salient facts about the half-year's business under the blighting shadow of a presidential campaign in which the palladium of our liberties has been upset every half-hour. As for timid capital, which is supposed to cower in the darkest corner of the cyclone cellar whenever anybody so much as says "Boo!" to the palladium, the Journal of Commerce's regular monthly compilations show that, between January first and May thirty-first, the railroads and the larger industrial corporations managed to float new bonds, notes and stock to the tidy amount of one billion two hundred and sixty-five million dollars, which is nearly three hundred million dollars more than the total for the corresponding months of last year. Incidentally the par value of stocks sold—or gambled in—on Broad Street was greater than last year by one billion seven hundred million dollars; and leading issues showed a handsome advance in price since midwinter.

To say there is anything in the political situation that should alarm business or capital is great nonsense—except possibly the terrible circumstance that Eugene V. Debs has again been nominated for president on the Socialist ticket. In the only presidential campaign of our times which did contain a menace to business—the campaign of 1896—those who kept their nerve and "went long" made a killing.

The Suffrage

IT IS usually possible to allege a trivial cause for the most serious result—as by saying that the American Colonies revolted rather than pay threepence a pound more for their tea; but the trivial alleged cause is seldom the true one. Dispatches say there have been extensive riots in Belgium because the Socialists lost an election—and their tempers. A truer cause is found in the suffrage. A mere Belgian citizen has one vote; if he owns a certain amount of property he has two votes; if he holds a government position of a certain grade, or belongs to the learned professions, he has three votes. Belgium is an industrial country, and there are nearly a million single voters—largely wage-earners. They comprise sixty per cent of the total electorate, but are outvoted by the double and triple voters.

Before any suffragette shies a rock at a window—much more at a prime minister—she should pause and reflect that equal universal suffrage for adult males has hardly arrived yet. It does not obtain in this country, for educational and other tests bar hundreds of thousands of adult males in the South. It is only promised in England, not accomplished. Under the Prussian system one man may outvote four others. She might also pause and reflect that, so far as universal equal manhood suffrage does obtain in this country, a tremendous power of political machinery is exerted to nullify it, so that a certain small, select number will still have the actual deciding voice in all matters of prime importance. Exactly that, in fact, is what all this recent political rumpus has been about.

A National Health Bureau

WE DO not know by what painful analyses Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, of the marine hospital service, reached his conclusion that we are seven times as dirty as Germany and ten times dirtier than Switzerland; but we do know that even a casual survey of almost any spot where American citizens congregate will warrant a conclusion that we are ten times dirtier than Switzerland ought to be. And it is estimated by very respectable authority that the death rate from typhoid in this country is threefold greater than in Great Britain, Sweden and Norway. We drove yellow fever out of Cuba and Panama. At home we positively court typhoid and other diseases that are penalties of uncleanliness. In the larger cities there is organized and more or less effective warfare upon unsanitary conditions; but the country town that makes a reasonable effort to keep itself clean is, we believe, an exception. It has recently been demonstrated that in this year of grace more lives will be lost from typhoid in the United States than were sacrificed in six of the greatest battles of the Civil War!

Every city and every state has a health bureau. Many of them do very excellent work within their fields. Three or four separate agencies of the Federal Government are concerned primarily with questions of sanitation and disease; but there is little teamwork. A national health bureau, consolidating the sanitary work that the Government now does, cooperating with the states and cities, and carrying on a constant educational propaganda with Federal prestige, would undoubtedly be well worth while.

To Reduce Swollen Fortunes

THE following item appeared in a recent issue of the London Times: "Inventories of the estates of Mr. James Coats, Junior, who died on March twenty-second, and of his cousin, Mr. Archibald Coats, who died on May twelfth, have just been lodged with the sheriff-clerk of Paisley. Mr. James Coats had a net estate amounting to £1,964,745 and the duty paid was £289,219. The inventory of the estate of Mr. Archibald Coats amounted to £1,365,132, on which duty of £205,089 has been paid."

Together, it will be noticed, these two opulent British threadmakers left some sixteen million dollars, of which the thrifty British government at once appropriated nearly two million and a half as death duties. That, with a graduated income tax, constitutes the British method of treating swollen fortunes. Our treatment consists exclusively in blowing about them.

Bluffing the World

IT WOULD be quite amusing to a man from Mars if Great Britain, Germany, France, Holland, Italy, Japan and Brazil should call our bluff. Everybody knows—for there is no particular secret about it—that a large part of the foreign shipping upon which we are almost wholly dependent for transportation of ourselves and our goods oversea is subject to various agreements for the purpose of maintaining rates and restraining competition.

The Department of Justice has brought suit against a number of foreign shipping concerns, and the House of Representatives recently passed a bill providing that the ships of a foreign owner who combines may be prohibited from entering any port of the United States. Just what we should do if all the foreign ships that are subject to combinations did not enter our ports the bill does not say. If any such condition as this bill sanctions should come to pass the boon to Canada would be incalculable. Montreal and Vancouver would become the gateways to the western world. The Department of Justice has also attacked the Brazilian government's coffee valorization scheme—when the only effect of a favorable judgment would be to increase Europe's business in coffee at our expense.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

The Choice of K. C.

ON A HOT August night in 1879 a man came to the door of the Five Points House of Industry in New York. He was dirty, ragged, sick. He carried in his arms a two-year-old boy, also dirty and ragged, pale and thin.

"I am Simeon Jost," the man said. "I am the father of this boy. His mother is dead. I can't take care of him. I can't take care of myself. I want to leave him here."

Simeon Jost told how he had married Lena Bahr three years before. The boy was born and christened Henry Lee Jost. Then the mother died and the father became ill. He heard they took children in at the Five Points House. He brought his boy, left him and disappeared. Likely as not he died soon afterward.

At any rate, the good people at the Five Points House took care of Henry Lee Jost, fed him and clothed him, and looked after him for two years. His birthday was entered in the book as December 6, 1877. When the boy was four years old, on August 23, 1881, he was sent West with a number of other boys, and found a home with Philip Dale, at Hopkins, Missouri. And now Henry Lee Jost is mayor of Kansas City, Missouri, both because he was a waif and in spite of it.

It happened this way: One day last March Joe Shannon, who is by way of being the Democratic boss of Kansas City—or one of the bosses—and is chairman of the Democratic state committee, came into the room Jost occupied as assistant prosecuting attorney of Jackson County, wherein Kansas City thrives. Jost was busy with his work.

"Morning, Henry!" said Joe.

"Morning, Joe!"

"Henry, quit whatever you are doing and write a speech accepting the Democratic nomination for mayor of this city. We're going to nominate you and we're going to elect you."

"All right," said Jost; and he began to write his speech. A few days later he walked out on the stage at the city convention and delivered that speech, for he had been unanimously nominated by the Democrats.

There had been considerable search for a man to run for mayor on the Democratic ticket. The leaders had felt out several available citizens, but not one had responded to the feel. They all had other fish to fry. Shannon was out in Missouri, looking after politics, and went to Nodaway County, which is in the northwestern part.

"There's a young feller down in K. C. who comes from this county," an old resident of Nodaway told him.

"Who's that?" asked Shannon.

"Henry L. Jost, assistant prosecuting attorney or something. What's more, he was brought to this county as a waif from New York about thirty years ago."

Shannon inquired about Jost and heard his story. All the way back to Kansas City he kept thinking of Jost and what political possibilities there were in that story of the rise of Jost, a poor boy who won his way to the nomination for mayor of a great city like Kansas City. He knows a thing or two about human interest, does Joe Shannon; and he knows, too, how valuable that factor is in politics. So he had a look at Jost. He found his embryo candidate was not widely acquainted, but that he had no enemies, and had a good, clean record. That settled it. They nominated Jost and elected him. And the waif story had a lot to do with the result.

Catching Up With Blackstone

PHILIP DALE, of Hopkins, who took little Jost in, was a man of considerable wealth; and the boy had a good home for a year. Then Dale had reverses and the boy was bound over to a farmer to work for his board and clothes until he was twenty-one. As an additional incentive to earnest labor he was to be given a horse, saddle and bridle on his twenty-first birthday. The contract did not include schooling and Jost got little of that. He managed to pick up a grounding in reading, writing and arithmetic; and he worked at such books as he could get at night. When he became twenty he quit the farmer, relinquished his claim on the horse, saddle and bridle, and went back to Hopkins to go to school.

He was so backward they put him in the grammar school; but in one year he jumped grade after grade and reached the junior year in the high school. He supported himself by working at whatever there was to work at in Hopkins—digging, gardening, in the livery stable, anything that would bring in a little money. He knew how to work, even if he did not know how to spell; and he saved a little money. Then he decided to be a lawyer. He tried to enter the University of Nebraska, but did not have enough credits; so he went to the University of Missouri, at Columbia. They would not have him there because he did not know Latin, and he started back for the University of Nebraska—to jam his way in there somehow. He stopped in Kansas City between trains and took a walk up through the town.

He saw the sign of the Kansas City School of Law, went in and told his story to the president, W. P. Borland, now a member of Congress from the Fifth Missouri District. Borland liked the young man's talk, and told him to study there. He passed his examinations, was admitted to the bar and opened an office in Kansas City. They made him assistant prosecuting attorney in 1908 and he held that office when they nominated him for mayor. He had somewhat of a reputation as a political speaker.

In 1906 he went to a Democratic rally and had a front seat. The advertised orator did not appear. The chairman of the meeting saw Jost and asked him to talk. He talked and made a hit. They campaigned him all over Jackson County that fall, and as soon as things shaped themselves made him a justice of the peace as a reward of merit.

Jost is a serious man and he made a serious campaign. Also, he is a silent man, talking little and never joking. He went on the stump during the campaign, and his opponents harried him to find his position on various pressing municipal problems.

"How do you stand on the street-railroad question?" they thundered at him.

"I don't know," Jost replied. "I don't know much about these questions; but I'm honest and intelligent, and if I am elected I'll find out all about them and do what I am convinced is right and best for the people."

The waif story was used to good effect. One Republican orator said: "This talk about Jost being a waif is all bosh. He was a country dude up there in Nodaway and wore boiled shirts and white collars and courted all the good-looking girls in the neighborhood." This roused the old Nodaway County friends. They held an indignation meeting and sent down an affidavit that Henry was a real farmer boy and wore a hickory shirt and one gallus. The Democratic orators read this hickory-shirt affidavit at their meetings, put on all the tremolo effects when reciting the affecting story of how this waif from Five Points had grown to be a man of this tremendous stature in Kansas City—and the hickory shirt was triumphant.

Jost has a big, square jaw and a great bunch of very black hair—black as the raven's wing, as the saying is. He never smiles, talks as little as possible, and unceasingly runs his fingers through his hair, which he wears long. He never discusses his business with anybody not even the politicians of his own party. He kept the waif story to himself until Joe Shannon found it out. Probably not five persons in Kansas City heard it before he was nominated. The public knew little of him until he appeared at the trial of Dr. B. Clark Hyde, who was accused of poisoning Thomas H. Swope, a millionaire. There were many other prominent lawyers in the case and it was some time before Jost got into the record. When he did get in he bulged in effulgently.

Veniremen were being examined. Some two hundred had been passed upon. Then came a Jackson County farmer who begged to be excused.

"What's the excuse?" asked the judge of the farmer sternly.

"I want to attend the funeral of my brother-in-law."

Right here Jost's name went into the minutes. He rose, thrust his fingers in his hair and said:

"One moment, Your Honor. I desire to ask this man a question." Then, turning to the farmer, he said: "You say you want to attend the funeral of your brother-in-law?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is your brother-in-law dead?"

But they did not hold that against Jost at the election for mayor; for they gave him more than five thousand plurality and he's mayor now, which is reasonable acceleration for a Five Points boy.

He Was a Real Farmer Boy and Wore a Hickory Shirt

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Not Expert Testimony

A POPULAR citizen of Louisville and a Cincinnati clubman went on the waterwagon for a year, with a thousand-dollar penalty to be laid against the one who fell off first. Three weeks later the Cincinnati man made a trip in a private car to Mississippi. The men on the car urged him to suspend the waterwagon nonsense and so he wired to his friend for a week's reprieve, giving as a reason that the water down there was simply awful and unfit to drink.

The friend immediately wired back: "No chance on such testimony. You are not sufficiently well acquainted with water after a three weeks' trial to qualify as an expert. No."

A Soft Answer

JOHN P. IRISH spoke in California against woman suffrage. One night after a meeting in Sacramento a militant suffragette came up to him and said in stern, cruel tones:

"John P. Irish, you're a low-down liar! The truth isn't in you!"

"Madam," Irish rejoined "is it so bad as that? Wouldn't you believe anything I say?"

"Not a thing. I wouldn't believe a word you utter. You can't tell the truth."

"In that case," replied Irish, "permit me to say, madam, that you are a perfect lady."

The Rush to Rawhide

A MINISTER came to Goldfield, in the days of the boom, and put up a rather pretentious church. He finished building his church just at the climax of the camp's prosperity.

Then came the rush to Rawhide and other outlying camps. A great many people left Goldfield; among them was the minister. Before he went he put on the door of his church a board which had on it the single word: "Closed."

A man who stayed in Goldfield came along and saw the sign. Thereupon the Goldfield humorist fixed it up so that it read:

"Closed. Religion Has Moved to Rawhide."

Referred to Doctor Wiley

THERE was a discussion between a Jersey editor and one of his office loungers as to table likes and dislikes. The question of coffee and how it should be prepared came up for consideration.

"I like my coffee thoroughly boiled and black as your hat," announced the lounger.

"I'm with you when it comes to liking a good strong cup of coffee," said the editor; "but I'll be dodgasted if I don't have a good crack on the map for the next guy in the city restaurant that puts demi-tasse in my coffee for me."

Concerning

Dole's Hawaiian Pineapple Juice

The Real Health Drink

It is a cooling and refreshing beverage—cleansing and sweetening the mouth—stimulating the appetite.

It is easily borne by delicate digestive organs. It stimulates them to more complete performance of their functions.

By aiding in the digestion of other foods, a more abundant and nourishing diet can be taken without distress.

It is a clear amber colored liquid with fragrant odor and agreeable but characteristic taste.

Dole's Hawaiian Pineapple Juice

is simply the pure juice of golden-ripe pineapples; carefully bottled and sterilized at Honolulu.

The Real Health Drink

Sold by your grocer, druggist or fountain

"Cooling Drinks and Desserts" telling all about it, and how to make many delectable dainties. Mailed free on request.

Hawaiian Pineapple Products Co., Ltd.
112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

The Senator's Secretary

TIME was when to be a member of the House of Representatives was thought a snap. The pay was good—usually more than the member could make at home; there was considerable reputation attached to the place, and the actual work in Washington took only about eleven or twelve months of the two-year term. In the old days the Congress sat from the first Monday in December until about June first for the long term and from the first Monday in December until March fourth for the short term; the representative had the rest of the time to himself time he could devote to practicing law, or to his business and to the ever-needful work of fixing his fences so he could remain on the payroll.

Election expenses were not great. All the member had to do—unless in a very close district or unless he was rich and determined to break or keep in—was to come up with his contributions for the district and county committees and hand the state committee something, not more than ten per cent of his salary for a year, and distribute a little here and there among the boys. If he had no means besides his salary, was a good organization man and a hard worker, they let him off rather lightly—taxing him only what the traffic would bear under a rather liberal construction—and dug funds out of corporations and rich and ambitious persons in the district. Also, the congressional campaign committee had methods of getting funds and it was generous in emergency cases, provided the member who sought reelection was "right."

That was in the old days—the good old regular days before the newfangled primaries were introduced and before we had a president with a passion for calling Congress into extra session. Congress has been in session practically all the time since Mr. Taft was inaugurated in March, 1909. The members of the House and Senate have been compelled to be in Washington, away from their homes and their occupations, most of the time. Indeed, the vacations from legislative duties since Taft came in have been only about such vacations as a business man or lawyer ordinarily would take if he had no congressional job. Meantime home affairs have suffered.

More Honor Than Cash

It is hard for a lawyer, for example, to go to Congress and keep in touch with business at home, provided he spends most of his time in Washington. Many representatives are finding this out. They are discovering that, though seventy-five hundred dollars a year and mileage, and clerkhire and a stationery account are fine, they are not permanent billets and are subject to the whim of the people. Also, they are discovering there is no nourishment in going to Congress for two or three terms and then suffering the inevitable beating, with the prospect of having to begin all over again at home and with no increased assets except the "Hon." they can write on hotel registers. Of course, if a representative is rich, if he has made his fortune or if he has a business firmly established, he does not care so much; but most representatives are not rich, contrary opinion notwithstanding. It is quite likely that half of the nearly four hundred members of the House have no personal fortunes, but need their congressional salaries to live on, and that a quarter have small incomes outside of their pay and emoluments.

Thus when a representative comes to Washington and finds he must stay in Washington almost all the time—for it is likely that from this time on Congress will practically be a continuous body; it certainly will if the Democrats are successful next fall, for some years at least—he begins to ask if what he gets out of it is worth what he puts into it! If he is content to give all his time for seventy-five hundred dollars a year and practically abandon his law practice or his business back home, he can get along, provided he can keep the job. If, however, he has enough sense to realize that, sooner or later, he is sure to be defeated either for the nomination or at the polls, and to ask himself, What then? he will discover that, outside of whatever

Save butter; save cream; reduce your household milk bill and have better and more delicious milk—use

CARNATION MILK

From Contented Cows

Carnation Milk gives vegetables and all cooked foods a flavor and a consistency that cannot be equaled in any other way.

Try This Experiment

FREE BOOK

Telephone your grocer today to send you a can

Tall can 10c—Baby size 5c—At your Grocer's

CARNATION MILK
—the Modern Milkman

"Flavor superior to all others or your money back"

Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Co.,
General Offices, SEATTLE, U. S. A.
Fourteen Condenseries in the States of Wash., Ore., Wis. and Ill.

Children's Rights

Or, if the Kiddies could Vote

More Kellogg's
Give Us Our Rights All We Ask Is Plenty of Kellogg's
We Want More Kellogg's
Kellogg's
TOASTED CORN FLAKES
W. K. Kellogg
KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO
BATTLE CREEK MICH.
The sunshine of the corn
THE ORIGINAL HAS THIS SIGNATURE
W. K. Kellogg

fleeting reputation he may make for himself -which isn't much as the House is run—it is just as well to quit while he has productive years ahead of him, rather than hang on until he is thrown out and left without resources.

It seems certain that the old days of congressional ease are gone. The expansion of the country, the constant press of new legislation, the multiplication of problems, the new issues that must be met and the new conditions that must be considered make it almost imperative that Congress shall be in practically constant session, instead of in session eleven or twelve months in each two years. Thus if a man gets an election to the House he may as well take it with the idea that most of his time will be spent in Washington, instead of half of it there and half at home. The tariff is not settled yet, by a long shot—nor is the trust problem; nor the question of Government ownership; nor the parcels post; nor the money and banking question. And, as our Congress works, none of these questions is likely to be settled for some years. Meantime the people are demanding that the questions shall be settled and Congress must pay heed. What it amounts to is that within the next ten years we must have a revision of most of our existing revenue, taxation, financial and corporation laws. Those we have are inadequate. Congress must do the work and Congress must be in session most of the time to do it.

This has given a lot of members of the present House food for serious thought. They like the places in Congress, but many of them have the future to provide for. If they could be assured of continuous service in the House until death or incapacitation they would be reasonably content—for most of the legislators live comfortably on their salaries; but the specter of election every two years is always in front of them. They must go before the people, and very few of them are so secure in their jobs that they do not have to work for renominations and for reëlections. They are wondering if it is worth while.

Cost of Living in Congress

The growing direct-primary system adds much to the perplexities of the representative who wants to remain in public life. Not only must he—if he is in a district where the vote is at all evenly divided—go through two general elections for each term, but the expense may be large. In a district where there is a Republican vote and a Democratic vote, say, of about equal proportions, the candidate for renomination, unless he is very fortunate, must contest with several aspirants for renomination in a primary that is practically an election; and then he must do it all over again with the man who has been nominated by the opposition against him. Of course, especially in the South, there are many districts where the primary nomination is equivalent to an election; but in states like Indiana and Ohio and Michigan, and many others, the representative has to fight in the primaries against men of his own party who want his job, and then fight it out at the general election with the candidate of the other party.

This is not the worst of it from the viewpoint of the men in Congress who are poor men and dependent largely on their salaries. They say the expenses have increased so heavily because of the direct-primary system that they cannot afford to run. It is true that, at the present time, there are about forty men in the House of Representatives who have determined not to stand for renomination because of the expense the primary system will entail on them. They say the primaries will make politics a rich man's game. A good many senators are claiming this too.

Senator Rayner, of Maryland, is authority for the statement that his recent renomination for the Senate under the Maryland primary laws cost him between sixteen thousand and eighteen thousand dollars—more than two years' salary; and he had no opposition in the primaries. In other words, to get a renomination that was conceded to be his by right of ability, popularity, political strength and brilliant service, a nomination for which he was unopposed and that everybody wanted him to have, he was obliged, under the primary law, to spend personally more than two years' salary.

Of course the Senator from Maryland ran in a statewide campaign, and the representative runs only in his district; yet

New Jersey is famous for its asparagus.

AND much of the best of it grows on our farms.
It is brought to us fresh and sweet, right from the beds as soon as cut. And we immediately make it into one of our most delicate and tempting products—

Campbells'
ASPARAGUS
SOUP

We use the tender white tips put up with rich cream and fresh uncolored creamery butter made specially for our use.
With a meat-course of porterhouse or sirloin steak, or a corned-beef dinner, and with many other meat-courses, too, this dainty and palatable soup is exactly the introduction you want.
Why not enjoy its delicious flavor and fragrance on *your* table *today*?

"Fearless my bearing
For no danger caring
[illegible] Soup makes me
Active and daring."

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

Barrett Specification Roofs

On the "Concrete City"

IN the illustration below, the Turner Construction Company of New York has brought together in a scale drawing an accurate representation of most of the important modern concrete buildings which they have erected during the past nine years, at an approximate cost of $12,000,000.

It is an imposing display of best types of modern construction—"*a concrete city*" indeed—scientifically designed for maximum service at minimum cost and minimum maintenance.

It is significant that 95 per cent of the entire roof area is covered with The Barrett Specification type of roofing. The figures are as follows:

Barrett Specification type of roofs		1,490,523 sq. ft.	
Plastic Roofings .	14,714 sq. ft.	Ready Roofings .	38,381 sq. ft.
Slate Roofings . .	21,640 sq. ft.	Copper Roofings .	6,355 sq. ft.
Tile Roofings . .	5,619 sq. ft.	*All other kinds .	7,448 sq. ft.

It is important to remember that while all these buildings were constructed by the Turner Construction Company, the specifications were drawn by a large number of architects and engineers.

Barrett Specification Roofs were almost unanimously selected for one reason only, namely that they would give *better* service at *lower cost* than any other roof covering.

Barrett Specification Roofs require no painting or similar attention—in other words, there are no maintenance costs. They will last upwards of 20 years without any care.

The superior economy of Barrett Specification Roofs justifies their adoption not only on big first-class concrete buildings, but on every flat roofed building from a tenement to a skyscraper—from a small mill to a modern manufacturing plant costing millions. But be sure it's a real Barrett Specification Roof. The only way to be sure is to incorporate The Barrett Specification in full in your plans.

Special Note We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified, and subject to the inspection requirement.

Copy of The Barrett Specification, with diagrams, ready for incorporation into building specifications, free on request. Address our nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland
Pittsburgh Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis
New Orleans Seattle London, Eng.
The Paterson Mfg. Co., Ltd. — Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver
St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

the expense is proportionately the same, not only in Maryland, but in other states that have primary laws. There was much astonishment over the report by Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin, that he spent one hundred and seven thousand dollars for his renomination in the primaries. Without going into the merits of that expenditure, which the Senate held to be justified, look at this side of it: Wisconsin has seventy-one counties and probably five thousand election precincts. It may not be so many as that and I have not the figures by me; but put it at forty-five hundred election precincts. If Stephenson sent only ten dollars into a precinct that would wipe out forty-five thousand dollars of that one hundred and seven thousand dollars—and ten dollars a precinct is a small amount.

The reports on the primary expenses of Ohio in the recent contest for delegates between Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt show that the primaries cost the state, for both parties, some two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and that Mr. Taft's managers spent about sixty thousand dollars, while Mr. Roosevelt's managers spent more than forty thousand. How much more was used by individuals will never be known, but these are the official figures of the managers of the candidates. Suppose a man were running for a state office in New York, where there are more than five thousand election precincts. If he put in twenty dollars a precinct—a small amount—it would cost him more than a hundred thousand dollars for the legitimate expenses of advertising and getting the vote out; and at that, in the recent preferential and other primaries only between thirty and forty per cent of the vote did come out. To be sure, there is legislation, both on the books and projected, limiting the expenses of the candidates; but that means nothing. If the money is not put up in one way it will be put up in another.

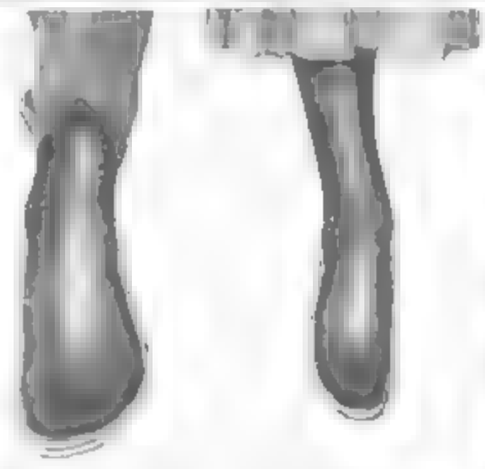
Politics and Poverty

To a smaller degree, but to just as important a degree, this situation exists in the congressional districts. The cost is proportionately as large and the burden much greater for the candidate for nomination or renomination for a place in the House of Representatives. As I have said, the large proportion of members of the House of Representatives are not rich men. A good big percentage of them have but small incomes aside from their salaries, mileage and the one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year for stationery. A good many have no other income at all, for their constant attendance in Washington has cut them off from doing their usual work at home. They feel they cannot afford to go into the primaries; and as this is written about forty of them say privately they will not stand again, because they cannot afford the added expense entailed by the primaries.

Undoubtedly this situation will be modified by future legislation, for the primaries have come to stay. Out in Oregon, where they have what is thought to be the most advanced primary system, the expense is rigidly limited by law. Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., complied strictly with the letter of the law. He spent less than he was allowed to in his recent campaign for renomination. The sum fixed by law was not sufficient to get his pamphlets all over the state—and he was beaten.

Though the law may provide for primary expenses as such, there are many legitimate preliminary expenses that do not come under the law, or can be held out from under it, which are inevitably entailed on the candidate.

These conditions have taken some of the glamour and the desirability from the job of member of the House of Representatives, and have worried and are worrying a good many of the senators. They are forced to work all the time in Washington and it costs them too much for the privilege; so a lot of them intend to quit, go back home, try to pick up the scattered ends and get a competence—or, at least, get a living that shall not be subject to politics.



DO YOUR hose ever *bunch* under [illegible]

Do [illegible] ever wrinkle around your ankles or outside your shoes?

[illegible] know that there are hose that won't [illegible] they fit your feet and ankles perfectly.

—that won't hurt nor burn your feet—because they're made properly and are colored with absolutely hygienic dyes.

The name?

Wayne Knit **HOSIERY**

FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Sold under a "Comprehensive" Guarantee that makes you the judge as to their Fit, Style, Sheerness, Fastness of Color, Hygienic Dye, Wear.

Be sure to ask your merchant to show you Wayne-Knit Stockings for Children.

Their superior fit, comfort, coolness and softness make them the distinguished hosiery for children.

All the qualities that distinguish our regular line are to be found in Wayne-Knit Pony Stockings for Children.

Four threads in the heels and toes—knees and soles double strength.

Wayne-Knit Hose cling to foot and limb without wrinkles—keep feet cool and comfortable.

For Men, Women and Children. Pure Silk, Lisle, Soft Cotton, Silk and Lisle Priced from 25c to $2.50.

There is no substitute—simply ask your dealer for Wayne-Knit.

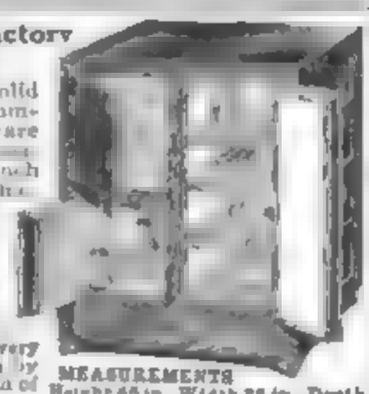
Wayne Knitting Mills
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Largest Knitting Mills of full fashioned hosiery in the World

Big 1912 Model Oak Refrigerator Opal Glass Lined $31.75

Direct from Factory to User

The exterior is solid oak. The food compartment and door are lined with opal glass, 7-10 inch thick. "Better than marble." Opal glass is the most sanitary lining produced by science. It is easily washed as a pane of glass. Double refrigeration from every pound of ice is given by [illegible] system of construction.



MEASUREMENTS
Height 48 in. Width 36 in. Depth 21 in. Ice Capacity, 100 lbs.

The Wickes 1912 Model No. 230, Only $31.75

Conforms in every respect to the high standards set by The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, manufacturers for over 60 years. The name back of [illegible] highest insurance of its merit.

Our Money Back Guaranty. Your money refunded if [illegible] exactly as represented.

Buy the Wickes Refrigerator direct from the factory and save dealers' profits.

Tile Exterior—German-Silver Trimmed—same size refrigerator, specially priced . **$45**

Send for Free Beautiful Art Catalog

It shows you the famous Wickes Refrigerators of all sizes—inside and out. Guaranteed and sold by

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
(Established Over 60 Years)
Dept. 41, 324-328 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Dept. 41, 29-35 W. 32d St., New York
130-132 E. Sixth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio (29)

Do You Like Gun Talk?

Then here is a little of the kind that helps.

To determine the most accurate ammunition to be used by the United States Team at the Pan American Tournament in Buenos Ayres, and the Olympic Games in Sweden, the National Rifle Association, under U. S. A. supervision and measuring, held a test in March.

Five rifle rests of concrete and steel were set up. In these, Springfield service rifles were locked, aimed at the targets. Twenty rounds of each contesting ammunition were fired from each of these five rifles at 350 metres and at 600 metres.

At both ranges

US AMMUNITION
(Made by United States Cartridge Co.)

won—nearly 20% better than its nearest competitor. Here is the official report:

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

Washington, D. C., March 29, 1912.

United States Cartridge Co.
Lowell, Mass.

Gentlemen: I beg to hand you herewith the official bulletin showing the results of the ammunition test held at the rifle range, Winthrop, Maryland, on March 25, 1912.

Mean radii, average variation in inches of 100 shots. Distance 350 metres 382 yards

U S	Winchester	Frankford Arsenal
2 08	2 49	3 14
	Peters	R A - U M C
	3 20	3 23

Mean radii, average variation in inches of 100 shots. Distance 600 metres 656 yards

U S	Frankford Arsenal	Winchester
3 95	4 83	4 95
	R A - U M C	Peters
	5 13	5 61

The committee in charge passed the following resolution:

[illegible] test having demonstrated the superiority of the [illegible] ammunition, the same is accepted for the use of the [illegible] Team.

(Signed) Albert S. Jones, Sec'y

Pretty strong proof of superiority, isn't it? And yet it is no new triumph for our Ammunition. It was selected by a similar test for the United States team which won the World's Championship at Bisley in England, and our cartridges have won these U. S. A. tests more often than all other brands combined.

The U. S. Team won the Pan American Tournament with a score of 4729, using United States Cartridge Co.'s Ammunition, defeating its nearest competitor 142 points.

United States Cartridge Co. Ammunition (and THE BLACK SHELLS) cost you no more than other cartridges and shells. If you want the best, insist upon (US) Brand.

Send for historical booklet "American Marksmanship."

United States Cartridge Co.
Dept. S, Lowell, Mass.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Proof Positive

AN AMERICAN newspaper man in poor health was spending the summer of 1910 at a resort in Southern France. The proprietor was an English woman, and all of the guests, with the exception of the newspaper man, were English people. They were friendly and kind to the invalid—all but one very austere and haughty lady.

On his first day as a guest at the house he heard this lady say to the landlady:

"I distinctly understood that you did not admit Americans as lodgers here, and I wish to know why you have broken the rule?"

The other woman explained that the stranger had come with good references and that he seemed a quiet, well-mannered person who hadn't offered to scalp anybody and who knew how to eat with a knife and fork. Nevertheless the complaining matron was not at all pleased.

She took frequent opportunity of saying unkind things about the States and those who lived in the States. The sick American maintained a polite silence. Finally one day at the dinner table she addressed him direct.

"What do you Yankees think of your fellow American, Doctor Crippen?" she inquired.

"We think he's crazy," said the American.

"How singular!" said the lady, arching her eyebrows.

"Not at all," said the American. "He must have been crazy to kill an American woman in order to marry an English one."

Too Speedy

WHEN Rhinelander Waldo, now police commissioner of New York, was fire commissioner, and when Edward Croker, now in private life, was fire chief, Croker volunteered one day to take Waldo for a ride down Broadway in his famous ninety-horse-power red automobile, which he used when going to fires. Waldo's secretary, "Winnie" Sheehan, went along too.

Waldo owned a number of high-power cars himself and thought he knew something about speed, but he had never traveled with Croker. They sped down Broadway at a terrifying pace, shaving trolley cars, slicing curbstones and avoiding collisions with trucks by quarter-inch margins.

At Canal Street a block compelled Croker to slow down. Instantly Waldo jumped out of the car and, saying a word about having forgotten something, dived into the nearest building. After a minute Croker decided to call up fire headquarters and he too went away temporarily, leaving his dare-devil chauffeur and the yet breathless Sheehan in the machine. Croker returned to find only the chauffeur.

"Mr. Sheehan said for you to go ahead and have your ride," stated the chauffeur. "He said he'd just remembered the same thing that Mr. Waldo did."

No Job for Humans

COL. HAL CORBETT, a Kentucky orator, was up in the mountains of his native state last summer looking into the titles to certain coal lands. The task led him far into the interior, remote from the railroad, where he stayed a week as a boarder at a mountain cabin.

For three days he stood for half-melted butter and lukewarm drinking water, and then he suggested to his hostess that she buy some ice.

"Whar kin I git any ice this time of the year?" she demanded.

"You could send down to Middlesboro for it," he said.

"How does Middlesboro folks git ice in the summer?" she asked.

"They make it," he said.

"Mister," she said, "the Lord Himself couldn't make ice in the middle of August."

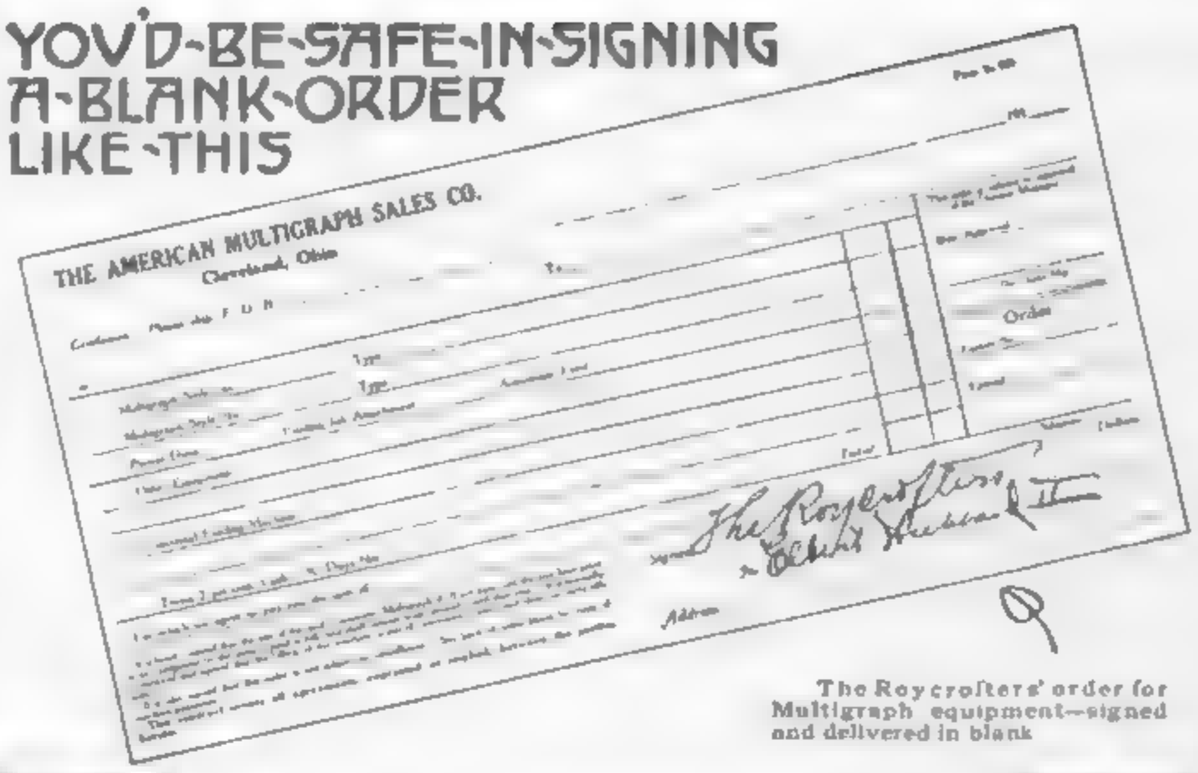
A Losing Majority

A TROUPE of barnstormers were playing to small business in an Iowa town. Just before the curtain went up the low comedian glanced through the peephole at the almost empty house.

"How many people are there out front?" inquired the heavy.

"Well," said the comedian, "we are still in the majority."

YOU'D-BE-SAFE-IN-SIGNING A-BLANK-ORDER LIKE-THIS



The Roycrofters' order for Multigraph equipment—signed and delivered in blank

ELBERT HUBBARD relates that his Buffalo lawyer sent him a bill in blank, and said: "Fill this out for anything that you think just, right and proper"

"To preserve my self-respect," adds the Fra, "I had to write in his fee in six figures."

IN signing the above order in blank, the Roycrofters applied the Buffalo lawyer's principle with reverse English—to keep the bill down instead of boosting it.

¶ Long users of the old No. 2 Multigraph, they had become interested in the latest model, with its ability to do real printing

They felt certain they had need of it, but didn't know just how much of the equipment they could use to best advantage

So they ducked the responsibility, and placed the burden upon our shoulders.

NOW the Roycrofters are generally held to be fairly careful of the mazuma. In this instance, as usual, they reached into the ether and dragged down a bunch of cosmic wisdom

They knew the principles of our organization. They had confidence in our methods. They placed us upon honor not to sell them anything they couldn't use to their profit.

¶ And so can you.

YOU can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it. We mean that—literally, absolutely, as some would-be purchasers have discovered to their temporary dismay and ultimate gratification

Every Multigraph we sell must pay its user a profit in money made, money saved, or greater convenience.

¶ But that's easy, in most instances.

FIX this primal fact in your sky-piece: The Multigraph does real printing—printer's printing—at a saving of 25% to 75%

The printing-ink device that can be attached to any No. 3 or No. 4 Multigraph uses real printing-ink—not aniline.

¶ With it on your Multigraph you can print electrotypes that reproduce any size or style of type, line-cuts, borders or ornaments

For inside forms or emergency work you can use the machine's self-contained type-equipment, alone or with headings in hand-set type.

WHAT benefit will the Multigraph be to your business? Will it make money, as it is doing for many users? Will it save money, as it is doing for many more? Or will it add greater convenience, as it is doing for all?

Frankly, we don't know—nor do you. But we are here to help you find out.

¶ We say "help you" because your own business must furnish the facts.

If you would like further information before calling for a man, ask us for literature, specimens and data.

¶ Write today. Use the coupon.

Ask us also about the Universal Folding-Machine and the Markoe Envelope-Sealer. Both save time and money where outgoing mails are large.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES 1900 East Fortieth Street Cleveland

Branches in 60 Cities—Look in your Telephone Directory

European Representatives: The [illegible] Multigraph Company, 99 Holborn Viaduct [illegible] Berlin, W. 9 Kraussenstr. 70

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

Check them on this slip and [illegible] request for [illegible] will show you what [illegible] are doing

AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO
1900 E. Fortieth St., Cleveland

Printing:
- Booklets
- [illegible]
- [illegible] Stuffers
- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- [illegible] Statements
- [illegible]
- Envelopes

Typewriting:
- Circular Letters
- [illegible]
- Envelope Stuffers
- [illegible]
- Reports
- Notices
- Bulletins to Employees
- Inside System Forms

48 Engineers Built this Car as a Four-Cylinder Masterpiece

Howard E. Coffin and His Specialists Now Offer the HUDSON "37"

These 48 Engineers—Gathered From Everywhere—Have Had a Hand in Designing Over 200,000 Cars of 97 Well-Known Makes

There are more high salaried, widely experienced automobile engineers on the HUDSON Engineering Board than in any similar organization in the world.

At the head of this body now 48 in number—is Howard E. Coffin, America's leading designer and builder of six famous cars.

No one disputes his pre-eminent position as the leader of automobile engineering progress.

His associates have been gathered from nearly every important automobile engineering organization of the world.

There are men on this board who were the chief engineers of leading concerns. Every automobile building nation has its representatives here.

There are representatives from Germany, France, England and Italy, as well as from America.

Combined they have had a hand in building more than 200,000 cars of 97 well-known makes.

They Are Specialists—Every One

No one man can hope ever to know as much about automobiles as these men, working in unison, know.

Each is stronger for being associated with so many other experts.

Each is a specialist. Each possesses a knowledge and an ability not possessed by his fellows.

In the same way that a base ball manager in building a strong team chooses specialists who excel at certain kinds of play—at pitching, catching, batting, and base running—so Howard E. Coffin, four years ago, set out to organize the strongest body of automobile engineers to be had.

The world was his field. If a man had shown that he could get more power out of a motor than any other man had been able to get, or if one proved he could simplify work others had more crudely begun, he was induced to join this organization.

Still, there are men here who know nothing about automobile chassis designing but who know everything about creating beautiful body lines. Some who know how to make comfortable seat cushions and backs with soft upholstering that will retain their easy qualities and not break down, were added to the organization.

Never before in any other car was so much thought given to these important items of comfort. It is a dominating characteristic of the New HUDSONS.

Worked Two Years

The result of two years' work—the master work of all these men—is shown in the New HUDSON Cars.

As the experimental cars were completed, they were sent with a corps of experts and drivers who knew all road conditions, over every imaginable kind of road.

The cars were tried out last winter over roads practically impassable to other vehicles. Snow and mud and the worst weather did not interrupt these tests.

Officers of the company rode on these test trips. They demanded more emphatically than any owner can ever demand, that the quality of the New HUDSON Cars should be thoroughly known to them.

The Allegheny mountains became our testing ground.

No road was too rough, too steep, too dangerous or too long for these cars to be driven over at maximum speed.

A driver—winner of many road races in America and abroad—who knows no fear—drove at top speed up rough mountain paths, through bottomless roads of mire and over every conceivable surface that a vehicle can be sent, to prove that the car has the stamina, the power and the comfort to do the work and do it with minimum fatigue to the passengers.

Consider the Stake

In reading the claims which are made for this car, consider how much is at stake on it.

The HUDSON Company has millions at stake. The future of the HUDSON will depend entirely on this car's performance.

Howard E. Coffin, now the leading Americ[an] designer, has all his present prestige and futu[re] fame tied up to the car which represents his id[eal] of perfection.

And 48 engineers in the front rank of this indu[stry] try have all agreed that the HUDSON "37" repr[e]sents their highest accomplishment. The futur[e] of all of them depends on this car's making goo[d].

There was never a car on which so many m[en] had so much at stake as the HUDSON Staff ha[ve] on this. There was never a car of which so man[y] big men said, "There is no part of this car which we know how to build better."

Consider these facts when you read the claims w[e] make for this, the latest of the HUDSON Car[s].

Every HUDSON a Success

Such a body of experts render mistakes [al]most to impossible. A dozen men check every mo[ve] of each individual.

Your knowledge of American automob[ile] history tells you that every HUDSON Car each model has been a brilliant success.

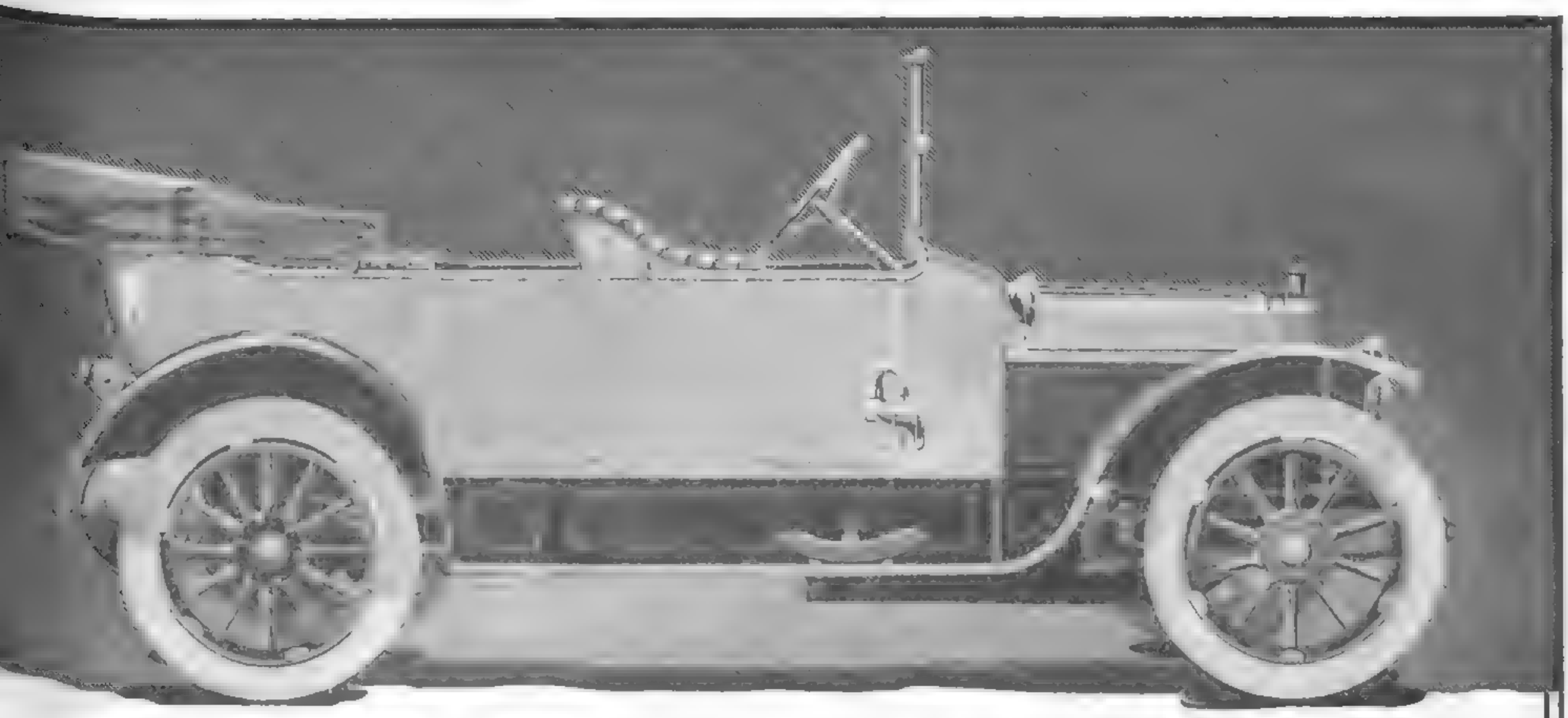
There is not the slightest question about th[at]. The secret of such constantly increasing qu[al]ity as has been shown each year in HUDSON au[to]mobiles is due to the fact that the best engine[er]ing brains in the world are used in their buildi[ng].

We regard it as the most essential part of [the] organization. Forty-eight experts are bound [to] think faster, are bound to create more [new] features, are bound to build a more thoroughl[y] proportioned car than any one man can ev[er] hope to do.

No one man's personality, no one man's experience, can overshadow that of either of [the] other 47 except in the details which he know[s] better than the others know.

Such is the pedigree of the New HUDSON Cars. It is nothing short of a romance of engineering achievement. No other automobile ev[er] so completely represented what many trained men could do. None other ever bore such unmistakable evidences of advancement and quali[ty].

See the Triangle on the Radiator



Prove That Never Before Were so Many Perfections Worked Out in a Single Car

The aim of this enormous engineering staff as been to accomplish this:
To embrace in HUDSONS the very highest ttainment in seven important points—

Safety
Simplicity
Comfort
Completeness
Luxuriousness
Responsiveness
Ease of Control

Every man on the staff believes that all these ings are accomplished as they never were fore. Not a man we have knows how to go rther in respect to any one.
You will say they are right when you let a UDSON dealer demonstrate this car.

Put the car to any test you choose, to prove the point which most appeals to you. Test it for speed, for get-away, for safety, comfort or responsiveness.

Test it for long operation without fatigue to the passengers, over the roughest, steepest roads. Note how ruts and bumps are passed over without any jolt or jar.

Note the comfort, the sense of safety, the ease of manipulation. Note the reserve power evident under the hardest conditions.

Put this car to strenuous tests, such as we have made. When you are done you will agree with our conclusions. There was never a car better able to meet them.

These are seven important features. There are other designers who specialize on one of them. In that respect the cars they make may equal the HUDSON "37."

But we have specialists on each of these features—48 specialists in all. And each in his field is the best we could find, in the years we have spent in searching.

So the HUDSON "37" excels in all these requirements. In each it marks the very highest attainment in automobile designing. It combines the best in every point which you regard important.

All at Modest Price

And the best point is that all these things are accomplished without extravagance

Note the features below—the very best features known to modern engineering

Note the comforts, the luxuries, the conveniences—each the best of its kind yet invented

You find all of them here—every feature you seek. And all at a price which makes the best affordable.

Those are the attractions which these 48 designers have worked out for you in the HUDSON Cars just out.

Electric Self-Cranking—Electrically Lighted

ctric Self Cranking. Automatic. Will turn [illegible] Free from complications.

ctric Lights. Brilliant head lights. Side lights [illegible] Extension lamp for [illegible] All operated by handy switch

tion. Integral with electric cranking and [illegible] Gives magneto spark. [illegible] Sealed System—the most effective, [illegible]

odometer. Clock. Illuminated face. Magnetic [illegible] Jeweled bearings. Registers up to [illegible] hour. Eight day keyless clock

Windshield. Rain vision and ventilating. Not a makeshift. Not an attachment. A part of the body

Upholstering. Sofa type. Highest development of [illegible] upholstering. Soft, flexible, resilient [illegible] Hand-buffed leather—the [illegible] 12 inches deep

Horn—Bulb type. Concealed tubing

Demountable Rims. Latest type. Light. Easily removed. Carry 30" x 4" Fisk tires—**heavy car type. Extra rim.**

Top. Genuine mohair. Graceful lines. Well fitted. Storm curtains. Dust envelope.

Bodies. Note illustration. Deep, low, wide and comfortable. You sit in the car—not on it. High backs. Graceful lines. All finished according to best [illegible] practice. 21 coats varnish and color. No [illegible] to mar. Hinges throughout

Gasoline Tank. Gasoline is carried in tank at rear of [illegible] Simple, effective, with two pound pressure. Keeps [illegible] in carburetor either going up or down hill. Magnetic gasoline gauge constantly indicates gasoline level

Wheels. Extra strong. Artillery type. Ten spokes in front wheel. Ten hub flange bolts. Twelve spokes in rear wheel. Six hub flange bolts. Six spoke bolts.

Bearings. All roller bearings. Thoroughly tested. Latest type

Rear Axle. Pressed steel. Full adjustable, full floating. Large bearings. Heat treated [illegible] steel shafts. [illegible] the simplicity and get-at-ableness of [illegible]

Models and Price. Five Passenger Touring. Five Passenger Torpedo, Two Passenger Roadster. $1[illegible] f. o. b. Detroit. One price to all everywhere

Simplicity. The HUDSON standard of simplicity is maintained. Every detail is accessible. There is no unnecessary weight. All oiling places are convenient. There are but two grease cups on the motor. Every unit is so designed that it can be quickly and easily disassembled. Think what an advance this is over even the previous HUDSON—the "33"—the "Car with 1000 less parts."

lers are now showing and proving the claims made for this new car. Write for the address of the one nearest you. Let us also send you further particulars of the HUDSON "37" and at the same time tell you something of the "Six" which is soon to be announced.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7355 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT

148

Read this talk on baby's skin and how to care for it.

The skin of a baby

is more delicate, is much more readily injured than that of an adult. It quickly shows the effect of too warm clothing, of rough underclothes, of over-feeding. It easily becomes raw or red; the slightest thing irritates and chafes it; it often breaks out in red spots which are characterized by intense itching and burning.

Baths with Woodbury's Facial Soap are especially grateful. Woodbury's keeps a baby's skin from itching, burning and smarting. The lather is so soothing that all irritation is entirely overcome. Woodbury's contains the strongest antiseptic known to modern science; it forms a constant protection. The formula for Woodbury's is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. It has been recommended for years by physicians because of its valuable properties.

So little soap is needed the first three or four years that there is no excuse for not using the best. Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No mother hesitates at the price *after her first cake.*

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere.

Send today for these samples, also for the Woodbury Book. For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp and samples of the Woodbury preparations. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2603 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

THE AMERICAN SPENDERS

(Continued from Page 13)

The main difference, however, lies in the manner of acquiring and constructing the two wardrobes. Mrs. Mark Ransome either bought her materials in Avalon or procured them by mail from New York. They were put together by a local dressmaker who served the Ransomes all the days of her life. Dressmaking-time was a period almost as trying to the men as housecleaning-time. The females of their households went about with pins in their mouths and seemed incapable of talking on any subject more entertaining than gores and gussets, bindings and buttons. Mrs. Mark Ransome used to help the dressmaker and her seamstress with bastings and buttonholes, nor was she above redyeing and making over good but faded cotton or wool material. Do you of middle age remember that the old periodicals used to advertise dyestuffs almost as prominently as the modern magazines advertise automobiles? Where is the dyepot now? Gone to join the ragbag and the soapkettle. Women in humbler circumstances still send good cloth to be renovated by a professional dyer; but such people as Mrs. Webb Ransome—never!

Now there is no dressmaking-time in the Ransome home. Mrs. Webb Ransome packs her trunk twice a year and goes journeying to New York. She establishes herself at a first-class hotel and proceeds to spend a frantic week or so in shopping, fitting and sightseeing. A Fifth Avenue ladies' tailor makes her staple suits, a Fifth Avenue outfitter her afternoon costumes and evening gowns. That their prices are incomparably higher than those of the Avalonian dressmaker goes without saying. She buys her silk stockings by the box, her French lingerie by the dozen sets. Her mother and mother-in-law wore ready-made corsets. Hers are made to order. And to the cost of these necessities and luxuries she must add her hotel bill and such amusements as the opera and symphony concerts. Also, Betty is growing up. Once the Avalonian dressmaker did pretty well for Betty—but not since she entered boarding school. For the past two years Mrs. Ransome has managed to make her spring shopping trips contemporaneous with her daughter's Easter vacation; and she has taken Betty along. This year she had still another idea. Arthur, the youngest, attends school in New Jersey. He joined them; Mrs. Ransome got a suite at the hotel; and for a week every one had a joyous and expensive time.

"That's the way the money goes!" sighed Webb Ransome when he footed the bills. But what would you? The children must have advantages!

Educating the Children

The children are being educated in a special way and at special expense. In the attitude of our upper middle class toward education we may trace roughly three periods. At the time of our Civil War, say, public primary education was but indifferent and public secondary education poor or non-existent. Those who had the means rightly sent their children to private schools or employed tutors. Then we built up the public-school system of which we are so proud; and even people who held themselves a little better than their neighbors lost no caste by sending their children to the public schools—provided "the neighborhood was good." If you sent your girl to a seminary instead of the high school—if you gave a boy a polishing-off in a military academy before he entered business or college—that was only a little embroidery. Now the pendulum has swung again. The standard of the upper middle class calls for something special in education as in household decoration. Moreover, as we American exemplars of democracy settle down to enjoy the fruits of our ground-breaking period, we tend more and more to form circles, to draw social distinctions. This is an unpleasant thing to say; but who will contradict us? To educate your girl with others of her own set, to keep those school friendships which last through life—all that frankly enters into the calculation of our affluent classes when they come to consider education.

Old Mark Ransome had three daughters older than Webb, his only son. They all got their primary education and part of their secondary education in the public schools. The two older girls entered a seminary after they left the grammar school. The third was graduated from the high school and "finished" for a year at a church school on the Hudson. Webb also went to high school. Afterward he spent a year with a private tutor who filled in the chinks of his preparation for college.

Harold, Betty and Arthur, of this generation, have never attended public school at all. They began their education at a private kindergarten and continued a course as day pupils at a local academy. Harold, the eldest, prepared for college at a military school. Betty entered the seminary mentioned before. Arthur is a family triumph! By certain diplomacies his parents got him into a very exclusive private school wherein social position was a qualification. Coming back to the point at issue, Webb Ransome is paying three sets of term bills at a time, whereas his father usually paid but one at a time. And, of course, term bills do not make up all the expense of private-school education as compared with education in those schools for which Webb Ransome pays reluctant taxes. Picking at random, no public-school boy of thirteen needs anything in the nature of dress clothes. Arthur must have his little Tuxedo suit, with accessories, for the dances. Athletics in the high schools are pretty nearly self-supporting; and, besides, there were few athletic activities in the high schools of the last generation. Arthur costs his father a considerable sum for assessments in the athletic teams.

Schoolgirls' Extras

Since Betty's Aunt Catherine went to the same seminary we can establish, in her case, a comparison more nearly accurate. Catherine's term bills were three hundred and fifty dollars a year and extras. Betty's amount to eight hundred a year and extras. The difference is not so unreasonable as it seems. The seminary of necessity has responded to increased standards. In Aunt Catherine's day the girls took just one tub bath a week—on Saturday afternoon. That sounds scandalous to us, but it is true. Practically no American of that period had the daily-bath habit. Then there were just two bathtubs in the whole school. Now, what with the private baths of the wealthier girls, there is one to every three pupils. Then the only provision for athletics was a croquet set. Now the seminary has a number of tennis courts, an outdoor athletic field and a gymnasium, with an instructor. Then the menu was good, but very simple; "plain living and high thinking" was the ideal. "High living and fancy thinking!" is the emendation of the sharp-tongued Aunt Catherine when she revisits her old school—not high living in the general acceptance of the phrase, of course; but the menu and service must approximate what the girls have at home or both parents and pupils will complain. In the way of fancy thinking come such additions to equipment and curriculum as primitive laboratory work in the sciences. These things, together with the higher cost of primal necessities, account for the difference between the old charge of three hundred and fifty dollars and the new one of eight hundred dollars.

The extras—both those included in the curriculum and those ignored but understood—cost Betty's parents many a pretty penny. In Aunt Catherine's day the girls had few formal pleasures except an occasional simple party. They were there to work—to prepare themselves for life. Betty's girl friends spangle their schooldays with trips and excursions. When a Shaksperean production or a symphony orchestra appears in the big city close at hand, the girls form a party under the chaperonage of a teacher and go to the matinée. These excursions include luncheons—and extras! In vacations there is much entertaining back and forth. Just before the last Christmas recess, Mrs. Ransome brought twelve of Betty's schoolmates over to Avalon by automobile and gave them a luncheon at the Country Club. Nothing like that ever happened to Aunt Catherine before she put up her hair and became a young lady.

Arthur, the youngest, being established in his crowd at the fashionable private school, will probably go with the rest to Yale, Harvard or Princeton. Harold.

Oh! the joyful patter of a

Speakman Shower!

What a summer delight! The cooling drops trickle down your back and send [illegible] all over your body

When you're heat-weary [illegible] It rests you all over [illegible] cools you; refreshes you; brings summer health and summer comfort.

You yourself can put the Speakman Portable Shower permanently in place in 20 minutes. Always ready for use in 10 seconds — because

The [illegible] Chip [illegible] of wear out [illegible]

Complete Shower pipe, [illegible] flip, rings, hook (finely [illegible] extra heavy rubber tube, full [illegible] $15.50 except in the far West)

If your plumbing [illegible] we supply you [illegible] We prepay all shipping [illegible] Money returned if not satisfied

Don't try to spend another summer without a Speakman Shower

Write for free booklet—"The Joy of Real Bathing."

SPEAKMAN SHOWER
P. O. Box 991 Wilmington, Del.
"Speakman Showers the World"

THE WAYMAKER HORN

Get this perfected auto horn on 30-day trial

Once you have the **Waymaker Horn** on your car—and know by experience how instantly and insistently it clears the way for you in every emergency—you'll never run your car without it.

The **Waymaker** is easy to attach and self-cleaning, eliminates all battery expense and bother.

The **Waymaker** is always on service, always dependable, always regulates the volume of its call to the speed at which you are going.

Put the **Waymaker Horn** to the test. Most dealers have it—all are authorized to sell it on 30-day trial, with money refunded if desired. If your dealer is the one in ten who hasn't the **Waymaker**, we will ship prepaid to you from the factory on receipt of price, subject to our

30-day trial offer

(In presenting this [illegible] to your dealer.)

[illegible]

Price List for
Foot Control Horns

For Cars of	For cars of
No. 1—16 to 25 H P $6	No. 3—40 to 50 H P $8
No. 2—25 to 40 H P $7	No. 4—50 H P and over, $9

For Hand Control, add $4.

Your name

Address

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
CONSHOHOCKEN PA.
J. Ellwood Lee, President

however, entered that smaller college whereof his father is an alumnus, and became in due time a member of the same Greek-letter fraternity. When Webb Ransome was a student the Alpha Beta Alphas roomed in the dormitory, dined at the commons and met in a little hall. Now they have a fine fraternity house, the gift of an alumnus. What with better service, with increased social obligations, with the upkeep of the house automobile, the members pay more than twice as much for board and lodging as they would pay in the dormitories and commons. The same rule holds true with clothes. Hal Ransome, who is in no sense a "sport," but just a plain, average member of the fraternity, owns twice as many garments as his father did in the same period. Webb Ransome wonders sometimes why it costs so much more to educate a boy.

. . . . . .

Though the Avalon Fixture Company is a stable little concern, its profits fluctuate. Mark Ransome used to reckon on the fluctuations; he stored the gains of the good years against the losses of the bad. In one or two years since Webb Ransome took hold, the profits have fallen conspicuously below the average. During these lean periods Mrs. Ransome has been obliged to wish in vain for new things for the house, to skimp her New York shopping, to limit her entertaining. On the other hand, the factory has twice returned an unexpectedly large year's profit. The first time, Webb Ransome took his whole family abroad; the second, he and Mrs. Ransome made a midwinter journey to the Pacific Coast. So, in their good years as in their bad, they quit exactly even with the world and the bank account.

. . . . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Ransome do not know it, but they are victims of a conspiracy. All industry—production and distribution alike—is in sinister league to increase their wants for the old, familiar things; to create wants for new and unfamiliar things. With artistic shop-windows, with attractive advertisements, with easy credit, with subtle personal appeals, the forces of retail trade urge them on. Mrs. Ransome used to buy the same domestic make of corsets that her mother wore; but the efficient, agreeable, smooth-tongued New York costumers, as they fitted her new gowns, kept hinting that no dress sits well over a cheap corset. The want was implanted, never to be eradicated; for it is not in human nature to give up any accustomed luxury without a struggle. In Paris, in London, in New York, some of the most active and ingenious human brains are planning continually how to change the fashions with greater and greater speed in order that there may be greater and greater demand for the services of dressmakers and the materials of manufacturers. Sometimes they fail—they could not establish the harem skirt or the hoopskirt last year. Again, they succeed—they have, it would now appear, established the pannier skirt. The makers of athletic apparatus strive continually to invent some improvement in rackets or clubs or balls—something which every player will be likely to want. Having invented it they proceed by the same subtle devices to implant suggestion in Mr. Ransome's mind, so that in the end he has to have it. No more do we permit the public taste for a new thing to grow naturally. We put that taste in a hothouse; we warm it with advertising; we spade it with the free-publicity devices of the press agent; we water it with personal appeal; we force it! And, since Mr. Ransome is himself a directing factor of industry, he figures in this conspiracy not only as a victim but as an accomplice.

The Burning Question

A NEW officeboy went to work for the New York Sun. He was a lanky West Indian youth, who spoke with the broadest of English accents.

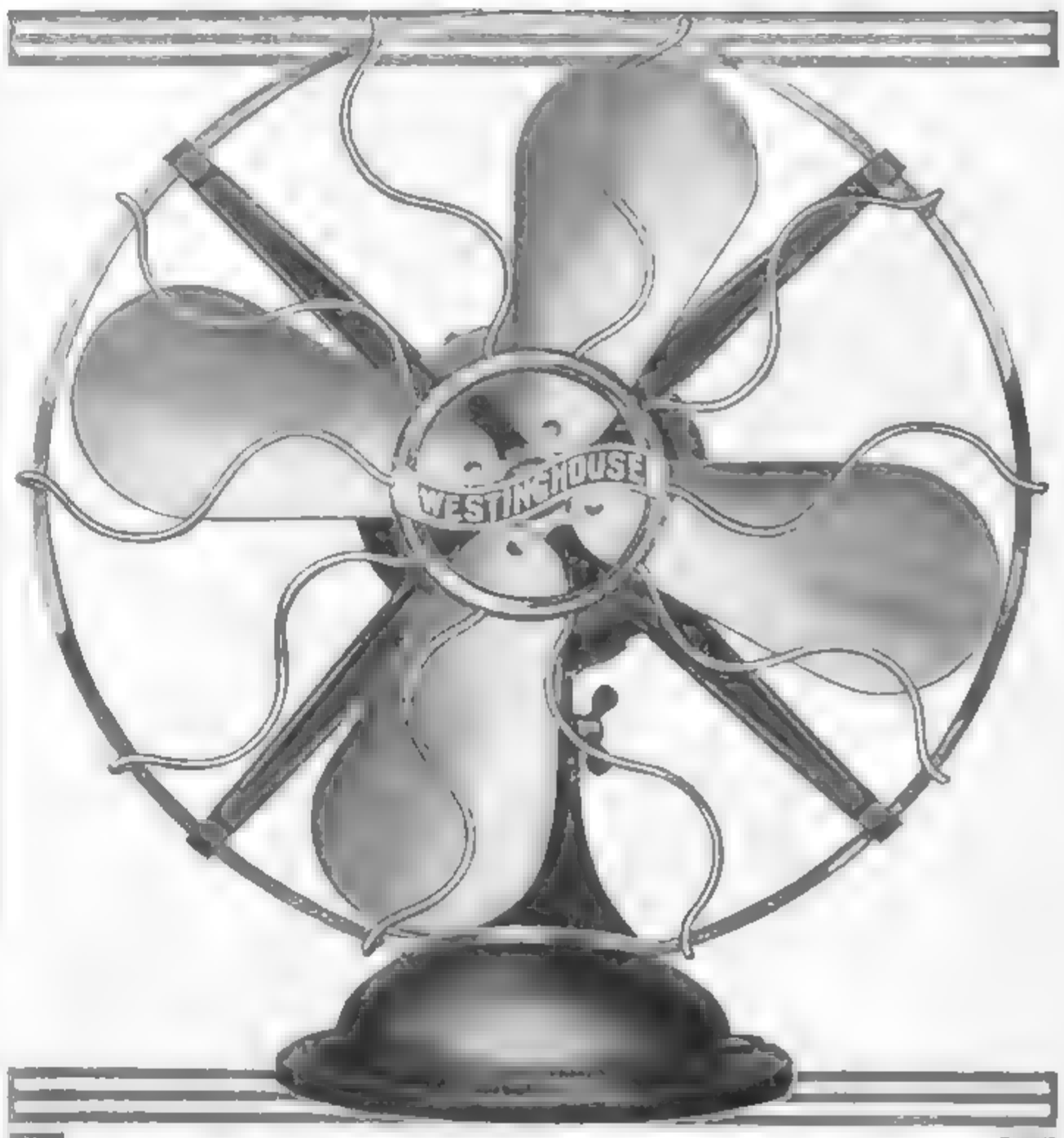
The new boy had been on the job for about a week when one night a reporter handed in a batch of copy in which he mentioned a Professor Somebody who was quoted as an authority on something. The name was a strange one to George Mallon, the city editor, and he decided to look the professor up in a standard work of reference.

"Boy!" he called.

The young West Indian came to his desk.

"Who's Who in America," snapped Mallon without looking up.

"Really," said the boy, "I carn't say, sir."



Let Nothing Prevent Your Getting a Westinghouse Electric Fan

If Your Dealer Will Not Supply You, Write or Wire Our Nearest Office

WITH the exceptional value of the new model steel-clad Westinghouse Electric Fan—the most efficient fan motor ever put upon the market—weighing **one-third less** than the ordinary fan made with cast iron frame—it is no wonder that in many sections the demand has outstripped the dealers' estimates.

Most dealers will tell you frankly that they are sold out and are awaiting a new supply, and will not try to substitute some other fan they may happen to have in stock.

A few may try to take advantage of the demand for the Westinghouse Fan to sell out a stock of ordinary goods upon the plea that it is impossible to get the Westinghouse.

In that case phone, write or wire the nearest district office and we will see that you get a fan without delay.

District office addresses as follows:

Atlanta, Ga.	Denver, Col.	Omaha, Neb.
Baltimore, Md.	Detroit, Mich.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Birmingham, Ala.	El Paso, Tex.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Bluefield, W. Va.	Houston, Tex.	Portland, Ore.
Boston, Mass.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Richmond, Va.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Joplin, Mo.	Rochester, N. Y.
Butte, Mont.	Kansas City, Mo.	St. Louis, Mo.
Charlotte, N. C.	Knoxville, Tenn.	Salt Lake City, Utah
Charleston, W. Va.	Louisville, Ky.	San Francisco, Cal.
Chicago, Ill.	Los Angeles, Cal.	Seattle, Wash.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Memphis, Tenn.	Spokane, Wash.
Columbus, Ohio	Milwaukee, Wis.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Cleveland, Ohio	Minneapolis, Minn.	Tacoma, Wash.
Dallas, Tex.	New Orleans, La.	Toledo, Ohio
Dayton, Ohio	New York, N. Y.	Washington, D. C.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.

Home Office, East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Representatives all over the World

Save Your Complexion

this summer by using Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—It will prevent the torment and annoyance of

SUNBURN

Even though you have a delicate, sensitive skin, you can enjoy the exhilaration of outdoor life without fear of torturing after-effects, if you will use this dainty snow white cream before and after exposure.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

is delightfully cooling and refreshing and will almost immediately soothe and soon heal parched skin, roughened and irritated by sun, wind or dust.

Hinds Cold Cream in tubes 25c

Just try Hinds Cream this summer and enjoy the vacation outings free from the skin troubles and discomforts so annoying in hot weather.

Hinds Cream is selling everywhere; postpaid by us if you prefer

Drop us a postal for Free trial bottle and tube.

Hinds Liquid Cream in bottles 50c

A. S. HINDS, 89 West Street Portland, Me.

DAVID MACKLEBY

(Continued from Page 9)

knows all about the sea,' she told me. 'It is a great comfort. I am taking his books and the charts and the quadrant. They will be useful to him if we must find our way round unknown parts.'

"I tried to persuade her that all such things would be taken by the officers and that she would better supply herself with warm clothes and eatables. She was obdurate. She was not going to have David confront peril and disaster unprepared.

"It was, I think, just fifty minutes past nine that night when the captain came to my room for the last time and asked for a heart stimulant. He gulped down the medicine I gave him, drank some water out of the carafe and said: 'I'll stop the engines now. We must get away before she blows up!'

"'How many boats?' I asked him.

"'Four,' he told me and added instructions for me to take the two passengers in mine. 'You'll have the third mate with you,' he remarked as he stepped out into the glare of the deck. That was the last I ever saw of him.

"At midnight we were all on the boat-deck amidships. The Pelican was afire fore and aft, and seemed to lie quite high in the swell that was running. The wind had died down and only the updraft of the conflagration swept our faces. All round us the sea spread in glimmering dark purple. Overhead the great cloud of smoke hung like a lurid canopy, its edges whipping in some upper gale like crimson tatters. It was a moment of splendor, none the less appreciated because we knew that a few minutes more would see us crawling away in small boats into the darkness.

"Just as we were ready to leave there was some excitement because the captain had not appeared. The mate went for him and reported that the orders were to lower away the boats and stand by. The captain would be along shortly.

"My own boat was the first away. In it I had David and Sophia, two Chinese sailors, a couple of Chinese firemen and a cook. The third officer, who should have been with me to handle the boat, was still on deck, waiting for orders from the skipper. So it happened that when the Pelican blew up forward I was left alone to get my craft out of danger, which I barely did, as a falling cargo boom shot into the sea ten yards beyond us and an endless litter of small stuff showered all about us.

"So far as I could see, the explosion left the midships deck uninjured. I am sure I saw them at work over the boats after the first shock. Before they could lower away, however, the steamer had taken in a thousand tons of water through shattered bows and was going down by the head, slowly pumping up and down like an enormous red-hot cylinder being tempered by a gigantic and invisible hand. I am sure that she dived, stern in the air, at least three times as deep as the mainmast, only to rise again jerkily. Then she slipped away with the swiftness of a falling star and was gone.

"A great cloud of steam remained to mark the place where we lost our ship. It presently vanished before the wind and I found myself the sole survivor of the officers—in an open boat, quite ignorant of our precise location, without chart or compass, and only sure that somewhere to the north and west there was land.

"I directed the sailors to row slowly; and I steered, as best I could judge by the run of the sea, toward the north.

"By morning I was doubly exhausted. Every bone in my body ached from trying to use the big steering sweep, and my mind was distracted by trying to figure our position and our best course to safety. More than that, a shrewd wind, carrying fine particles of sleet, was tossing up a dangerous chop. It had become impossible for the Chinese sailors to effect anything with the oars, and I threw out the canvas sea-anchor and ordered the bags of eatables to be passed for breakfast.

"We made a poor meal of it, sipping the brackish water from the breaker and munching cold biscuits set off with a few slices of cold boiled bacon. Then I drove the Chinese forward and told David and Sophia our exact situation. When I had confessed that I was neither boatman nor navigator, that I didn't even know our approximate position, I was surprised to see them not only undiscouraged, but perfectly cheerful. I still see David sitting before me, booted, capped and dressed in a heavy jacket. The sleet beaded his beard and his eyebrows. His ears stuck out like red wafers from under the edge of his headgear. His preposterous hands lay in mittened monstrousness on his thin knees; but, after all, his attitude expressed quiet determination. When I had finished my confession and added a few blessings upon the head of the departed skipper, David nodded and pulled off one mitten.

"'Our position at noon yesterday was longitude 165° 35′ east, latitude 46° 10′ north,' he remarked, drawing out a bit of paper. 'We must have logged about sixty miles westing since then. Sophia, the chart!'

"There you have him—your New England farmer! Listen. That antique chart was spread across his knees, displaying to the leaden sky the brown lines drawn a century before by another David Mackleby, and his preposterous descendant pointed with one finger of an enormous hand to the spot that marked our position in the desolate Pacific. 'There is where we are,' he informed me. 'The nearest land we can make is one of the Kurile islands.' He indicated a minute cross made by the pen of the first David to mark an anchorage once used in time of stress. 'The bearings are here,' he added; 'nor'-nor'west.'

"'But, even knowing where we are,' I protested miserably, 'how shall we get there? We have no compass and the sky is overcast so that we can't even approximate the cardinal points.'

"'We could use Grandfather Silas' compass card if we had a bowl of brandy,' Sophia suggested, bending her hooded head over the chart.

"'It will float in water,' said David capably.

"Why say more than that I promptly surrendered command of the tumbling boat? An hour later David sat in the sternsheets peering into an earthen rice bowl held by Sophia between her knees. Therein floated Grandfather Silas' compass card, pointing—after a century—once more to the Pole; and the huge hand of David steadied the loom of the steering oar and kept our little craft on its course, with a strong easterly wind filling the sail.

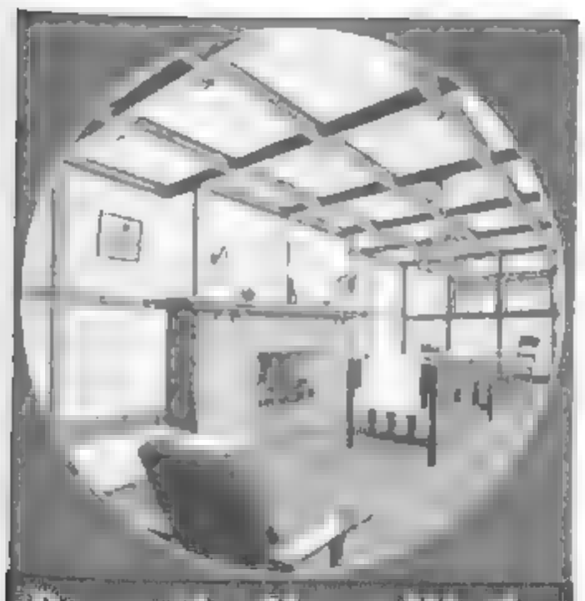
"All day he steered before a rising sea, with composed face, bright-eyed, his powerful hands swinging the great sweep as if it were a toy. He was the incarnation of competence, of seamanly ability, of hardihood, of indomitable and experienced courage! At that time it was incredible to me that he had spent his life as a tiller of the soil, a village character; that he was only a farmer on his honeymoon upon an element of which he knew nothing! Yet it was true.

"The Chinese recognized him instantly as their master. To them there was nothing out of the way in his ancient chart, the rusty quadrant by his side, or in the old lady's holding a bowlful of water in her lap and steadying the swinging compass card with a mittened finger. They simply turned their slant-eyed faces toward the invisible goal we sought, tended the sheet in silence and nodded knowingly when a heavy sea passed harmlessly under us.

"I seem to see that queer picture for days on end, to have spent long weeks in that rushing boat, staring at the clouded sky, feeling on my chilled face the hard sleet of the north, aching in every nerve from the constant twist and lurch of the craft that David's strong hand directed. As a matter of fact, we were four days and nights getting within sight of land. During that period David never left the steering oar for more than an hour at a time; and then, evidently distrusting my ability, he would call aft a Chinaman to take his place and sonorously repeat to him the course he was to keep by that outrageous compass. Sophia slept but little—only when the darkness made David say he could no longer see the card and would steer by the wind.

"The sight of land brought little comfort to me. It was blowing a gale from the northeast and we had to bail constantly to keep our little boat afloat. The low line of shore we saw between drifting clouds of rain and snow looked utterly bleak and inhospitable—and how were we to land? No one could doubt that a terrific surf was breaking on that wretched coast.

"When I spoke to David about it he merely nodded to me encouragingly—a



Beautify Your Walls

The beauty, economy, solidity, durability and all the other advantages of Bishopric Walls and Ceilings are [illegible] and costs 50 per cent less money! [illegible] for [illegible] usable [illegible] plastering! Most [illegible] fireproof and fire-resisting.

Makes Perfect, Permanent, Beautiful Walls

The Bishopric Wall Board is adapted to all [illegible] Quickly Applied. No Mess. No Muss. Instantly Ready for Paper or Decoration.

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD

The Only Wall Board Stiffened by Lath

Bishopric Wall Board is tough [illegible] Asphalt Mastic in which kiln-dried [illegible] locked under [illegible] pressure. This construction protected by [illegible] absolutely prevents warping [illegible] non-burning [illegible] fire-resisting. It [illegible] Sold under a $5,000 "Anti-Warp" Bond.

See the Lath!

Dealers [illegible] sales now over a million feet a month!

Home Owners, Carpenters, Contractors and Builders: Write for Free Book, Free Sample, Free House Plan

All [illegible] $5,000 [illegible] cost of packing [illegible]

The Mastic Wall Board and Roofing Mfg. Co.
38 Este Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Crease 'Em with the "Nu-Pantz"

Crease your trousers in five minutes with the "NU-PANTZ" [illegible] removes wrinkles, etc. Does the work [illegible] your tailor does it, by heat and [illegible] Set [illegible] any time.

Save Half the Expense of Being Well Dressed

[illegible]

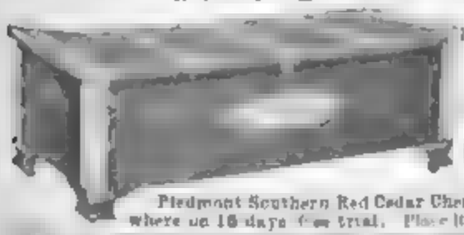
FIVE DAYS TRIAL [illegible]

Creaser, express paid. Use it [illegible] if you wish to part with it we will pay return express and refund your money.

Write at once for full description and approval offer.

Racine Creaser Co., 16th St., Racine, Wis.

Moth-Proof Cedar Chest



Sent on 15 Days' Free Trial

[illegible]

Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest sent anywhere on 15 days free trial. Place it in your own [illegible] Moth mouse dust and damp proof. Makes unique gift [illegible] illustrated free book showing all styles and prices and particulars of [illegible]

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 36, Statesville, N. C.

most superior nod. 'We'll fetch the strait between it and the next island and find a lee!' he told me.

"Night came slowly on, piling up in great masses of darkness that seemed to drive before the gale. In the final pitch darkness I heard David's loud command to the sailors. The sea-anchor was put out, the rag of sail taken in; and when the boat had safely swung head to the sea David dropped his big steering oar. To Sophia, half asleep against a thwart, he said masterfully: 'We must wait till daylight. Then I'll fetch to leeward of the island and make a landing.'

"'What island is it?' she asked.

"'I don't know,' was the reply; 'but when I can catch a sight of the sun I'll take an observation and determine our position.' The formal lingo rolled from his lips as though all his life he had sailed the seas.

"Sure enough, at daylight we found ourselves not above four miles off the island and almost at the entrance of what seemed to be a strait between it and another dimly visible bit of land to the eastward. A terrific sea was running; but, in spite of my almost tearful protests, David hoisted a little sail and made in. I have been all over the world and on many seas since, but never have I seen better boatmanship than that New England farmer displayed during the next hour. Time and again our frail craft hung on a roaring crest, bows down; and I stared up at David, straddled in the sternsheets, calm, indomitable; he handled the heavy sweep lightly, surely, as if born to it. At other moments a flowing surge, cascading and hissing, would boil up to the gunwale, and we would swing broadside to an oncoming comber, only to be snatched suddenly from under its toppling weight by a great sweep of David's arm.

"At last we were within the strait and there wind and tide combined to destroy us. I don't know by what miracles of strength and agility we were saved. At noon we ran into a small cove and beached the boat on the shingle.

"It was a barren island, though there were traces of summer inhabitants—fur hunters, I suppose. They had left a miserable cabin, built of stones, and a cache of mouldy provisions. There we stayed for two weeks, while the gale raged. Then David managed in some way to get an observation, worked it up by the aid of his old Davies and my watch, and announced that our refuge was the Island of Logoff. 'Our course from here will be east-southeast,' he concluded.

"In vain I attempted to show him the outrageous foolishness of putting to sea again in a cockleshell, braving an Arctic winter. David gently poohpoohed me. 'I am not going to spend my honeymoon on this rock,' he said firmly. 'I know that Sophia agrees with me.'

"I stared at the old boy. I presume I felt I had been grossly deceived in an elderly bridegroom who had never seen salt water unless in Boston harbor; but I had to give in. We put to sea once more on a course laid out by Captain Mackleby's absurd old chart, bound for some dim haven that Silas Green had discovered and marked—as Sophia repeated thoughtfully many times—'Wood and Water.'

"Within a week we found it; and snug within its harbor was the steam whaler Mizpah Dowlish, preparing for a run south.

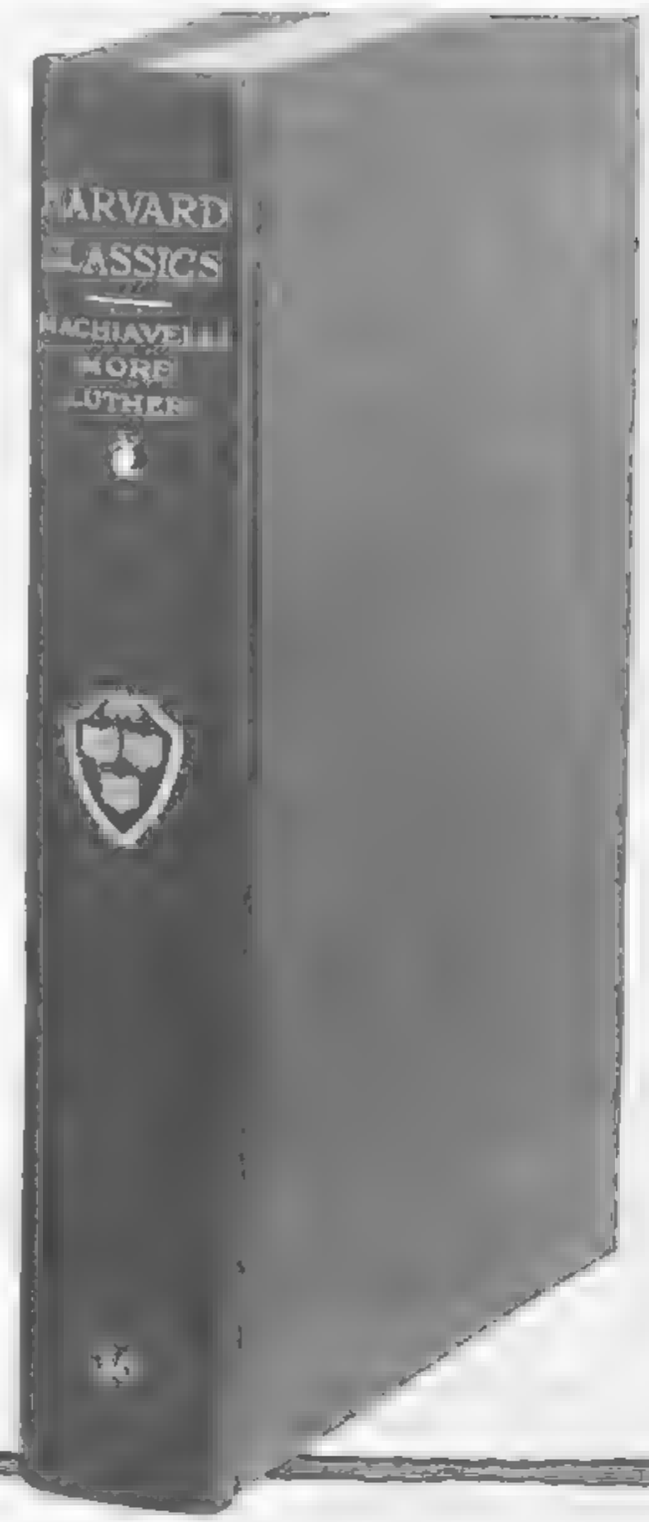
"Never have I seen anything so pleasant as that rusty old packet appeared after six days in an open boat commanded by an insane New England farmer; but it seemed to me that the fur-jacketed and leather-booted men on the whaler weren't sufficiently surprised at David's achievement. I remember taking the captain aside and retailing to him some of the history of the weeks since the Pelican went down. 'Now did you ever hear of such a thing as a farmer actually taking charge and bringing a small boat and eight people safely to land across a thousand miles of open water!' I demanded.

"'Them Macklebys were always good men,' said the totally unimpressed whaler. 'I remember one of 'em was master of a packet my father was mate in, and he swore a Mackleby was sure some kind of a sort of a sailor. I reckon this Captain Mackleby takes after the old man.'

"'You don't understand!' I protested. 'He isn't a captain—he's a farmer!'

"'I wish I could stop on a farm!' was all the reply I got; so I gave up trying to make plain David's exploit.

"We parted at Hakodate. David and Sophia were taking a Maru boat down the



Here Is Your Chance to Own

Dr. Eliot's Famous Five-Foot Shelf of Books

DR. ELIOT'S original conception, in planning the Harvard Classics (The Five Foot Shelf of Books), was to place the essentials of a liberal university education within reach of everyone who might have the desire for knowledge.

This idea was worked out in practical form in a set of books that contain, within the limits of an ordinary bookshelf, the greatest thoughts, the most powerful ideas and the noblest forms of literary expression that the human race has ever produced.

The publication of this great work was historic. In scope and in contents it has no parallel in literature.

A New 50-Volume Edition at a Popular Price

We are now able to offer a Popular Edition at a popular price. This famous library is now within everybody's means.

One of the readers of the Five-Foot Shelf calls it "the world's civilization on a bookshelf." Can you afford not to read a work that deserves this title?

The Popular Edition contains every word found in the expensive sets. It is complete in every detail.

64-Page Book Free

Mail the coupon cut from this advertisement for full particulars of price and terms. At the same time we will send you our attractive 64-page book, which describes every feature of the Popular Edition.

We want a few experienced special representatives in good localities to represent us in the distribution of the Popular Edition. Write direct to our main office in New York, or apply personally to any branch office.

P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.
Publishers of Good Books
New York

S. E. P. 7-8

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.,
416 W. 13th St.
New York City

Please send to me by mail, free of charge, the 64 page booklet describing The Five Foot Shelf of Books.

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

The Remington-UMC Calls choose a Single-shot Rifle

Accuracy—Safety—Low Price

The *Remington-UMC* name on the No. 4 and No. 6 single-shot, take-down rifles is guarantee of accuracy and safety.

And—your dealer will sell them to you at quite a little below list prices.

Both rifles have case-hardened frames, walnut stock and forearm and rifle butt plates.

The No. 6 (.22 or .32 calibre) has *Remington-UMC* steel barrel, is accurately rifled and chambered for caps, shorts or longs, and has new design open front, rear and tang peep sights. List price, $4.00.

The No. 4 (.22, .25-10 and .32 calibres) has an octagon barrel of *Remington-UMC* steel, automatic ejector and sporting rear sights. List price, $6.00.

***Remington-UMC*—the perfect shooting combination.**

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
299 Broadway New York City

2 H.P. ENGINE $39
Ready to Install COMPLETE
For All Kinds of Boats
With Fittings to clutch Propeller and Shafting Stuffing Box Wiring etc
reversing engine
2 Year Guarantee.
1 4 6 10 H P Proportionately low priced
Northwestern Steel & Iron Works 306 Spring St Eau Claire Wis

Calgary Canada
Offers You Success
Mr Manufacturer Distributing center for 500,000 prosperous farmers. Pioneer opportunities for manufacture of machinery, household
industry of
Andrew Miller Commissioner
INDUSTRIAL & DEVELOPMENT BUREAU
233 8th Avenue, West, Calgary, Alberta, Canada

The Eureka Vacuum Cleaner
Eureka Book Agents wanted everywhere
EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO
1252 Michigan Ave. Detroit, Michigan

Accidents and Sickness Will Occur
Then why not insure against them when you can get protection for $5.00 a year? Our latest registered policy covering $5,000 accidental death and $25.00 weekly benefits, with leather wallet free.
German Commercial Accident Company, Phila., Pa.

Be Comfortable this Summer in
Engel-Cone E. C. Ventilated Shoes
They give the proper circulation of air about the feet—the feet should be cooled as you change from thick to thin underwear, so you should wear these shoes this summer. Address for catalog, giving us your dealer's name. If he cannot supply you, we will.

Sizes 6—12 for Men	$3.00
Sizes 2½—6 for Women and Boys	2.50
Sizes 9—2 for Boys and Girls	1.50

ENGEL-CONE SHOE CO.

coast to Yokohama and I was crossing to Vladivostok. Mackleby was once more a mere passenger.

"'We must get back home,' he informed me, brushing his beard with one great hand. 'It'll soon be time for plowing, you know.'

"'And my housecleaning must be done before Easter,' said Sophia. 'I always did think that a man was known by his wife's carpets; and David shan't complain of mine!'

"'It's too bad you lost all your baggage and stuff!' I remarked with concern.

"'Well, we've got Grandfather Silas' compass card and the charts, and Grandfather David's quadrant that David gave me for a wedding present. I guess we'll get home all right!'

"She kissed me at parting, with particular directions how to treat a slight cold I had.

"The last I saw of them they were standing by the rail of the steamer, apparently wholly out of place among the jostling sailors and bawling mates who were getting their packet out of its berth. The last Mackleby was going home from the sea."

The New Community Skyscraper

Concluded from Page 11

Eventually the mixture had to be sent down through a spiral chute. Nowadays concrete for such jobs is mixed so thin that it runs and there is no separation when poured from a height.

Some of the most ingenious work of the foundation engineer is that of protecting surrounding buildings when the site is excavated for a big skyscraper. Here is where our standards in foundations and those of granddad are shown together in vivid contrast. Granddad's ideas of foundations were rather limited. In building his three and four story stores and brownstone residences he merely dug trenches in the soil a few feet below his cellarline and started his brick walls right on the ground. If the site was below water-level he drove in wooden piles and rested his walls upon them. So long as wooden piles are under water they will last for years. Drain the water away from them, however, and they soon rot. Skyscraper foundations go far lower than anything granddaddy built—so they usually drain his little old structures on all sides; in fact, modern digging and tunneling in cities has played havoc with the construction of previous generations.

The London subways, for example, a hundred feet below the street, laid bare the foundations of many buildings by draining springs and ground-water, and led to many adjustments of damages. In lower New York there is the quicksand to be dealt with. Quicksand affords a perfectly sound foundation for the heaviest building if its base is broad enough to press down evenly on the sand and no excavation below the foundation lets the sand escape; but if somebody puts a foundation lower down, letting even a little of the quicksand escape, the results are likely to be disastrous. In more than one case the foundation engineer, pumping water out of a hole in lower New York, has suddenly found that he was also pumping quicksand from beneath an old building a block or so down the street!

Adjoining buildings are protected in various ways. Sometimes the walls are supported, the earth dug away a few feet to solid ground and the foundations carried down. Where piles have been drained for a few feet at the top they may be cut off below the new water-level and the walls carried down. Concrete piles may be driven to replace wooden ones. Sheet piling is driven to pen in quicksand under an old building. Steel pipe is driven to rock to give a more equal distribution of weight on walls and columns in an old building. Little pneumatic caissons just large enough for one sandhog to work in are sent down under the old walls—and so on.

These operations are usually carried on without disturbing the occupants of the old building in any way. Sometimes the foundation engineer asks for a little space in granddad's cellar in which to rest the ends of a few needle-beams; but, for the most part, granddad is undermined and hung in the air on a few jackscrews, and has his house built upon a rock instead of sand, without inconvenience—and also without expense to himself. The foundation work necessary to protect him may cost as much as his little old building is worth; but he doesn't pay the bill unless his foundations are above a ten-foot level. The foundation engineer generally has to treat granddad with the utmost consideration and go to no end of expense on his account, because granddad was there first.

The foundation engineer has been sent into an old building to make foundations for an exceedingly heavy safe-deposit vault, and solved the problem by putting the vault on a foundation of its own, going to rock, resting on steel pipes driven with water-jets and pneumatic hammers.

He has been called upon again and again to underpin old buildings that have settled unevenly, and has done it by digging pits under the walls and building new foundations in the pits, and then connecting the new foundations with the old walls by means of steel girders.

Another problem is that of the vibration of machinery. The ground under our cities is fast being filled with machinery, heavy trains and other mechanical life, and vibration is a growing factor. In one case the movement of heavy printing presses was transmitted through several buildings and became annoying and even alarming. It took a little detective work to find out where the trouble came from. Then the presses were turned at right angles to their old direction and the trouble ceased. In some cases, however, it has been necessary to isolate a building's foundations from those of vibrating neighboring ones.

Another clever little specialty of the foundation engineer is the correction of leaning tall structures. The first skyscrapers were built on raft foundations—great grillages of steel rails and concrete under the whole area of the building, upon which its columns rested. This is literally a raft, floating the building on the soil far above rock. Most of these skyscrapers are now old, as skyscrapers go. All have settled and some have tilted to one side in a tipsy way.

One of the earliest skyscrapers in Chicago—a sixteen-story building on a raft foundation—was found to be leaning two feet three inches at the top. Engineers sunk caissons to rock under it and put it on a sound footing; but no attempt was made to straighten the structure. It is today a leaning tower and probably will be until it is torn down. The eye cannot disclose its departure from perpendicular, but a plumb-line will. It is perfectly safe, because it cannot lean any more and the tilting would have to go much farther before the danger point was reached.

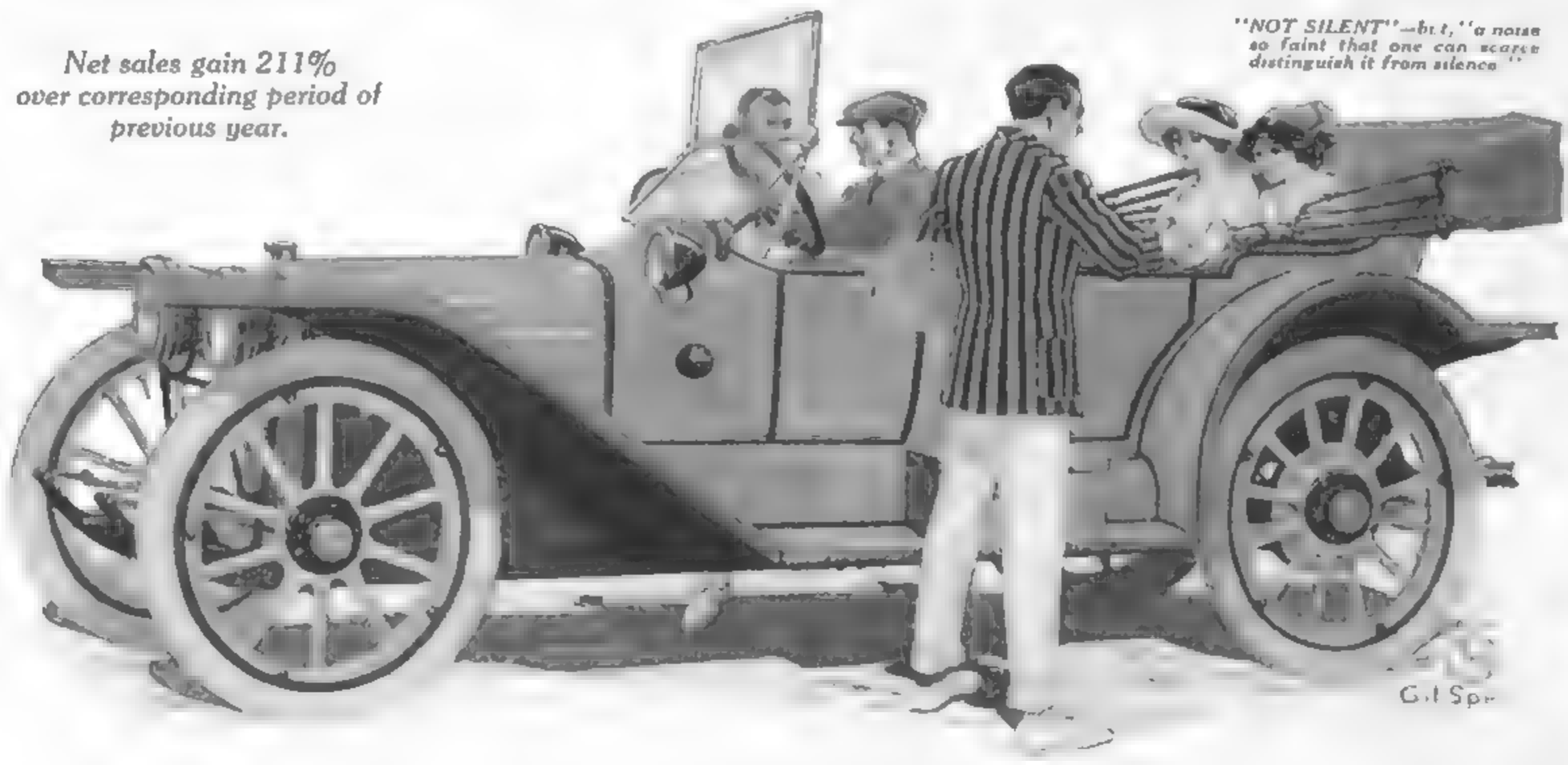
Probably this sort of job will be carried out often in coming years in connection with tall buildings on raft foundations, and engineers will straighten them by methods somewhat like those followed in correcting tipsy tall chimneys.

At Louisville, some years ago, two one-hundred-and-twenty-foot chimneys, built on treacherous soil, began to lean shortly after they were finished, one going four feet eight inches out of perpendicular. The first was straightened by softening the soil on the high side with water and letting the chimney come back to vertical by its own weight. The other was driven into plumb with a battering ram, though it took nearly four months' steady pounding. What might be called dad's skyscrapers—the earlier ones built on rafts—will probably require correction before long; but, with the present refinements of foundation engineering operating on such principles, the work will undoubtedly be easy.

Reserve foundations are now provided under many skyscrapers. The concern planning a fifteen-story office or loft building, for example, may wish at some future time to increase its height. Future office population may make it profitable; or perhaps the needs of an industrial concern are met now by a twelve or fifteen story structure, but provision must be made for future growth. Nothing is easier than planning the building with reserve foundations and column strength for the addition of a specified number of stories when needed. While the Metropolitan Tower was under construction, rumor whispered round New York that its projected height of six hundred and fifty-odd feet above the curb, at that period record-breaking, might be exceeded by a seven-hundred-foot tower then being planned. So the plans were changed and the height carried up above seven hundred feet.

It is said that the foundations and columns of this tower still have reserve strength that would permit additions to its height, but the work of tearing off and replacing the concrete roof would probably be so

Net sales gain 211% over corresponding period of previous year.



"American Tourist" (Type 34A)
$2350—fully equipped

1913 AMERICAN UNDERSLUNG 1913

The "American Traveler" (Type 56A) $4500

Six passengers. Wheel base [illegible] in.; tires, 41 x 4 in. front and rear on Q. D. demountable rims. Speed [illegible] to 50 to 55 m. p. h.

$4500 includes the following equipment [illegible]

The "American Tourist" (Type 34A) $2350

Four passengers. Wheel base 118 in.; tires, 37 x 4 in. front and rear on Q. D. demountable rims.

$2350 includes following equipment—Electric light [illegible] generator and storage battery [illegible] $50 Warner speedometer; fine [illegible] windshield; Disco self-starter; fine mohair [illegible] high tension magneto and storage battery [illegible] shock absorber; robe rail, foot rest, tire jack, tools and tire irons, air outfit

The "American Scout" (Type 22A) $1475

Strictly a two-passenger car. Wheel base 105 in.; tires 36 x 3½ in.; front and rear on Q. D. demountable rims.

$1475 includes following equipment—$50 Warner speedometer; Disco self-starter [illegible] electric dash and tail light [illegible] and [illegible]

FOR the season of 1913 we announce our three famous standard models: the "American Traveler" at $4500; the "American Tourist" at $2350; the "American Scout" at $1475.

Eight years ago the first "American Underslung" was placed on the market. Its builders had a new idea in automobile construction. That is, they took the old practical Underslung principle as applied to all modern locomotives, and built the "American Underslung" around it. Its introduction marked the first actual advancement in fine motor car construction.

From that day to this the enthusiastic and eager demand for this car has always exceeded our capacity, although each year our production was greatly enlarged. During the last ten months alone our increase over the corresponding ten months of a year ago has been over 211 per cent.

The "American Underslung" differs in constructive principle. *The frame—the very backbone of the car—is slung under the axles instead of being placed over the axles,* and the result is that the very drawbacks of the conventional "overhead" car are completely eliminated.

The low center of gravity means *SAFETY* and added comfort.

The straight line drive means *less wasted power.*

The large wheels mean easier riding, tire economy and *maximum road clearance.*

The Underslung frame permits the *direct* and *practical* introduction of all these distinct advantages.

And on top of these guaranteed practical advantages, you have a superb and gracefully designed car possessing a most elegant finish. These big, strong, powerful cars are beauties. They are just as fine as we can make them. The exquisite body work is magnificent. Every "American Underslung" is as carefully made as a special job.

This year we are equipping the "American Underslung" with the finest accessories made. It is all in keeping with the elegance of the splendid new models. Nothing has been too good for us to secure and all is made regular equipment—not "as extras." "American Underslungs" are known as the fully equipped cars.

Our complete 1913 line can be seen in all of the principal cities. Write us for a handsome 1913 catalogue and a simple treatise on the "Advantages of Underslung Construction."

American Motors Company

DEPT. J, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

CAMEO PAPER

White or Sepia—For Printing

is a printing paper with a surface *absolutely without gloss*, yet it takes the *finest halftones*—not only takes but transforms them into the likeness of photogravures.

It is a paper so unusual in appearance that it always attracts attention. Its soft, velvety surface is restful and delightful to the eye. Cameo enriches illustrations, deepens halftones, and dignifies type. It is no mere novelty—there are few printed jobs that would not be benefited by it.

Send for This Beautiful Specimen Book—Free

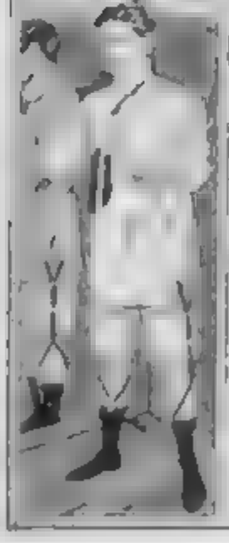
and you will realize why we say that the use of Cameo for a booklet always means an appreciable reduction in the number of unread copies. A Cameo booklet or folder simply looks *too good* to be thrown away.

S. D. WARREN & CO., 162 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

Makers of the Best in Staple Lines of Coated and Uncoated Book Papers

Shir Gar

TRADE



Because SHIR GAR (Shirt-Garter) fills a triple purpose at a single price it has found favor with the better dressed men.

Holds Sox Up
Holds Shirt Down
Does Not Bind the Leg

Worn with long or short drawers. Prevents shirt from bulging. Only Garter endurable with varicose veins.

[illegible] A or B in silk 75c
[illegible] 50c. Style C (with one clasp for sock) 25c.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

At your dealers or send price and receive a pair postpaid.

SHIRT-GARTER CO.
Box 101, Columbia, Tenn.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

WHEN ROSES BLOOM—

When Nature is glorious with the first blush of summer—then is the charm of beauty most appreciated. LABLACHE imparts that touch of delicacy and refinement to the complexion which is so alluring.

Refuse Substitutes

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers
Dept. 43 1-5 Arlington St
BOSTON MASS

First Aid Always,—

Dioxogen

keeps little hurts from getting big

HIGH PLAY

(Continued from Page 21)

"I shall be brief, sir," said Virginia falteringly, as General Vane bowed her to a seat, "and can remain standing. Will you kindly take word or send word from me to your son, Daniel Sterling Vane?"

The old gentleman dropped away as though struck by a snake—Robert leaped to his feet.

"I say, girl, that won't do!" he exclaimed roughly, supporting his father; but the latter raised his stick threateningly and fire seemed darting from under his shaggy brows.

"Remove your hand, suh!" he exclaimed, and Robert obeyed unhesitatingly—truly this was a terrible old fellow to affront.

"That name," began General Vane fiercely, "that name is banned in my hearing as that of a son who has disgraced me. Madam, I must fo'bid your repeating it!"

Now Virginia did not falter, but confronted the old General with a spirit firm and fiery as his own.

"I know him to be an honorable man," she declared.

As the panther passion of Maybelle Golden had been struck down in its onslaught, so now the old General's resentment was awed by this frail, uncompromising adversary.

Mrs. Vane, somewhat bewildered, still studied the young woman with her pale, suspicious eyes. Her husband was alarmed and angry.

"She is carrying the bluff too far," he thought; "nobody can finesse with the General." And he endeavored to signal the visitor that a hasty departure would save them trouble.

Virginia ignored him. "I have only one friend. I heard him accused and berated; and I'd like so much to have him know that my confidence in him is unshaken."

For forty years the General's anger had never been braved by man or woman, but now he was almost staggered by the opposing will of this girl, at once so gentle and unafraid. And, not being one of those men who mark down character and station to the value of old clothes, he felt a sudden sympathy for this refined, shabby loveliness. He inquired courteously:

"Why not yourself tell your friend of your faith in him?"

"It is utterly impossible that we meet or communicate again," replied Virginia, unpleasantly aware that she was clothing a very simple incident in mystery. "As it is, I can only leave my message in your keeping."

She bowed and would have left the room if the General had not detained her by a gesture.

"You heard him accused, berated—I'll not inquire into the subcumstance; but do you mean to tell me that my son, disgraced though he be, would hear himself defamed without assault, at least?"

The General leaned forward on his stick, with an anxious frown that foreboded another outburst.

"He chose not to reply," answered Virginia.

"Chose not!" repeated her inquisitor, trembling with indignation. "A Vane!—a son of mine!" He paused to recover control of his voice. "Who was this accuser?" he demanded sternly.

Virginia turned her glance to Robert Vane, who could have averted her disclosure by a respectful look or nod. Instead, he tossed his hand as though dismissing her contemptuously.

"His brother was the accuser," replied Virginia. The General darted a look at Robert, and Virginia said clearly: "Yes, that is the man."

The General resumed his inspection of Robert and, as the latter began stammering an explanation, silenced him with a disdainful shrug.

Deliberately he addressed Virginia: "As the last representative of the Vanes, madam, I must crave your pahdon for this flaunting of family disgrace in your presence—this humuliation by a public brawl." His manner was grave, with no tinge of irony, for the old gentleman felt truly disgraced. He alone accorded to Virginia a certain deference; no weighing of appearances was necessary to convince him of a character's purity—he came naturally by a consciousness of it.

Robert was struck with consternation by the old General's singular behavior; the latter scorned finesse and affectation, and yet the girl and himself seemed now to confer on a level far above the highly sophisticated man of fashion.

Virginia bowed with a certain compassion to the troubled old man. Robert essayed to break up this annoying colloquy, but was silenced directly.

"It becomes my painful duty, howevah," General Vane continued to address Virginia, "my painful duty to tell you that these accusations against my younger son are true. You are obviously interested in him, madam—perhaps attached. Since you are strong enough in character to renounce him as you have said, I warn you earnestly to send no message to him—discard this attachment. Trample his memory undah your feet—as I have done. He is given over to a life of villainy!"

"My confidence in him is unshaken," replied Virginia firmly.

"I mistaken in my own sons! Would that I were!" exclaimed General Vane bitterly.

"Do not reproach me, sir," said Robert, "or compare me to black sheep—odious, y know, sir!"

He had interrupted with the agitation of downright fear, but Virginia's mocking smile at the word "compare" infuriated him.

"You should have seen this girl last night," he chattered brokenly—"scarlet, rouged, wined up, with Dan's ring on her finger! Why'd I mince matters before a—showgirl!" It was his turn to grin mockingly.

General Vane, still leaning upon his stick, had not turned his eyes from the face of Virginia.

"That accusation also is true," said Virginia.

Curiously enough the General remembered a girl with whom he had once stood before a monument of black marble. Her joyous beauty had appeared in the depths of the stone rather as a pensive spirit entombed there than as a reflection. And so Virginia appealed to him, immured in shadow from which she gazed upon him in ghostly beauty.

"A child!" he sighed softly. A moment later he struck his cane savagely upon the floor. "Scoundrel!" he said to his son.

The General was direct and emphatic always. No polite fencing of diplomacy could stay his attack, which consisted of hacking with a broadsword. One must either wound him first or flee the encounter without debating who hath honor.

Robert, girded for flight, essayed one stroke to protect it.

"Why, I went three times to the gambling-house," he declared, "and the last time was told to meet Dan in the Royal Restaurant at seven o'clock last evening. He knew what I wanted with him, for he'd seen me with Baron Hirschel on the street. What could you expect?" he cried, encouraged by the General's quick attention. "Of course I had my say then and there! He introduced me to this young woman—didn't he, Virginia?—and told me to go ahead. Why, he didn't give a ——"

"You are deeply interested in Baron Hirschel? Is he the scoundrel who demanded a five-hundred-thousand *dot* from the family of the Carey girl?"

"Well, he's only got fifty thousand so far," replied Robert sullenly. And then he added in quite a lofty manner: "He's a close friend of mine and I wasn't going to see him robbed. Dan's already taken thousands away from him."

"Bravo, Dan!" exclaimed the General; and then, angered by his own utterance of the outlaw's name, he commanded: "Enough of this! I forbid another word. Madam," to Virginia, "you know the truth. God save you from my"—with one deeply satirical gesture—"my sons!" he finished. The expression of Robert's face immediately after Virginia's coming into the room had not escaped him.

The curtains of the room being drawn to exclude the heat, a filtering daylight floated within like sunset dusk. For a moment every one now, observing Virginia, supposed her to have stepped into the track of an intenser ray striking through the curtain. She had been absorbed with the conversation between father and son, and now seemed awakening, with the fresh hues of sleep still about her.

Perhaps only the blood mantling her cheeks caused the charming illusion—that

When price tempts you to buy cheap tools—don't do it. The good carpenter doesn't buy a cheap saw, and no one else should.

If you are a house owner, you'll find your household will be neater and better "kept up," if you own a few tools, especially a good saw.

Don't buy a cheap one. In a

SIMONDS SAW

(Pronounced Si-monds)

you get teeth which hold their edge and set against long, hard use. They cut true and fast, long after the cheap saw has lost what little edge it had.

It is the Simonds Special Crucible Steel which makes Simonds Saws [illegible] stay the way. Our [illegible] Saw [illegible] and [illegible] Factory-ground [illegible] on the blade and the saw has [illegible] "hang" that even the amateur recognizes

Ask Your Hardware Dealer

Remember Simonds Crack Saw Brand and Hardware [illegible] the American and Canadian lumbermen's accepted standard.

Send for "A Guide Book for Carpenters'"—Free—and read about filing hand saws.

SIMONDS MFG. CO. (Founded 1832) Fitchburg, Mass.

Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, Seattle, Portland, [illegible], New York, Lockport, N. Y.

You'll know them by the shape

Narrow and tubular where they go through the eyelets—strength.

Broad and flat where the bows are tied—beauty.

The only oxford laces combining these two desirable features.

Nufashond

Patented May 7, 1907

Oxford Laces

for men and women

All pure silk in black, tan, and white. Every pair **guaranteed 3 months**

25 cents per pair at all shoe, dry-goods, furnishing stores [illegible] cents to us. Write anyway for booklet

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co. Dept. A, Reading, Pa.

a wave of color appeared in the coarse black cloth over breast and shoulders; nevertheless the others always remembered her as moving during those moments in a peculiar rose-colored light.

"I understand now very clearly," said Virginia, laughing to herself. "Mr. Sterling was gambling."

There was no answer, for they were astonished by her change in manner and the tone of her voice—sweet, but pitched in that elfish key so delightful to story-hearing children.

She continued as one who cannot keep good tidings to herself—the joyousness of laughter in every word:

"He would not deceive me even in regard to his business. Before he would say he cared for me he must have his own brother proclaim him in my presence as a professional gambler—deliberately lead his brother there to denounce him and give the greatest possible weight to the judgment of family and friends against him. And how does he play, General Vane? Is it professional to provoke Chance as he has done—to show me his own game because he would not cheat me as an unskilled player? I honor such a man! I trust such a gambler!"

She spoke now rapidly, tremblingly—her eyes were brilliant, her beauty dazzling; and, incarnadined from head to foot, she stood in the sensuous dusk the rapt and passionate sibyl of the summer city.

"He risked high stakes—life stakes—to gain my trust. He won it! And more—I will gamble with him, stake for stake! Body, soul, will I gamble on his honor! Madam, give me a pen!"

Mrs. Vane, who had risen from her chair with a hand pressing her breast as though fascinated by the girl, ran to her desk.

Virginia wrote rapidly.

"Here is my address and my name," she said, giving the sheet of paper to General Vane. "I am Virginia Tarn, of the Maryland Tarns, sir. There has been honor and virtue among us. And I, the last of the line, will pay willingly, by disgrace itself, the stake I lay, if Mr. Sterling Vane will come to claim it. But he will not come!"

General Vane held the paper respectfully. He extended his hand, like some courtly old field-marshal surrendering his sword to an invincible adversary, and bowed with ceremony—almost with reverence.

"I shall have the honah of delivering your message, Miss Virginia," he said.

"Goodby," said the girl half tenderly, and went out.

As she stood a moment in the hall a door below opened softly and Mrs. Vane glided to her side; the faded eyes were shining brightly.

"You will let me come to see you?" she whispered almost pleadingly.

"No," replied Virginia half sadly.

"Oh, what strength and wondrous soul to be in a woman!" exclaimed Robert Vane's wife. "If I had possessed it I should have been a happy woman!" She paused and listened, half frightened. "I must go!" she panted; and, drawing Virginia to her, she kissed the girl on both cheeks. "I just love you—dear, brave girl!" she said, and in a moment had vanished.

The streets undulated and tall buildings appeared to skip in the wavering, heated air; but Virginia walked home leisurely, breathing deeply of the fumes which now, instead of suffocating, only sustained her mind in its gentle frenzy. It had been her own hour of abandonment to the summer city's madness—but in her nature passion had become etherealized by fire.

. . . . . .

In the heart of the smoldering town sat Mr. Palter. His den was cavernous and cool, and there he lurked, full of stratagem as a spider patiently awaiting some heat-crazed fly. It was Sunday morning.

The old negro stole in and out of the room. "Marse Dan'l has came. Marse Dan'l has a package," he announced between these gnomelike movements.

"A package," reflected Mr. Palter approvingly. "Danny is getting playful; it is a good sign." And he set his flask and glass conveniently upon the desk.

Presently Sterling entered with a bundle under his arm; his uncertain tread delighted Mr. Palter, who beckoned with his forefinger.

"No, Pal—no," replied Sterling earnestly. "I feel that I'll never drink or gamble again." He shuddered at the very thought. "That fool Smoke is fired," reflected Mr. Palter bitterly. "He lied to me in plain English!"

Why he smiles

He has found a summer collar to suit him.

Full of style and snap—yet low enough for comfort in July days

OGDEN—2 in. high

15¢—2 for 25¢

The worth of Triangle 5-PLY Collars is not indicated by their price. They sell for the same as ordinary 4-PLY collars—yet their superior shape-holding qualities and longer wear are undenied.

Triangle 5 PLY Collars

THE OGDEN
2 in. high, low front—yet looks [illegible]

have superior body and strength because of their 5-PLY construction, which means permanent shape and style that withstands the laundry. The extra stitching, scientific tailoring at bending points, and Stout-Stay non-tearable buttonhole guarantee longer service than ordinary collars.

You can buy a regulation 4-PLY collar—our Century Brand—for 10c, which establishes the relative values of 4-PLY and 5-PLY collars.

If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name and 50c for 4 "OGDENS" (style illustrated). Style book and sample Stout-Stay buttonhole, free on request.

VAN ZANDT, JACOBS & CO., 605 River St., Troy, N. Y.

The .25 Caliber COLT

(4-5ths Actual size of Pistol)

Hammerless!

Solid Breech!

Automatically Safe!

Automatic Grip Safety

Here Is Real Protection!

This compact little COLT "Six-Shooter" is only 4½ inches long, weighs but 13 ounces, yet has the speed, accuracy and hard-hitting qualities that give confidence in an emergency

Shoots metal-jacketed bullets as fast as the trigger is pulled; ejects the empty shells and reloads automatically for each shot

Combined with these features is ABSOLUTE SAFETY FROM ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE—the Grip Safety automatically locks the action until the trigger is purposely pulled—no worry on your part.

"You Can't Forget to Make it Safe!"

SEE THIS PISTOL AT YOUR DEALER'S.

Write for free Catalog No. 65, descriptive of all COLTS in calibers .22 to .45.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Soda crackers are more nutritive than any other flour food. Uneeda Biscuit are the perfect soda crackers. Therefore, Uneeda Biscuit.

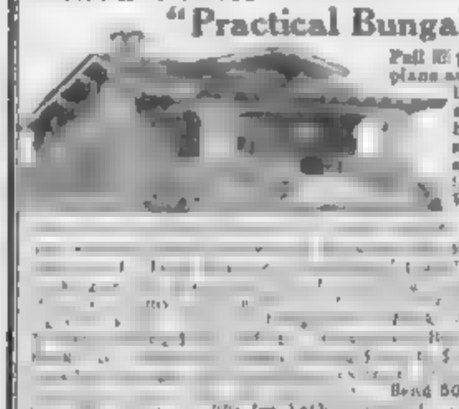
Though the cost is but five cents, Uneeda Biscuit are too good, too nourishing, too crisp, to be bought merely as an economy.

Buy them because of their freshness—buy them because of their crispness—buy them because of their goodness—buy them because of their nourishment.

Always 5 cents. Always fresh and crisp.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

WRITE TODAY FOR OUR BIG BOOK
"Practical Bungalows"



Full of practical plans and ideas for building artistic homes suited to and appropriate to the World

Send 50c today

50c for both

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
330 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, California

INVESTORS
SHOULD WRITE FOR OUR LATEST BOOKLET DESCRIBING
HIGH GRADE
SOUTHERN BONDS
STATE MUNICIPAL LEVEE DRAINAGE AND CORPORATION
NETTING 4% TO 6%
HIBERNIA BANK & TRUST CO.
Capital and Surplus Three Million Dollars
P. O. BOX 691 NEW ORLEANS

Genuine All Hand Woven Unblocked PANAMA
From Weaver to Wearer
Can be worn in that condition by Men, Women and Children. Easily blocked in any shape or style. Just

All head sizes. Brims from 2 to 7 inches. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory.
PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

For a Pair of Famous
25c Tred-Ezy Slippers
Most comfortable bath and house slipper for Men and Women. All sizes. Flexible leather sole.

SHINN MFG. CO., Paducah, Ky.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for FREE SEARCH
Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions Wanted FREE
WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free on request.
CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys
925 F Street, Washington, D. C. Established 16 years

ORIGINAL—GENUINE
HORLICK'S
Delicious, Invigorating
MALTED MILK
The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.
Keep it on your sideboard at home.
Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch.
Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

"Pal, I've wronged that girl—deeply!" exclaimed Sterling.

Palter turned slowly and resignedly in his pivot chair, but the face and strained attitude of his partner startled him like a cry of anguish.

"Of course I can't understand how I could have mistaken her—it's all over now anyhow. I am a villain in my thoughts, Pal!" he cried, with an appalling break in coherent expression; "the funny part of it is that I really knew the truth about Virginia all the time; but I was too low to acknowledge ——" Without coming to a conclusion he sunk suddenly into a dead stillness.

Palter had the contents of Maybelle's note in mind.

"I might be wrong though, after all," mused Sterling. "She wouldn't meet me in such a makeup."

Still Palter did not choose to banish this doubt; instead, he pointed to the bundle under Sterling's arm.

"Ratty gave ——" began Sterling; and then with an impatient gesture: "I'm going into my office, Pal, to arrange some papers. You know I go tomorrow."

Abruptly he turned and entered his own office beyond Palter's, closing the door behind him.

Palter shrugged his shoulders and sat waiting. "First a message, then a bundle; the dame herself will show up pretty soon," he said philosophically.

In this state of expectancy he was not surprised when the attendant appeared in the doorway.

"Two gemmen to see Marse Dan'l," he said.

"Hold them in the anteroom." Palter stepped down the corridor with a lightness surprising in so massive a figure and appeared to the two callers a moment later.

"I am Mr. Robert Vane," announced the younger of the two men haughtily. "We inquired for Mr. Sterling."

Palter heard without expression or gesture; but a slight flicker under the narrow eyelids betrayed his surprise when observing Robert's companion, and he had the uncanny feeling that Sterling himself stood before him, shrunken and whitened with age. Though sere of flesh, the rounded brow and aquiline nose, the chin, sensitive but firm, were cast in the same mold. And now the old gentleman addressed Palter with the same simplicity and courtliness of manner.

"I am intrusted with a message, suh, which I must deliver to Mr. Sterling in person. He is my son," added the General briefly.

Mr. Palter was not to be moved or impressed by anything New York could produce—he had shuffled beauty, wealth and influence in his packs of cards; but here was a being dropped into the age of Broadway from that mighty, mythological past—his country's history. Palter was vaguely conscious that hands now withered had swung strange power in another order of things and that national tragedies had centered in such polite old gentlemen.

Mr. Palter bowed gravely, though slightly perturbed.

"Your son is on his way to Europe," he replied.

The General reflected, plainly disappointed.

"I am Palter, his partner," continued the latter. "We've plunged considerable together; he risked telling me who he was about ten years ago. If you would honor me with your confidence ——" He paused. "Wish I could remember more o' Danny's words," he reflected. "I'll make some bad play here in a minute."

"The message is not of such a nature," replied the General; "and it is hardly one to express in writing, either."

"I am to meet my partner in Paris next month," said Palter; "but I must say that, if your message is from a woman calling herself Virginia Tarn, I must revoke. My offer don't stand."

Robert laughed easily.

"You know her?" he said, switching about with his cane.

"No doubt," said Palter dryly.

"How did you happen on such a conjecture?" inquired the General in astonishment.

"From what I know of dames," replied Palter, who was himself again. "After all, this old gentleman was ordinary flesh and bone.

"I have the honah to info'm you, suh," said General Vane to Mr. Palter, "that I am the friend of that young lady. Insinuations I have heard from you—and from yourself, Robert—must be retracted. Such a woman is guarded by the Almighty; but, being on the ground, I will not wait for her to seek further protection than my own."

Mr. Palter discovered that he was not quite himself after all.

"You have said that she 'called herself' Virginia Tarn," continued the General.

"It is true," replied Mr. Palter cautiously. "She calls herself Virginia Tarn," he mused as though greatly regretting the fact.

"The cowardly innuendo of your tone and mannah discredit you, Mr. Palter—as you call yourself," returned General Vane. "I do not make this statement in her defense—she requires none; but I knew several of the Maryland Tarns before the Southern Revolution. They were highly honored, and were very careless with fireahms. This young woman has their pride and virtue and unbounded courage. If I remember rightly she resembles them in feature. No mattah—she is Virginia Tarn."

Mr. Palter had warred with everything in New York, from coquetry to political influence and mere brute violence, but never had he encountered such an adversary as Danny's father. His veins tingled as at a bugle's call; he was summoned to vindicate himself upon an honorable field, but his pitiable defense consisted of one halting assertion:

"Danny's been shot all to pieces—ever since that girl picked him up on the street."

"What of that?" demanded the old champion. "Tell it all. I will leave no unexplained incident to your base interpretation."

Palter's black eyes were shallow and steady—his face inscrutable. To all appearance he was perfectly composed, and not for an instant did he relinquish his purpose of preventing the delivery of the girl's message, whatever it might be.

"She was wandering about the street by herself and spoke to Danny. Then she showed up at his café. Danny's sentimental; he is a sympathizer—with pikers, yeggmen, and this girl."

The General, listening to Palter's defense of his position with an expression of contempt, struck the floor with his stick; his gray eyes gleamed brilliantly under their shaggy brows.

"Ha, there is her attitude fully explained!" exclaimed the old man triumphantly. "Desolate, forlorn, in this strange city, the girl was attracted by a kind look, a passing courtesy. She spoke. Is conventionality a law in this place? Yes; she was guilty of a crime! In her loneliness she spoke to a gentleman."

Mr. Palter was more than perturbed. He possessed sufficient experience to run New York, socially as well as every other way; the affair between this man and woman was simplicity itself. And yet, with all his wisdom of men and women, he could not defend himself against the denunciations of this strange old man.

"Somehow he takes a different slant at the business," reflected Palter helplessly. Then he thought to cover his weakness by lowly deference, consoling himself with the reflection: "Well, he's Danny's father and I'll treat him like a king." But General Vane refused the proffered seat and ignored the bow which accompanied it.

"I do not require your civilities, suh," he said quietly: "I am waiting for you to retract your aspersion on the character of this noble woman—as good a woman as evah trod this planet. Robert!"

"Yes, sir; I was mistaken," replied the latter. Palter looked from one to the other.

"Bah!" he snarled at Robert, as though denying his right to decide such a matter. Palter paced the length of the room and back again, the old gentleman's tone still thrilling him; the uncompromising defense of this unknown woman made him strangely uneasy.

Suddenly he came up to General Vane. "Do you mean she is a good woman?" he asked. Receiving only a stern look in reply he continued: "How do you know?"

General Vane knitted his brow a moment and then, after a moment's scrutiny of the old gambler, answered with a softened manner:

"You must understand that she is of my own people and station."

Palter was deeply impressed, but after a moment's irresolution said earnestly:

"I have never known but one good woman in all the world."

"You have my sincere sympathy, Mr. Palter."

COLORADO

The best vacation of your life lies at your pen-point.

Write for our two vacation books—

"Under the Turquoise Sky"
"Little Journeys in Colorado"

They'll prove a pleasing preface to that train of trains, the de luxe

ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED

—Every morning from Chicago to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo—

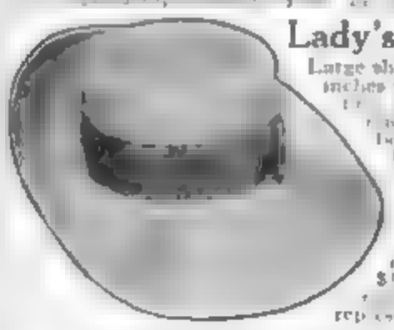
Or, perhaps, greater convenience suggests the "Colorado Flyer" every morning from St. Louis, or one of our other comfort-trains from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, Memphis.

Just drop a postal to L. M. Allen, Passenger Traffic Manager, 9 La Salle Station, Chicago.

Genuine Panama Hats

$6

Fine quality genuine Panama. Conceity weave, beautiful fine and leather sweat band, featherweight, cool



Lady's Panama

Large shape, brims 4½ inches up to 6 inches. Sent express prepaid upon

HOUSTON HAT CO., Dept. A
"Panama Hat Kings" Houston, Texas

$18 for New Typewriter

Weighs but 6½ ounces. Easily carried in coat pocket or grip for home use or trips

BENNETT Portable Typewriter

unless satisfied guaranty. Over 26 000 in use. Send for catalog and special proposition. Agents wanted

C. M. BENNETT TYPEWRITER CO., 366 Broadway, New York

The gambler did not take Robert into account, but continued speaking to General Vane as though in strictest privacy.

"The woman is Joe Brown's wife. I went to board with 'em when Joe rummed up, twenty-five years ago. When Joe got sober one day I said: 'Joe, I'm going to move. You're drunk a good deal; and, seeing the missus round here alone, I've got to think too much of her.' 'Tell her?' asked Joe, and I was mad enough to throw him out. 'I wouldn't dare,' I answered him. 'Well, I guess she knows it anyway—they generally do.' But he wouldn't let me move. 'It's good for anybody to be in love with a good woman,' he explained. 'But suppose she gets in love with me?' 'Then she'll be all the kinder to me,' answered Joe, 'and pretty soon she'll pull me up out o' the ginshops.' And she did too; then she fell more in love with Joe than ever. But, in all the years it took, she never batted her eye at me—though she did care for me most, as Joe and she both tell me now we're all getting old. Of course I think just as much of her as ever—and it's kept me straight."

Palter told this merely as a preliminary, but his hearer took into account the gradual widening of the eyes, whose still pupils lightened from the fartherest, purest recesses of the soul. Otherwise the gambler's countenance remained a mask of marble.

"Now," exclaimed Palter in a voice that reverberated from end to end of the room, "you know about one good woman!" His whole figure seemed to expand with pride. "Tell me," he said half threateningly, "that your Virginia Tarn is as good as that!"

The General answered, slightly affected: "I tell you that she is good, Mr. Palter—though," he added, "such women as Mrs. Joe Brown and Virginia Tarn require no one to approve their character."

Palter was not only stoical himself but he seemed to absorb the emotions of others, as certain metals occlude fiery gases; but upon hearing the name of Mrs. Joe Brown spoken so reverentially by this old aristocrat and coupled with that of an honored woman of his own class, the stoic thrilled and his breast heaved with a mighty sigh.

"You may hear her message," continued the General after a moment's thought, "because, Mr. Palter, your own character is now more revealed to me, and I know you would not wish to malign a woman, even in thought."

Briefly the General described Virginia's visit and repeated her words. He made a very simple narrative, only wishing to set Palter right toward the affair.

When the incident was told Palter turned to the window and looked out upon the street; but he could not restrain his emotion and he faced about. "Did Virginia Tarn stand pat? Did she come at Danny Sterling with a stake like that——" Abruptly he paused. Even in a moment of unprecedented excitement, his wily, practical mind compelled the doubt. "But why, General Vane," he demanded—"why would she be disgraced if Danny did follow up her address and call her hand?"

The two men looked into each other's eyes—here was a point difficult to explain to the man of plainer breeding; but the General was anxious to do so without offense. "You remember the girl was very forlorn and lonely——" he began slowly; but the other raised his hand and, after a moment, said bruskly:

"I've got you. She was ashamed to see him again. But do women—even good women—carry modesty so far?" He answered himself: "Sure, they do. If Mother Joe Brown in her worst trouble had ever broke away one second by a stop watch, she'd never have wanted to see me again. Would she, General Vane?"

"She would not," replied the other.

"And I'd have been pretty low to force her hand! Ah-h!" he exclaimed, his face flushing again, "she laid odds on Danny's honor. Reputation, body, soul—he could have for the claiming. Rake 'em in like table winnings. She couldn't resist him—and he loving her as I loved Joe Brown's wife in the day when I was young. General Vane," he said, and his voice was like the whispered tones of a lion, intense and thrilling with that dominant passion whose every emotion had been repressed from the beginning—"General Vane," said the old gambler, "that is what I call high play!"

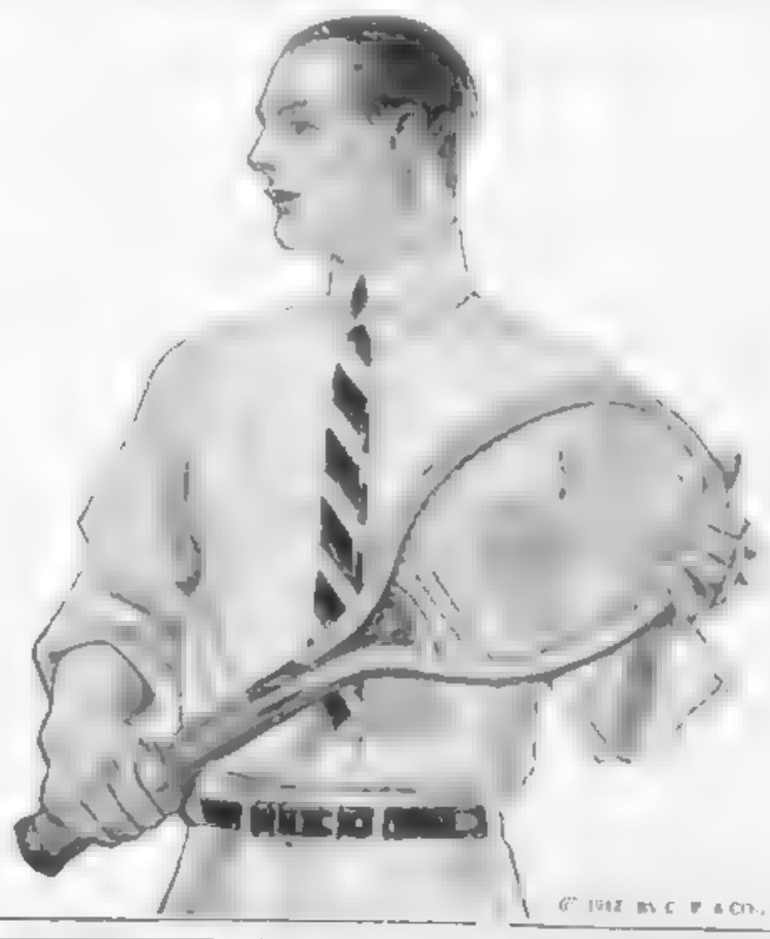
After this there was a pause, for the outburst of such a nature is impressive.

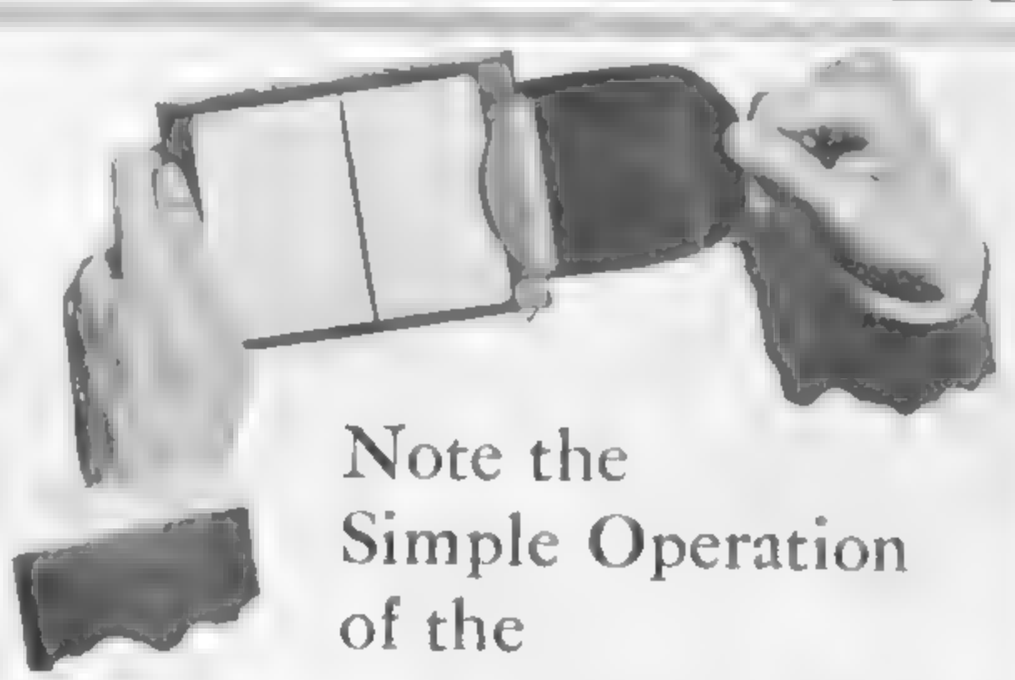
The General, saying gloomily, "You may deliver my son the message—I thank God he is not here!" prepared to depart.

ARROW COLLARS and SHIRTS

SOFT finished for Summer wear. "Nassau," a particularly good-fitting outing collar, and Arrow Shirts in fast colorings and uncommon patterns. *Collars, 2 for 25c.* *Shirts, $1.50 and more*

Send for booklets. CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, 457 River Street, TROY, N. Y.





Note the Simple Operation of the

Premo Film Pack

"The Easy Way to Successful Photography"

To change film for successive exposures, just pull out successive tabs.

Loading is just as simple. Merely open back, drop in pack, close back, and it's all done in daylight.

For developing, the Premo Film Pack Tank will assure the beginner, as well as the expert, the best possible negative from every Film Pack film that goes into it.

And one or more films can be removed at any time for development without waiting until the entire 12 are exposed.

It's keeping many a vacation record. Let it keep yours.

Our illustrated catalogue describes this remarkable film and also shows how it will easily convert any plate camera into a daylight loading film camera, and describes the light, compact Premo cameras, ranging in price from $1.50 to $150. Free at your dealer's, or write us.

IMPORTANT—In writing, please be sure to specify Premo catalogue.

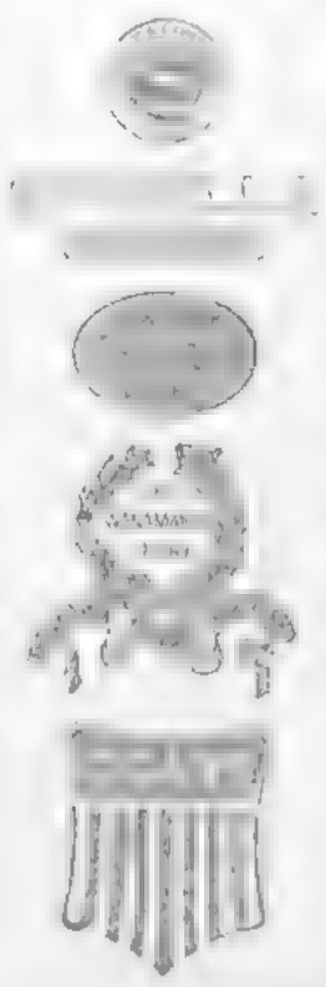
ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION
EASTMAN KODAK CO. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Most of the Big Business Successes in America Use Hammermill Bond

Herein are suggested a few of the hundreds of public service corporations, manufacturers, retailers, magazines and every variety of successful business concerns who use—

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Quality Paper at a Moderate Price"



Large users of paper find that Hammermill Bond gives better results than other papers for scores of purposes in office and factory at a fraction of their cost. Shrewd business men are saving 3 to 6 cents a pound on almost every variety of their business stationery because Hammermill Bond is as superior in quality as it is moderate in cost.

Send for our free book of samples. Note the close, firm body, tear a sheet and prove its strength, notice how thick it bulks for its weight, and admire the finish that gives clearness to typewriting and distinction to printing. Then compare prices with the paper you have been using. Surprise yourself with the saving in your paper bills, when you specify Hammermill Bond for your correspondence between departments, forms, circulars, letterheads, vouchers and a hundred similar purposes.

Prompt Deliveries

Tell your printer that we guarantee prompt deliveries in all sizes, all weights and all 12 colors.

Write for FREE Book of Samples on Your Letterhead—Now

HAMMERMILL PAPER CO., ERIE, PA.

Built any Size

Cornell Sectional Cottages

Complete Painted Ready to Set Up

are numbered and everything fits. house factory in America. Buildings by local contractors. Are handsomer Cost Much Less We pay freight. Art catalog

Wyckoff Lumber & Mfg Co 413 Lehigh St Ithaca, N Y

OXFORD

"The Underwear that Won't Stick"

The shrewder a man is in buying—the more certain he is to select

Roxford Knitted Summer Underwear

when it is offered him in comparison with other lines. Roxford is the *staple* underwear of this country—the old-fashioned balbriggan idea in the *modern styles.*

***Ten styles* for Men and Boys—**
50c., 75c. and $1.00 a garment

Ask any reliable haberdasher or department store. Write for the little *Roxford Book.*

Roxford Knitting Co.

Dept. L. Philadelphia

Now Mr. Palter was in an actual game: he observed with shallow, narrowed eyes, and spoke with no perceptible movement of the lips.

"You mean, sir, that if Danny was here—and received this message—Virginia Tarn would lose her stakes?"

"It is true," replied the General with the expression of a man profoundly afflicted.

Palter clashed a silver bell upon the table beside him.

"You would not lie for your son, General Vane?" he asked with interest.

"No; I could not."

"I would have lied for mine," said Palter rather exultantly.

The old negro appeared in response to the bell and was told to bring Mr. Sterling to meet his father.

General Vane, greatly surprised, made no comment and seated himself for the first time.

Presently Sterling entered, carrying the bundle under his arm. He anticipated a painful interview concerning Baron Hirschel, but the disaster of this love affair made him indifferent to aught else.

He spoke respectfully to his father and nodded to Robert, but there was no shaking of hands. General Vane said:

"Virginia Tarn called on me this morning, having heard Robert name my hotel. She wished you to know that she esteems and trusts you, in defiance of the opinion of others. And she has written her place of residence upon this paper."

Sterling took the paper with a shaking hand; he did not attempt to conceal his emotion. "You are generous, sir," he said. "This message, coming by your hand, makes me doubly happy."

There was no reply to this, and Sterling, slightly disconcerted by the silence and the peculiar attentiveness of the others, paused in the very act of reading the address.

"Virginia wishes to see me!" he exclaimed.

"I believe the affair is in your own hands," replied his father dryly.

The man's loverlike eagerness was succeeded by a manner entirely listless.

"Virginia did not say she wished to see me again?"

"She did not."

"Why did she give you this address?"

"To place the affair in your own hands."

Sterling could not of course conjecture the nature of Virginia's interview with his relatives, but he felt here an inconsistency that did not accord with Virginia's character as he understood it.

"If she wished to see me again she would have said so," he thought; and, being accustomed to seek for the motive underlying every action, he coolly tore the paper into bits. "Why, I cannot use that," he explained candidly; "she knew very well that I could not."

"Now all trace of her is utterly lost!" exclaimed the General with quick regret.

"As I fully believe she intended," replied Sterling thoughtfully. Evidently in distress, he was not distrait. Instead, he spoke firmly as though the sacrifice had given him new strength. Then, thanking his father and believing a prolongation of this ordeal to be unnecessary and in bad taste, he withdrew and they heard the street door close behind him.

"She wins," said Palter.

General Vane leaned forward, without word or motion, as though listening to the footsteps of his son.

"She wins," he repeated suddenly.

After a pause Mr. Palter said heavily: "I was playing Danny for a sure thing. Why, I remember when he had the horse Julius Cæsar scratched. Cost him fifteen thousand brave men! Remember, you were playing him heavy for first place!"—with a cold stare at Robert Vane who, standing behind his father, raised both hands in a spasm of fright; but Palter did not heed his pleading. "Well, Danny heard Julius was to carry your plantation on his back. The race was fixed; Julius was primed to blow up. And it cost Danny fifteen thousand to have him scratched and the race declared off! So, you see I knew my man."

The General's eyes glittered ominously, but he neither questioned Robert nor upbraided him.

"Danny's out of the fem now," resumed Palter—"doesn't feel playful any more. Told me he'd never gamble again."

He said this indifferently, but the General was not altogether deceived.

"You've been partners a long time," he observed.

"Yes; but time's up when a man doesn't feel playful any longer. And now I tell

"No Sweets Like These When I Was Young"

Chocolates

"To Suit Every Taste"

Cherries in Cream (Chocolate Dipped)
Strawberries in Cream (Chocolate Dipped)
Peaches in Cream (Chocolate Dipped)
Swiss Style Milk-Chocolate Almonds
T-R-I-A-D Chocolates
Innovation Sweets

The better dealers everywhere sell Johnston's

If you cannot be supplied locally we will send you an 80c or $1.00 package of any of the Johnston favorites, express prepaid, upon receipt of stamps or money order.

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

IRONING COMFORT

No Stove Required

These hot summer days the women folks can hardly get along without the

Imperial Self-Heating Flat Iron

It irons in less time, [illegible] and at only a fraction of the cost of ord[illegible]
No stove to heat up the house and annoy ironer. The Imperial heats itself from inside with [illegible] or denatured alcohol. Handle always cool. Us[illegible]

Burns 5 Hours for 1 Cent

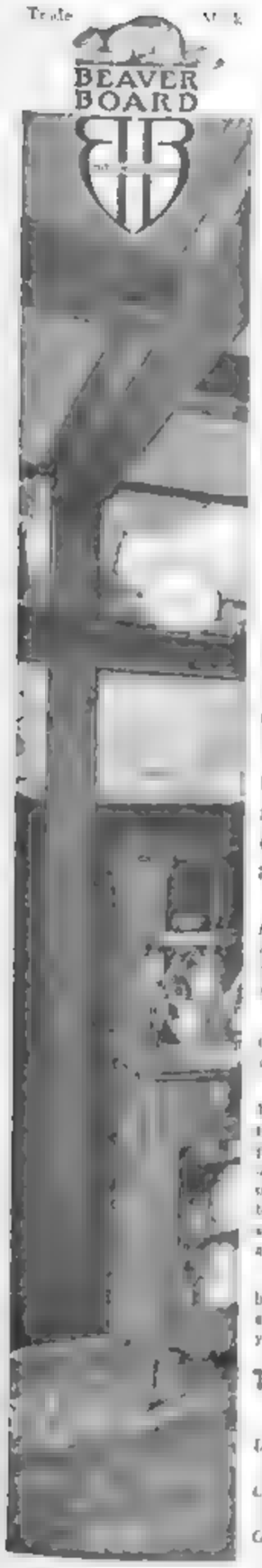
10 Days' FREE Trial [illegible]

Imperial Brass Manufacturing Co.
Dept. 27, 1202 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

EXTENDED & FOLDED

Catalog Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio



The most striking feature of this beautifully designed interior is its wonderful color harmony—but no mere photograph can show all the beauty of

BEAVER BOARD

PURE-WOOD-FIBRE

Walls & Ceilings

Their great decorative merit is largely due to the remarkable pebbled surface of the panels, so effective for painting.

And that is only one of the 41 artistic, durable and sanitary advantages of this marvelous wall and ceiling material.

The illustration which forms the [illegible]

If you [illegible] *Uses,"* giving full details.

[illegible] BEAVER BOARD [illegible] *the sign*, that comes only by the use of sanitary, durable PURE-WOOD-FIBRE [illegible]

Sold by builders' supply, lumber, hardware and paint dealers and decorators. If not found in your town, write us.

THE BEAVER COMPANIES

Address all correspondence

United States 601 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y.

Canadian 701 Wall St., Beaverdale, Ottawa, Can.

Great Britain 4 Southampton Row, Russell Sq., London

you," Palter said abruptly to Robert Vane, "that Baron Hirschel will finish my game before he begins yours."

There was nothing aggressive in his demeanor, but the serpent eyes opened unblinkingly and the irises appeared of flickering, greenish fire.

"Mr. Palter," the old General interposed softly—"Mr. Palter, I shall not use the word 'skin,' which infers something irregular in your profession; but, as a gentleman intrusting the affairs of a friend to another gentleman, I tell you, Flay the Baron! Flay him alive—down to his scurvy bones, suh! Remember, I trust you in this matter."

Mr. Palter bowed. "I can be trusted."

General Vane lingered a moment longer and then, throwing aside his habitual reserve with an effort, said frankly: "I have met my son again after long estrangement. Since my heart has changed toward him, why should vanity keep us apart? I shall make the first advance."

"He starts abroad tomorrow," replied Palter heavily, "but you'll see him meantime. Danny doesn't need much encouragement to be a good son."

As they shook hands at parting, the General resumed with a certain gloomy tenderness: "I am much affected by this affair of Miss Virginia Tarn. Daniel has come back as a son raised from the dead; and yet I have now a daughter to lament. She is the fairest spirit who has entered my life in many a year. Always," continued the old man, "I have most honored women for this very willingness to sacrifice themselves to the sentiment of modesty—it is the sweet martyrdom of an angel, suh. But sometimes, Mr. Palter"—he struck his stick upon the floor—"sometimes I fear they carry it damned far, suh!"

"Mother Joe would do it," said Palter, escorting his guest to the door.

"They are not altogether unselfish," replied the General sternly. "But I know Virginia Tarn, of the old Maryland Tarns. She would rather embrace misery than surrender to happiness at the price of a blush. We shall never see her again—never!"

Mr. Palter returned to his den, where he sat brooding. "If Mother Joe had ever batted an eyelash I'd never have seen her again either," he reflected with awe. Such was his profound conviction; yet after a time he said: "A gambling chance." And all day he waited stoically in his den, never once regretting that he had not delivered Maybelle's message. "If Danny's worth a good woman he ought to know one when he sees her," said Palter severely.

. . . . . .

Sunday afternoon three men sat on a bench in the little park where Virginia had been wont to take her recreation—a respectable workman, a panhandler and a piker they were; the latter being Ratty, an acquaintance of Mr. Sterling's who had a habit of holding his head between his hands.

Their watchfulness was directed toward a solitary figure, sitting across the park with a bundle under his arm.

"I'll make a book," said the piker, "that the girl shows up again in thirty minutes."

"I've got you," replied the panhandler.

"You said you didn't have any more money," said Ratty anxiously.

The panhandler, whose scaly hands and sore eyes were respected as valuable business assets, jingled his pocket. The others laughed derisively, for this was wagered money and the possessor was under guard as stakeholder.

"When she went by this morning she had a prayer-book in her hand," remarked the workman, "and I say she won't come back to flirt of a Sunday."

"My money goes," said the panhandler, "that she'll just wait round till she gets him. She won't speak to him first. But we've got the bets on paper."

"Now that the coin's up, I'll tell you gents that you don't know women," spoke up Ratty.

"Don't I?" replied the panhandler gloomily; but the workman was interested. "You say they got acquainted on the street?"

"I gave it to you straight," retorted Ratty with dignity. "They got acquainted and I saw 'em come out of a restaurant afterward. Then she must have shook him, because he came to the scoreboard two or three times, looking round. Then she left her bundle here, and I took it to that gent over yonder and told him she sat in this park."

"What's his name?" asked the workman indiscreetly.

Hires Household Extract

Fine! An inexpensive drink for your thirsty folks. Made quickly and easily at home. Exhilarating on hot days—cool days—all the year. Let the whole family drink lots of it. Only Nature's elixirs coaxed from roots, bark, herbs and berries. The good, old-fashioned kind.

One package makes 5 gallons. If your grocer isn't supplied we will mail you a package on receipt of 25c. Please give his name.

Write for premium puzzle.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES CO.
244 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Harvest Of Profits For You

For [illegible] money-makers—quick results—at summer resorts, amusement parks, etc., have been Empire

Candy Floss Machines

Thirty 5 cent packages of delicious candy from a pound of sugar. Think of the profit. Get the free facts. Home Ice-Making Plant. Ask for catalog 100. Pop-Corn and Peanut Roasters are winners. Write for catalog O.

STEVENS MFG. & SUPPLY CO.

[illegible]

Dept. E 1223 Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.

You'll Fight for the Big Taste

ONCE you've found how the Big Taste down the big hunger of all outdoors, no picnic, yachting, motoring, fishing, hunting trip or any outdooring will see you without it.

The Big Taste is the tantalizing taste of Underwood Deviled Ham, held in by two slices of fresh white bread.

Taste the taste—the savory taste of good old fashioned ham, cooked *en casserole* to keep in all the delicious ham taste of zest and sugar and hickory smoke; ground fine and mixed with the famous mustard, spicy Underwood Deviled Dressing. Not hot—just *hungrifying*.

Makes dozens of delicious dishes. Send for the famous Little Red Devil Recipes. Your address on a post-card, mentioning dealer's name, will bring you a copy. Or send 15c for small can to try. Economical. Small can makes 12 to 24 sandwiches.

Made in a white, sunlit New England kitchen, whose pure food laws are older than Dr. Wiley's.

Taste the Big Taste *now*. Order some Underwood Deviled Ham from your grocer *today*.

Made by the William Underwood Company, 52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.

Try Recipe No. 36—A Delicious Sandwich

Spread thinly a loaf of fresh white bread. Spread the slices alternately with cream cheese and Underwood Deviled Ham. Put slices together, one of each kind, over a crisp lettuce leaf. Trim crusts neatly

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

"Branded With the Devil, But Fit For the Gods"

WALES Visible Adding Machine

Models for every line of business

Shrewd business men often tell us of WALES machines that are practically as good as new after 5, 6 and even 7 years' hard service, and ask why we give our unusual 5-year guarantee when the usual 1-year guarantee would be sufficient.

The reason for this dates back several years, when we decided it good policy to give WALES users unusual value for their money. We did this by building an unusually practical and durable machine. Then, as **proof** of these qualities, and of our unlimited **confidence** in the WALES, we decided to again do the unusual and give with every machine a **written 5-year guarantee.**

Why we Guarantee the WALES for 5 Years

Proof that the WALES in service has justified this guarantee is found in our splendid list of enthusiastic users, representing hundreds of nationally known concerns, such as Sears, Roebuck & Co., National City Bank of New York, Victor Talking Machine Co., Pennsylvania R. R. and 1500 and more banks. In nearly every case these shrewd buyers had to be convinced by competitive tests that the WALES was the best investment. Time has proved their judgment good.

More pertinent facts if you mail the coupon. Free trial. Easy payments.

The Adder Machine Co.
259 Walnut St., Kingston Station
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Agents in all Leading Cities

Pin Coupon to your Letter head

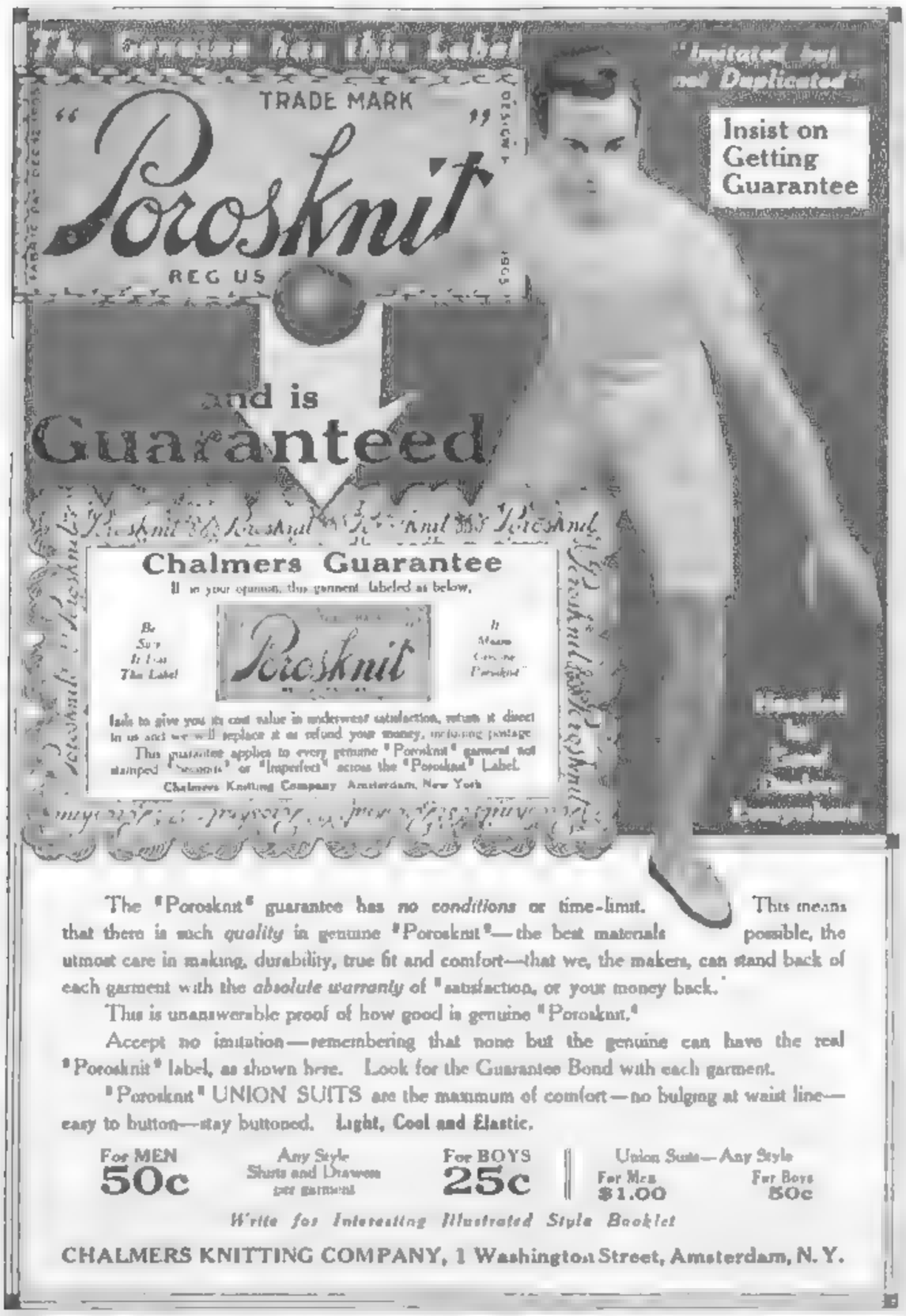
[illegible] your free trial offer and booklet describing [illegible]

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

[illegible]

S. E. P., July 6, 12


The Genuine has this Label
TRADE MARK
"Porosknit"
REG US
"Imitated but not Duplicated"
Insist on Getting Guarantee
and is
Guaranteed
Chalmers Guarantee
If in your opinion, this garment labeled as below,
Be Sure It has The Label
Porosknit
It Means Genuine Porosknit
fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage
This guarantee applies to every genuine "Porosknit" garment not stamped "Seconds" or "Imperfect" across the "Porosknit" Label.
Chalmers Knitting Company Amsterdam, New York

The "Porosknit" guarantee has *no conditions* or time-limit. This means that there is such *quality* in genuine "Porosknit"—the best materials possible, the utmost care in making, durability, true fit and comfort—that we, the makers, can stand back of each garment with the *absolute warranty* of "satisfaction, or your money back."

This is unanswerable proof of how good is genuine "Porosknit."

Accept no imitation—remembering that none but the genuine can have the real "Porosknit" label, as shown here. Look for the Guarantee Bond with each garment.

"Porosknit" UNION SUITS are the maximum of comfort—no bulging at waist line—easy to button—stay buttoned. Light, Cool and Elastic.

For MEN	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	For BOYS	Union Suits—Any Style For Men	For Boys
50c		25c	$1.00	50c

Write for Interesting Illustrated Style Booklet

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY, 1 Washington Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Your Car Needs It

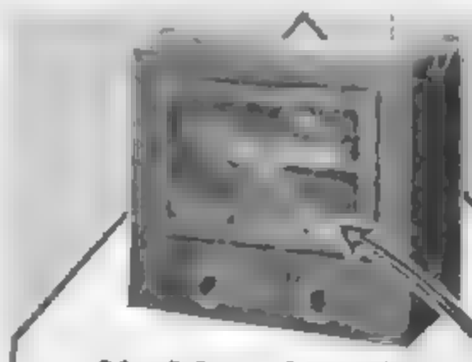
Statistics prove that imperfect lubrication causes more than half the motor car troubles. Most of these are cured by the use of Flake Graphite, which produces on bearing surfaces a thin, tough veneer that permanently prevents contact of the metal surfaces—reduces friction and does away with cutting and heating of bearings.

DIXON'S
Motor Graphite
(Pulverized Flake)

Mix it with your own choice of lubricants or we will do it for you as we manufacture a full line of greases containing Dixon's Motor Graphite. Ask your dealer for Dixon's Graphite Lubricant No. [illegible] natural grease scientifically combined with Dixon's Motor Graphite. Fine for differentials and transmissions. More economical than plain oil or grease.

Send name and model of car for free book, 246 G, "Lubricating the Motor"

Joseph Dixon Crucible Company
Established in 1827
Jersey City, N. J.



No More Burning

With a Boss Oven, you can watch your baking or roasting through the glass door while you are doing your other work. You never have to stoop. You can turn the Boss Oven at any angle so that from any part of your kitchen you can see your baking.

The Boss Oven heats in 2 minutes; keeps an even heat; bakes absolutely uniformly; saves fuel, and being asbestos lined, it keeps in the heat, does not heat up the kitchen. The glass is *guaranteed not to steam up or break from heat.* Because you see the name "Boss" on the front, Mason sizes, it fits on top of your oil, gasoline or gas stove. 250,000 now in use.

Write today for the free Boss Catalog and Recipe Book, with [illegible] oven styles and gives 16 pages of new recipes. Address The Huenefeld Co., 2500 Straight St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

For sale by all good dealers

BOSS OVEN
The Oven with the Window

Twinlgrip PAPER FASTENERS

Simple—easily adjusted and detached
Secure—hold every sheet—top, bottom, middle.
Cheap—cost little, can be used over and over.
Samples, 5 sizes, free on request.

THE De LONG HOOK AND EYE CO., 654-658 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia

"Oh, that wouldn't do at all, you know," reproved Ratty.

"You might go and blackmail him yourself," simpered the panhandler to the workman.

"If you didn't have them stakes where they'd spill out I'd stand you on your bean," said Ratty wrathfully. "I believe you put 'em in your pocket loose on purpose."

"Let me hold the stakes," suggested the workman accommodatingly; but the others laughed him to scorn.

So they continued watching, as they had been doing for several hours, with a sordid interest in the romance of Mr. Sterling and Miss Virginia Tarn. Sunday is an off day for amusement or profit, but in Ratty the marvelous sporting instinct enabled him to develop a game amid the most discouraging conditions.

Sterling had come directly to the park after leaving the gambling-house, and Ratty, being on the lookout, had quickly interested his acquaintances in this novel event upon the passing of Virginia with the prayer-book. The workman had been deeply impressed with the prayer-book and admitted secretly a strong interest in the sweet-faced young lady. The panhandler, regarding her professionally, thought she would contribute her last quarter for the cure of sore eyes; but the piker always bet against the favorite on principle.

The girl had come face to face with Sterling before observing him; then their eyes met, for his own had been upon her from the time her shadow fell into the park.

For a moment she had stood mute and frightened. "He has come for me," she thought, and knew that if he but spoke or beckoned she must follow him. However he claimed her, whether in honor or not, she must follow; for human pride and virtue are phantom defenders against the dear companion of loneliness. Today she felt utterly abandoned amid this solitude of strangers—the sight of Sterling overwhelmed her with happiness, as might the touch of the Savior; and yet she trembled with mortal fear.

If he spoke or beckoned! But he did not; only looked a moment into her face and then away. During that long moment, as she passed on, the slight doubt between them vanished and each knew the other perfectly.

Virginia returned from church by another street, but Sterling remained in his place, upright, still, unconscious of changing light and shadow, with his glance leveled across the park.

He was not listless or abstracted, but waiting—only waiting—for whatever might come.

The afternoon wore on and the storm, which for days had been threatening from distant skies, began circling more closely about the city. Still Sterling sat unmoved, though a thunderbolt was tossed from cloud to cloud and another appeared to burst like a shell, with dazzling coruscations.

"These are my Sunday clothes," hinted the workman, squinting at the sky.

"He is not game," reflected Ratty aloud; and the other, with a scowl, settled back stolidly—he could not endure this reproach from a sporting man.

However, when the air rocked under another thunderclap the panhandler became affected. "We'll watch from some doorway," he suggested; but Ratty, detecting a sinister motive, pulled him down on the bench.

"I guess you don't know the doorways leading out o' those blind alleys and courts," said Ratty. "He couldn't remember one of 'em—not with four and a half stake-money in his clothes," he murmured absently.

"There she comes!" exclaimed the panhandler, and pointed. Virginia Tarn was coming; halfway toward the park she walked toward Sterling.

"You lose," said the workman's companions. "This closes you out of the betting."

After hesitating a moment, however, with drooping head, Virginia turned and walked resolutely out of the park.

"She's all right!" exclaimed the workman, who had been regarding Virginia with mournful interest. He thought that to surrender his wager would be to confess Virginia's dishonor. Consequently he declined to do so. "She thought he was gone," declared the workman firmly, "and went right back when she saw him."

While the dispute occasioned by this attitude was at its height, Virginia came back into the park.

A monitory squall picked up the dust in a whirlwind; Sterling was covered with it, but he did not move nor could he perceive Virginia's approach this time. Still looking over the park with level eyes, he awaited what would come, as he had done in every game of life, with composure and resolution.

The sporting group had forgotten the storm and did not heed the dust further than to move forward through the obscuring clouds. Virginia approached; her skirts were fluttering, her hair loosened. Sterling saw her and she stopped—came on again and, as the tempest broke, stood before him, giving a single, inarticulate cry. For, swept by the wind and dust, the man appeared one of those fateful figures abandoned to the sands of the desert.

"She spoke to him—I win!" Ratty shouted through the tumult.

The panhandler shrieked his protest: "She only made a noise in her throat; she didn't speak a word. She's gone again!"

Ratty had actually slipped his hand into the stakeholder's pocket.

"I didn't lose," said the workman stubbornly. "I don't count her coming back like this." Understanding that his words were carried away in the tempest, he declared his sentiments by seizing the stakeholder. The latter pointed, and all saw Sterling rise unsteadily and, after a moment, pass into the dusk of rain. Yet Virginia hadn't waited round!

Sterling found her near the edge of the park and the wind fairly swept them into a deep doorway. Virginia, abandoned to the tempest, was a pathetic figure to the strong man, and he stood before the blast to shelter her. He would even have assisted in arranging the tangled hair, but the bundle was in the way.

"Here is your blue dress," he said.

"I was going back after it," she replied slowly, "since you would not bring it to me."

"You know I could not do that," he said; and the girl, with a little sigh, repeated: "I knew."

Not a word was said of the crimson gown or the makeup until long afterward; Maybelle's explanation was not necessary.

They stood with hands clasped in frank comradeship, looking pensively into the rain. "It was terrible to think of you out there," she said.

"I'd have died, I guess," said Sterling.

They felt that there had been no conquest, no surrender. Destiny held them—and what is pride before destiny?

"Those men are fighting!" exclaimed Virginia, and wondered that they could do so in this happy, happy world. "Men are not consistent," she said regretfully.

The tempest bore away and as the sun twinkled out they thrilled with the first air of fall. Round them rose a fairy city, as on a windowpane, with towers and turrets of hoarfrost sparkling against skies of winter blue. A different life, wholesome, animated, began to appear upon the streets.

Sterling thought first to telephone his partner to close accounts.

Mr. Palter swung heavily in his pivot chair at the ringing of the telephone. He winced at the joyousness of Sterling's "Hello!" And, without waiting for another word, he said:

"As you're going away, Danny, I've closed you out of this business. The check's to your credit."

This was summary. "Still, I told him I was through," reflected Sterling. "Pal's a good friend; but it's business first with him always."

"General Vane wishes to see you and Virginia," came over the wire. "Good luck, Danny!" There the connection was broken.

"The old fox has guessed," thought Sterling. "My father has sent for us," he told Virginia.

"Then all is well," she replied.

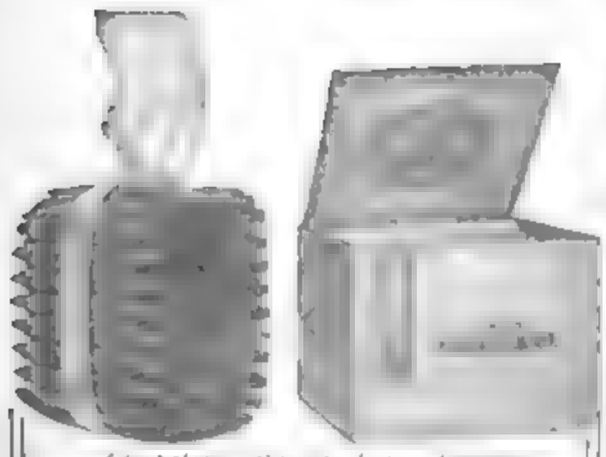
Mr. Palter rose from the desk and looked through all the apartments.

"Danny knew one when he saw her," he said, listening as for the sound of footsteps. "Empty," he muttered to the statue of Chance. "Just you and me now." Then he returned to his desk and put out the lamp. "I did jockey a good while for a start," he told himself with a sort of triumph; "but then I took the lead and says to the General: 'I know the man.' And I called in Danny and gave him up to the General and Virginia."

He sat there long, as Sterling had done in the park—silent, contained.

"And that was high play for you, Palter—high play!" he said; but this time there was no trace of the dominant passion in his manner—and the black eyes gazed dully into the overshadowed room.

(THE END)



Actual photographic reproduction of genuine Porto Rico smokers

At $2.50
FOR A
Box of 100
Porto Rico Smokers

I Must Limit You to ONE BOX

None Less Than 5¼ Inches Long
Express Charges Fully Prepaid

In making my regular 10 and 15 cent Porto Rican cigars, there's always some leaf left that's a trifle too short. This I make into PORTO RICO SMOKERS—5¼" long, some a bit longer. The same tobacco with the rich, nutty, satisfying flavor that goes into cigars I get over 5 times as much for goes into PORTO RICO SMOKERS. The only difference is in the looks. Most of the SMOKERS are snapped-up by my regular customers, who eagerly await this opportunity of getting 10 and 15 cent cigar value for 2½ cents. The rest I use as "acquaintance-makers" for my entire line of cigars. I can sell you only 100 PORTO RICO SMOKERS. But, I'll stretch a point and sell you 200 if you'll send me the names and addresses of 3 of your cigar-smoking friends. As the orders of my regular customers must receive preference, I can't promise to fill all orders from new customers. Your money back if the SMOKERS don't tickle your palate.

I'll refund your money promptly if I can't fill your order

No orders filled after August 6

MORTON R. EDWIN, 66 West 125th Street, New York

Make all remittances payable to Edwin Cigar Co

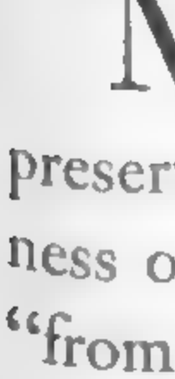
"Mum"

preserves the sweetness of a clean skin "from bath to bath" by making perspiration odorless.

25c at drug and department stores. If your dealer hasn't "Mum", send us his name and 25 cents and we'll send you a jar postpaid.

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

RIDER AGENTS WANTED



in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1912 bicycle. *Write for special offer*
Finest Guaranteed 1912 Models **$10 to $27**
with Coaster Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires
1910 & 1911 Models **$7 to $12**
one of best makes . . .
100 Second-Hand Wheels
All makes and models, **$3 to $8**
good as new . . . . . .
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
SHIP ON APPROVAL
10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels
at half usual prices DO NOT BUY
sundries and other. *Write now.*
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. S-55, CHICAGO

Chewing Gum

Cincinnati Helmet Gum Factory

MAGAZINE MEN

Snapshots of Well-Known Contributors at Work and Play

Peter Newell

Enos Mills

Alfred Henry Lewis

The Fireless of the Future—
1912 Caloric
Fireless Cook Stove

The Steam Valve and Porcelain Lining Make This the Coming Type

The test of a perfect fireless cook stove is whether you can use it *three* times a day, *every* day in the week, for *every* particle of food you want to cook. The 1912 improved Caloric meets this test.

Specially Prepared Soapstone Radiators

These are the best absorbers and radiators of heat known to science. They soak up the heat fastest and hold it longest. They [illegible] ovens to a temperature of [illegible] this degree of heat you can [illegible] You can *bake* and [illegible] *preliminary cooking over* [illegible]

[illegible] a chicken to a turn, you [illegible] cut of meat taste like an [illegible] cook anything from [illegible] *you can cook from* [illegible] *different dishes at one time.*

Our Steam Valve Exclusive

[illegible] It [illegible] to escape. [illegible] Thus you have [illegible] at your command the *dry-heated* oven as necessary to get *brown and*

No other Fireless has this valve, yet it is the one great factor in securing perfect results in *baking* and *roasting*.

Porcelain Lining

The [illegible] It [illegible] than any [illegible] It [illegible] the Caloric [illegible]y Fireless on the market to provide this porcelain lining.

Aluminum Utensils Given Free

These are of the best aluminum made. They are designed to get *exact* results with the Caloric. They increase its utility many times. Yet they are absolutely free to the purchaser of every stove

A Cook Book With Every Caloric
160 Pages—Over 300 Recipes

[illegible] its method of [illegible] it so simply [illegible]

We sell through dealers in over 6,000 cities. You can go to your dealer and actually *see* the Caloric and *compare* it with other stoves

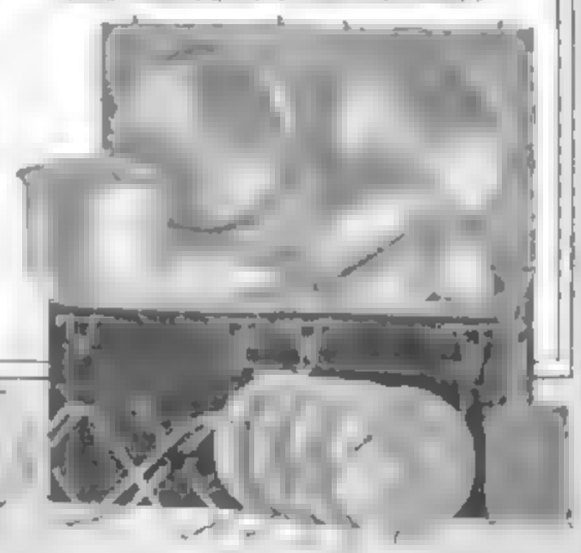
Write for These

Let us send you our catalog and illustrated books. They will tell you all about the alumi[illegible]

Where we have no [illegible] pay the freight. We [illegible] inexpensive all this is [illegible]

The Caloric Co., Dept 17, Janesville Wis.

[illegible]



Over 100,000 Dinners Every Day Caloric Fireless Cooked

She Certainly Deserves This Economical Comfort

Uses LESS Than One-Half Amount of Current Required for Common Electric Light

Home will *not* be hot and confining if an economical "STANDARD" electric fan is allowed to blow its billows of cool comfort.

Our special 8-inch Home Fan uses *less* than *one-half* the current required to supply a common electric light Built with special regard for economy. Built to last *many* years. A long life of noiseless service.

Fan *specialists* with 17 years of experience behind them build economical, long-lasting "STANDARD" Fans. They cost no more than those of less quality.

Robbins & Myers STANDARD Fans

Don't Delay Ordering Your "STANDARD" Fan

Remember the fan famine during the latter part of last summer. The "STANDARD" will be all the more popular *this* year.

FREE FAN BOOK

Gives the entire "STANDARD" line and will help you in making a selection. It is free of your dealer or a postal brings it from us.

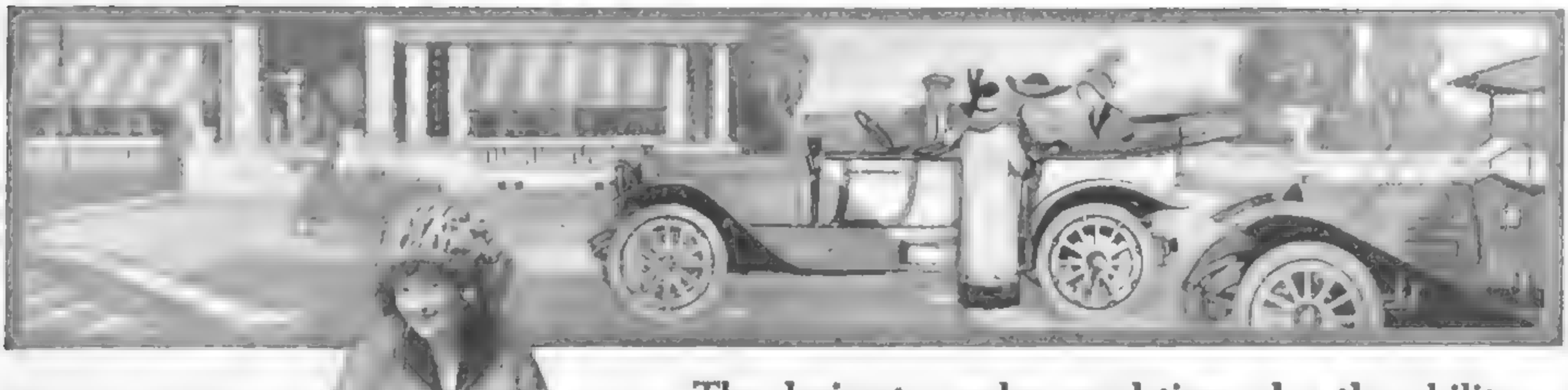
"STANDARD" Fans are sold only through leading electrical [illegible]rs. All styles—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating, ventilating—for offices, factories and homes, for either direct or alternating current.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO.

Springfield, Ohio

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Rochester and Atlanta.

We are also the World's Largest Manufacturers of Small Motors—1-30 to 15 h. p.— for all purposes. (54



Kelly-Springfield Tire Company
20 Vesey St., New York

Branch Offices in
New York
Chicago
Philadelphia
Boston
St. Louis
Detroit
Cincinnati
San Francisco
Los Angeles
Cleveland
Baltimore
Washington
Seattle
Atlanta
Akron, O
Buffalo

Boss Rubber Co.
Denver, Colo.
Appel & Burwell
Rubber & Tire Co.
Dallas, Texas
Todd Rubber Company
New Haven, Conn.

The desire to make good tires plus the ability to make good tires—makes good tires

That is all there is to the tire question.

Some other man's mileage won't make your tires last any longer. The longevity of good tires depends upon the conditions under which they are used, the way the car is handled, the kind of roads it travels and the weights that must be carried.

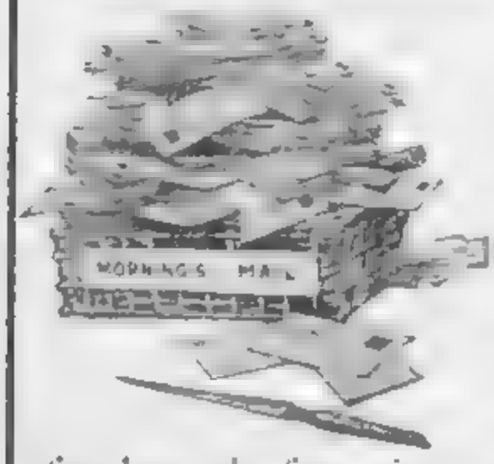
Constructive principles are pretty much the same; therefore, in selecting tires, it is well to go back to first principles and find out who wants to make good tires and who can.

This company was the first to make rubber tires to take the place of iron tires on all vehicles, and it has been making rubber tires of various kinds ever since. The Kelly-Springfield solid tire has had a longer but not a greater success than the

Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tire

Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, 20 Vesey Street, New York

The Day's Work Better Done at Less Cost



Business men who dictate to the Dictaphone are mostly, and rightly, interested in the saving of their own time. It is the time of the high-priced man that counts, in any business.

But the hour-a-day saving of your stenographer's time is an important item. The Dictaphone *does* save that hour a day. Your typist is typewriting your first letter the first minute you have finished dictating it, and sticks to her typewriter all day long. Instead of stopping her pencil work every time you interrupt your dictating, she is plugging away at what you have previously dictated.

You get your morning's mail off your mind and back, ready to sign, before you could otherwise get through *dictating*.

Demonstration in your own office and on your own work. Reach for your telephone and call up "THE DICTAPHONE." If you miss the connection, write our nearest distributing branch.

THE DICTAPHONE

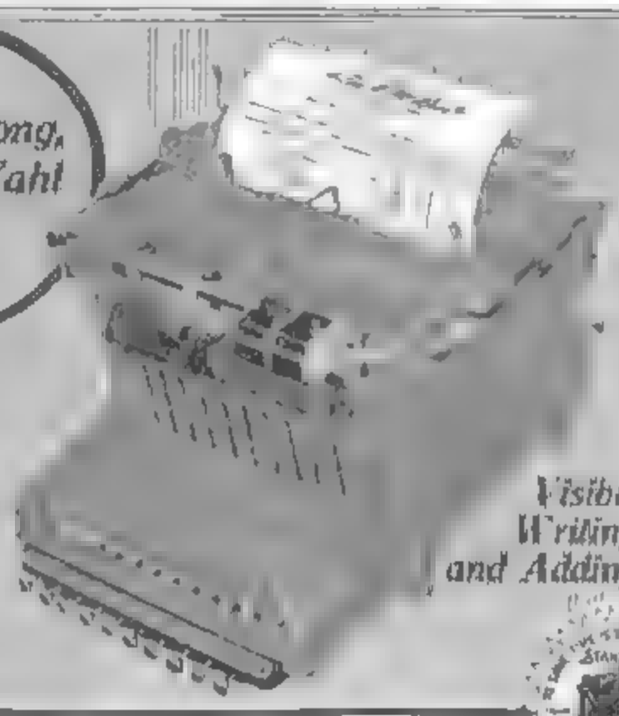
(Columbia Phonograph Company, General, Sole Distributors)
120 Tribune Building, New York

Atlanta, Baltimore, Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Hartford, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Lexington, Los Angeles, Louisville, Memphis, Minneapolis, Montreal, [illegible], Scranton, Seattle, Spokane, Springfield, St. Louis, St. Paul, Terre Haute, Toledo, Washington, Wilmington.
Canadian Headquarters, McKinnon Building, Toronto

Exclusive selling rights granted where we are not actively represented

"When we have been wrong, the Remington-Wahl has been right."

This is the testimony of a prominent user of the



Remington

Adding and Subtracting Typewriter

(Wahl Adding Mechanism)

This testimony tells the very essence of the reason why every business house should use this machine for billing, order work, and all work where writing and adding are done on the same page.

The machine which is error proof, and proves everything, which proves its own work, and yours too, is the machine for which you have been looking to stop all the leaks in your billing and accounting system.

And over and above this insurance of accuracy is the time and labor saving

Our representative will be glad to demonstrate the machine on your request.

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

MY LADY'S GARTER

(Continued from Page 18)

"The Pyramid!" exclaimed Cicely. "Isn't that a silly name for a boat?"

"Look like they might go some, both on 'em," the old man commented. He turned and looked down upon her disapprovingly. "That water ain't safe today. You ain't a-goin' in it?"

"Certainly I am."

"Better not," he warned her.

"Oh, I swim rather well," she assured him. "I'm not afraid."

"Them's the only kind we ever have to haul out," he informed her placidly, "them as swims rather well and ain't afeard. If you was my daughter you wouldn't go in it."

"How would you prevent it?" There was a disdainful smile on Cicely's lips, willfulness in the blue eyes.

"If you was my daughter and wanted to go in water like that I'd spank you!" With which declaration of principles the old captain stalked away through the sand.

Half an hour passed. Two men appeared on the deck of the Maid of the Sea, dropped the tender from its davits and rowed ashore. There was something vaguely familiar in the figure and carriage of one of the men—the one who leaped out upon the sand of the beach—and Cicely caught herself staring at him curiously. Somewhere, sometime, she had seen him, but where? As a matter of fact, he was Detective Meredith, of New York. Dexter, who remained in the tender, rowed back to the Maid of the Sea.

In all the glory of striped lavender and black bathing trunks Skeets Gaunt came down the beach just in time to see Cicely taking to the water. He called to her and she paused, with the miniature waves hussing about her feet. Skeets came on the run into the glare of disapprobation from her eyes.

"I told you ——" she began.

"If you will listen just a minute," he pleaded.

"I will not listen!" she declared hotly. "If I had known my mother had ever thought of doing so foolish a thing as to ask you to be our guest I should have—oh, I don't know what I shouldn't have done!"

"But, Helen Cicely you said—"

"And if you," she raged, "had had one spark of consideration for me you would have deemed her invitation. The idea! After all that's happened!"

She walked out until the water caressed her knees, then plunged head-first into an incoming billow, leaving Skeets angry, speechless on the shore. He was vaguely conscious that an ideal was crumbling. Phew! Temper, that's all it was! A pleasant companion for a rainy Sunday! If she would only show him some consideration!

Angry, without knowing why, Cicely swam on into the open on the breast of the ebbing tide, her sensuous red hair floating cloudily on the water like brickdust. On past the Pyramid she went, and on past the Maid of the Sea, heedless of all else save her anger.

Skeets was aroused from an enveloping lethargy of gloom by a sharp cry that came faintly over the water. Instinct told him what it was—Cicely was in trouble. She had turned shoreward and, out beyond the two motorboats, was struggling against a treacherous sea that irresistibly swept her back. With no thought of the dory near by, with no thought of his own weakness as a swimmer, with no thought in all the wide world except to get to her, Skeets ran headlong into the curling surf and started. It was the spirit of old John Gaunt!

Again came the cry, stifled, gasping, choking; and simultaneously appeared on the deck of the Pyramid a young man in bathing tights, slender, almost boyish in figure, lithe, powerful, sinewy, built like a steel bridge. Over the side he went with a mighty splash, to reappear half a minute later, swimming sailor-fashion, almost on top of the water, toward Cicely. There was grace and ease and speed in the stroke, haste without hurry. Skeets, already weakening and tossed by the merciless tide, saw him, but swam on valiantly.

Within five feet of Cicely, now barely able to keep afloat, Bruce Colquhoun paused, trod water and looked her over critically. The girl reached for him and, failing, vanished for an instant. He waited calmly until the red head bobbed up again.

"Now don't grab me!" he commanded.

"I understand," she gurgled.

"Put your hand on my shoulder and take it easy."

She nodded, unable to speak. He came nearer, and her slender fingers found a resting-place in the shoulder-strap of his bathing shirt. Mechanically she continued to kick.

"Stop that!" Bruce ordered abruptly.

Even in her present condition of exhaustion Cicely resented the tone; but as Bruce turned and swam slowly, fighting every inch of his way toward the Pyramid, it was good to feel the rhythmical ripple of the sinews under the velvet of his skin—good to know that here was the placid strength that meant life. All things seemed to be growing hazy. She didn't remember if she was angry with Skeets. It didn't really matter. There was just one thought in her mind: "Don't grab me!"

Skeets, swimming from shore, was no more than halfway to the Pyramid when, buffeted and hammered, he felt the weakness of exhaustion, and it was sheer will—the will of old John Gaunt—that kept him afloat. After a long time an angel came, an angel in a dory. An oar was thrust toward him and a calm voice suggested: "Take hold of this." He remembered vaguely that the angel—a woman angel—hauled him aboard the rocking boat, and then all was blank.

"If" hazily as if in a dream Cicely heard the words—"if you'll hang on to the stern of this boat a minute I'll climb aboard and haul you up."

She felt herself being lifted and her hands closed on a brass rail to which she clung desperately. Ages elapsed. Then her grip on the rail was rudely broken, and she was lifted straight up from the sea by her extended arms and planked down on deck, sitting. Again ages passed. A thin stream of something hot and stinging trickled down her throat and she opened her blue eyes.

"You ought to know better than to go in water like that!" So frowningly spoke her rescuer. Not a word of sympathy or solicitude; only the curt, crisp rebuke of a rather good-looking young man with wavy brown hair. "You should have known better."

For no reason at all Cicely suddenly felt like crying. He was scolding her—scolding her, Helen Hamilton—that is, Cicely Quain; she who had never been scolded in her life, and he, an utter stranger, was scolding her! The inclination to weep was lost in a weak little wave of indignation.

"I'm not usually in the habit of—of consulting strange young men as to what kind of water I get into," she retorted. She felt, somehow, that that was the thing to say.

"Well, if you've no more judgment than you showed today, you'd better consult somebody." Bruce pulled a pillow through the window of the cabin and placed it behind her back. "Being a strange young man, I'll introduce myself. My name is Colquhoun—Bruce Colquhoun."

"And my name is—is Cicely Quain."

"Here, take another swallow of brandy."

"I don't want it."

"Take it!" That's all there was to it—a quick, abrupt command. She took it. "Cicely Quain! That isn't the name I saw under your picture in all the New York newspapers the other day."

"Indeed?" It was very inadequate, but it was all she could think of; and the brandy burned her throat.

"You are Helen Hamilton, of New York," said Bruce. "I know you, of course."

"I'm not! My name is Cicely Quain."

"Have it your way then." Whereupon her rescuer made a megaphone of his hands and bawled to some one on shore: "Is he all right?"

"Yes," faintly came the answer in a woman's voice.

Was who all right? Cicely wondered. But, really, it didn't matter. She was very tired, very sleepy. For an instant she closed her eyes. It was indignation alone that caused her to open them again.

"You are used to having your way, I imagine," Bruce was saying.

"I'm not," she denied.

"You are willful and spoiled."

"I'm not."

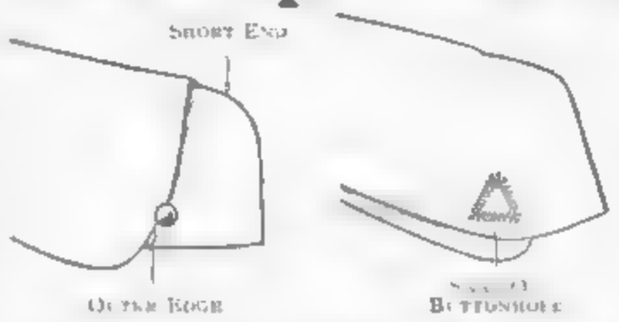
"And argumentative," he added.

"I am not!"

"You are proving everything I say. It was sheer willfulness that made you go into

Ide Silver Brand Collars

The Improved Collar Buttonhole



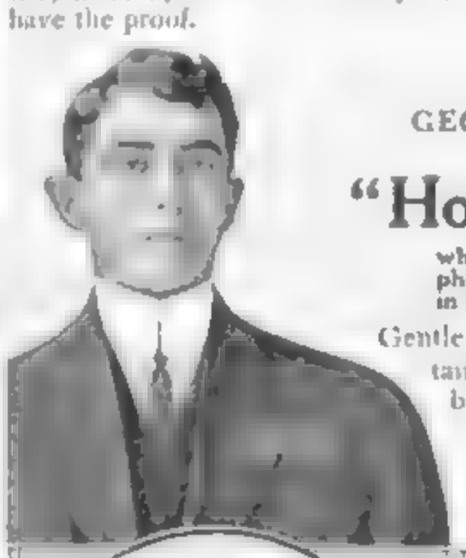
It's the newest buttonhole—the strongest and most practicable

THIS latest closed-front shape has the LINOCORD "SNAP-ON" BUTTONHOLE which is worked into the band so that it will neither stretch nor break in the laundering process, and no matter how moist the collar becomes during the hot days it will not spread or pull apart, and when placed on the collar button it cannot slip off. It is simple to adjust to the collar button, as it snaps on and off with ease. It holds the collar together in front and gives it that much sought for straight, closed-front effect every time it is worn. Has Ample Scarf Space.

Ide Silver Brand Collars
14 Sizes 2 for 25¢
In Canada 3 for 50c

in hundreds of impartial tests have proved they last longest in the laundry—and we have the proof.

Write for our Attractive Style Book.
GEO. P. IDE & CO., 491 River Street, Troy, N. Y.



"Home Run" Baker

who batted the Philadelphia Americans to victory in the last World's Series says:

Gentlemen: Your Silver Collars have certainly made a big "hit" with me. The buttonholes are the easiest and best ever.
Yours truly,
(Signed) FRANK BAKER.

Ide Silver Brand Collars

No Money With Your Order

5 DAYS TRIAL in your own home, then 10 CENTS A DAY payable monthly. Many of our customers [illegible] the best typewriter made, wholly visible, universal keyboard, tabulator, back spacer, two-color ribbon, rapid, strong, light touch.

Don't Pay Even $20 for any typewriter made, until after we send you an EMERSON to try. YOU CAN EARN ONE for a slight service, without paying us one cent. We will mail you names of people in your own town or state who have recently earned EMERSONS without cost, or you may exchange your old typewriter, or have a sample, or MAKE BIG MONEY representing us. Liberal reward for your spare time. Reference—McHenry County State Bank, Woodstock.

For all our offers, on a post card or in a letter to us, say: "Mail me your offers."

The Emerson Typewriter Co., Box 208, Woodstock, Ill.

The Yale Team Won

(Stevens, Reichey and Crosbie)
DEFEATING ALL COMPETITORS IN THE N. J. MOTORCYCLE CLUB'S DECORATION DAY 24 hr. ENDURANCE CONTEST.

An all night ride through rain and mud which captured the Manufacturers' Trophy for team work and the three prizes for individual consistent performance, in the hardest contest ever held.

Absolute proof of Yale Supremacy.

Buy a Yale with 10% overtire tires and the original "Jolt-killer" seat.

Write for catalog. Orders shipped same day received.
CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO., 1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio

Print Your Own

[illegible] cards, paper, &c.
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Free How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent FREE
Branch Offices, 132 Nassau St., New York. 1420 Chestnut St., Phila.
Main Office, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

This Complete Bungalow $494

ALADDIN HOUSES

This is one of 100 Designs Shipped Anywhere

Price includes all lumber cut to fit, hardware, glass, doors, windows, shingles, paint, nails, plaster-board, etc. No skilled labor required. One hundred designs. Prices from $125 up. Quick shipment. Guaranty Gold Bond behind every sale. Save nearly half on usual cost. [illegible]

Send stamps for catalog W-8 NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Every big town is a small town—and the far-away friend is a near-by neighbor—to him who owns a Ford. Extend your range of action—and your pleasures. The Ford has solved the automobile problem for the man who values his dollars. It's light, right, economical.

Seventy-five thousand new Ford Model T's will go into service this season—a proof of their wonderful superiority. The price is $590 for the roadster and $690 for the five passenger touring car—complete with all equipment, f. o. b. Detroit. Get new catalogue from Ford Motor Company, Detroit—and name of nearest representative.

The Man Who Bought This Issue

of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST only after being shown *by some boy* that it contains a specific article about some subject of peculiar interest to the customer, is asked to send us a statement of the boy's selling talk.

Name the title of the specific article or story urged upon you. If possible, tell how the boy knew of your interest in that subject. Did he merely stumble upon it—or, was his a studied plan to take advantage of your known choice of subjects?

If you bought this issue because some boy knew its contents and presented them intelligently to you, we want your account of the interview in order that we may help other boys to sell in a business-like way.

For the Letter which contains the best report of a sale made by a happy appeal to a personal preference of subjects, we will pay **Ten Dollars**

Your letter should contain not more than 350 words. It must be about a *real boy*, whose name and address should be given if possible. It should be written on one side of the paper only, typewritten preferred, and must bear your name and address.

Any prize for your letter will be paid either (1) to you, or (2) to the boy himself, if you so direct. The award will be made on August 5. Address your letter thus:

OUR BOYS—Circulation Department

The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

dangerous water today. No sane person would have attempted to swim in it."

"You were going to swim," she pointed out almost triumphantly. "You're dressed for the water."

"The ocean is my bathtub," he informed her. "I was merely going over the side and crawl back and have some breakfast."

Breakfast! It seemed ages since breakfast. He hadn't had breakfast; and it must be nearly noon. It seemed strange and sad and important out of all proportion.

"I'm a very good cook," she murmured.

"So am I."

There came a hail from the beach, and he turned. A dory was putting out, a dory in which sat Skeets Gaunt, himself again, thanks to the ministrations of Captain Barry and the girl who had rescued him. August von Derp was at the oars; he even rowed with that singular mathematical precision that had once before attracted Skeets' attention to him.

"If I'm not mistaken some one is coming for you," Bruce told her. "Take a word of advice from me. Go home and go to bed, and hereafter don't go in water such as there is today."

"I object to your telling me ——"

"I know you do," Bruce interrupted. "You are spoiled. You don't like any one to tell you what's best for you."

Cicely struggled to her feet in a rage and wabbled weakly on the swaying boat. There was something placid and complacent and masterful about Bruce Colquhoun, something that angered her. He had talked to her as if she were a child.

"I'll have to thank you, of course, for saving my life ——" she began grudgingly.

Bruce shrugged his shoulders and idly took a half-hitch in an awning-line.

"Oh, not necessarily," he said.

"But—but—I don't think ——"

"Your friends are here."

"Cicely!" Skeets, standing in the dory, was calling.

"But I'm sure," the girl rushed on, "that you are the only man in the world who would have taken advantage of my position to be so—so offensively frank."

Bruce stared at her, then coiled a line and flung it to the dory. Skeets caught it and they pulled alongside. Cicely declined his assistance, but stepped into the dory with smoldering eyes. While Skeets busied himself making her comfortable, Von Derp took advantage of the delay to thank Bruce.

"If you'll permit me, Mr. ——"

"Colquhoun."

"Mr. Colquhoun"—Von Derp pronounced the name curiously—"if you'll permit me I'll express to you on behalf of Mrs. Quain her thanks for your heroism in saving her daughter's life. She has heard and is almost prostrated."

"Be good enough to convey my compliments to Mrs. Hamilton," Bruce said distinctly, "and assure her that my services would not have been necessary if her daughter had had the discretion to remain out of dangerous waters."

Von Derp looked slightly bewildered, then lifted his hat, bowed elaborately and rowed away. Bruce Colquhoun caught a noon train into Boston. Curiously enough, Dexter, too, was on that train. Later in the day Von Derp went up to drive down a new motor car he had just purchased.

That night happened the first of a series of mysterious robberies. It was the burglary of a splendid mansion in Brookline, a suburb of Boston—the Holmes place. Jewels and plate valued roughly at forty thousand dollars were taken. On a table in the dining room a card was found. It bore one line:

Regards to Mr. Merodith. THE HAWK.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Treat for the Calf

JUDGE R. B. RUSSELL, of the Court of Appeals of Georgia, is the father of thirteen children. The story goes that on one occasion the judge took his whole family out to a county fair. After strolling over the grounds the judge decided to take in a sideshow which had a seven-legged calf on exhibition. Judge Russell asked the ticket seller for tickets for himself, wife and thirteen children.

"Are all those your children?" asked the man, surveying the crowd.

"Yes," replied the judge.

"Well, wait a minute," said the showman, "and I'll bring the calf out to see them."

Climbing Up

RESPONDING to the call for fire indemnity the progress of **The Hartford Fire Insurance Co.** up the ladder of increasing usefulness has been steady and persistent.

Its payments to policy holders as well as the volume of its business have grown from the small beginnings of a century ago to figures unequalled in the history of fire insurance.

It has withstood the shock of great disasters including the largest loss by a single conflagration ever paid by a fire insurance company.

Chicago, Oct. 8, 1871	$1,933,562
Boston, Nov. 9, 1872	485,315
Baltimore, Feb. 8, 1904	1,331,556
San Francisco, April 18, 1906	10,276,500

When next you need fire insurance

Insist on the Hartford

Agents Everywhere

"Pelouze" Electric Iron

Has Heat Control At Finger Tip

No need to reach up to the chandelier switch—nor disconnect the cord [illegible]—about [illegible] required—saves constant lifting—consumes less current than other irons. 4 or 6½ lb size $5

You Can't Burn Your Hair

PELOUZE MANUFACTURING CO 232-247 E. Ohio St. Chicago, Ill.

The Bell Cane Tripod

[illegible] ady or gentle- [illegible] d, a perfect non-vibrating [illegible] Solid, substantial, artistic [illegible] Take one on your summer [illegible] ted and Ebony finished [illegible] w. Price $3.00. Postpaid [illegible]

BELL CAMERA & VIEW CO Springfield, Ill.

GRAY MOTORS FOR BOATS

3 H P with Complete Outfit ready to install Also 5, to 30 H P $55

Gray Motor Company 7126 U S Motors Bldg Detroit Mich

TYPEWRITERS [illegible]

[illegible] sold or rented anywhere

Typewriter Emporium 34-36 W Lake St Chicago Ill

PATENTS

[illegible]

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for 3 free books, inventions wanted, prizes, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities. RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

"It's this way. Give me a jimmy pipe, if it's packed with Prince Albert. That's tobacco *that's right.* I tell you, it's a man's smoke. I've been going to it regular for a couple of years—up on the farm and on the road—*and I know!* I tell you right here, tobacco that's got the flavor, that smells as good as it tastes and won't bite your tongue—*and that's Prince Albert*—gets my good money. *It's on the level.* And *that* makes a hit with *me!*"
"the greatest that ever lived"
PRINCE ALBERT

Tobacco that's got the punch

—that hits the spot on every fire-up; the *red-blooded,* red-tinned brand, that's just as much *your* smoke after one round as after a thousand; the *one* tobacco in the ring that has the *bite cut out* by a patented process and *can't sting that tongue of yours*—say, that's

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Get *yours* before the bell rings—before your pipe-joy is knocked clean out by *fire*-brands. Cut loose from them and get some P. A. for what ails your tongue. It's a revelation to every pipe smoker who makes the break. *You're* no exception!

If you don't smoke a pipe, *you will* if you get some Prince Albert. It's real and true *regular* tobacco that just makes a man sit up and wonder why that old jimmy pipe's a-rustin' up in the attic. *Call the turn on it tonight—and fire up!*

Buy P. A. everywhere. In 5c cloth bags, 10c tidy red tins and pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO. **Winston-Salem, N. C.**

A Cool Fourth

is a safe and sane one

Summer comfort at home today, and at your office tomorrow with the new **light-weight pressed-steel**

Western-Electric

Portable Fans

Made in all sizes and types, and built to last for many a season. They cost little to buy and less than two cents an hour to operate. A summer need as essential as screens and awnings.

There is a Western Electric agent near you. If you do not know him, drop us a card and we will put you in touch with his store. Ask us for Fan Booklet No. 8278.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 6,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

Chicago, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Oklahoma City, Denver, Omaha, Dallas, San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, London

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

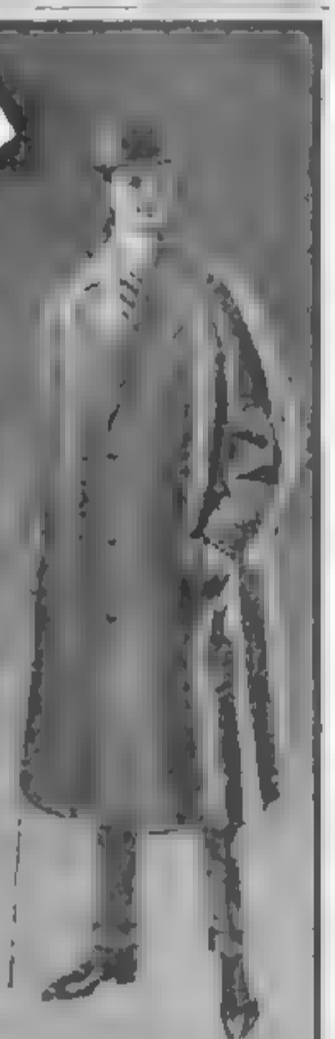
The Arlington Co., 725 Broadway, N. Y.

MEN WANTED

ECONOMY VACUUM CLOTHES WASHER.

FREE

Kenyon Ken-reign COATS



Sold by Reliable Dealers Everywhere

C. Kenyon Company

New York, Fifth Ave. Bldg., At 8 way & 22nd St. | Wholesale (Showroom) | Chicago, Corner Jackson and Fifth

UP AND DOWN WITH THE DRAMA

(Continued from Page 4)

how the children were and to tell my people what had happened to me. My husband is a sober man, but, our mutual sympathy being incomplete, he went out and took a drink to my success!

Well, I do not intend to follow that story step by step. I got a plot and went home to work it up. When I had a tentative three-act play I took it to New York again, and, armed with the manager's suggestions, went back home and did it over. At last it was shaping up, and the time came in three months or so to sign a contract.

This was where the hitch came. I had been pleased and jubilant over my success; I had talked to people about it. I thought I was a born dramatist, forgetting that there is no such thing. Poets are born, but playwrights, like widows, are made. The natural playwright is like the Christian in politics—"He ain't."

The terms of the contract were not what I had expected. I called up my husband on the long-distance telephone; he said to do what I thought best. I was all at sea. Finally, with the contract unsigned, I went to my magazine friend. He thought the contract not what it should be. By that time I was pretty well convinced of the value of what I had and was inclined to be independent. The upshot of it was that, badly advised, I took the play away from the manager whose astuteness had seen value in my idea and who had encouraged me to develop it, and I offered it elsewhere.

I think now that I was both stupid and ungrateful. But I was a novice in theatrical matters, I had been working day and night and was worn to a nervous frazzle, and I relied on what I was told. As I said in the beginning, it takes a failure or two to remove from the budding dramatist's mind his faith in his heaven-sent origin and mission.

The play was produced later at a Broadway theater, under another manager. I was no longer a stranger in New York. One of the leading play-agents, a woman, had taken me under her protection. She was a sword and buckler against anything unpleasant. She did much more for me than merely find a manager to produce my play. She helped me with it, fought my battles at rehearsal, gave me without limit her time and energy, and even when the time came to take it for its preliminary trying out, went with me on the road.

The Light That Failed

It was a trying experience. The new manager was handicapped with a foreign star, and the star was handicapped in several ways. He was playing a romantic part, and he was as romantic in appearance as a baby elephant.

We were all agog at the dress rehearsal. Remember, this man was a much-heralded actor. He was getting a large salary. We could hardly wait to see him get to work. But the awful fact came out at the dress rehearsal. He did not know his part, and what he knew he could not act well!

But even then we comforted ourselves. "He is saving himself for tomorrow," we said. "Tomorrow he will let himself go!"

But he did not. He was, if possible, worse. Perhaps even in his own country he had been overrated, or possibly the strength of his previous vehicles had carried him. I have known this to happen often. Actors have been raised to reputation and even to fame by the strength of a given part, only—when that play has had its run and no similar "fool-proof" part for them has appeared—to sink back to the level of mediocrity from which they sprang.

He—my star—did not like me. He did not dislike me at first, although I believe the idea of a man of his pretension playing in a drama written by a novice, a woman at that and, worse than all, quite a young woman, displeased him. From the beginning he tampered with the play, changing scenes about—which is frequently done, of course, in rehearsal, a play being built much like a brick wall, and so arranged that one can move the bricks about as seems best—and "hogging" lines and business.

One day, after we were on the road, prompter and all—oh, yes, we carried a prompter—well, after we were fairly started, at one performance the star in the midst of his big scene got a laugh. There was no laugh intended at that point, or deserved. He really rose to that one scene. But he got a laugh, the sort of hysterical titter that often ripples over a theater as a relief from extreme tension. After the performance he called the company to the stage and proceeded to cut all lines that made for humor preceding the scene.

I protested. I had the tear-followed-by-a-smile idea and, besides, the play was somber at the best. It needed every bit of leaven we could give it, for he was a dead weight. He had got it on its back and was straddling it like the Colossus of Rhodes.

"You cannot do that, Mr. ——," I said. "You have cut almost all the laughs already. We need what few are left."

"I cannot? I *do* it!" he stormed.

It was the culmination of a long series of vexations and disputes. The play was already altered until the original idea was practically lost.

"The contract forbids you to alter the piece without my consent. If you insist on further mutilating the play I shall send for my agent."

"Bah!"

"And what is more, I shall ask for an injunction and close the whole thing up!"

"You!" he said, and—threw his part at me!

The End of the Chapter

Well, it's all over now, but I still flush with rage when I think of it. The stage manager was a diplomat. I got my agent there and we effected a compromise.

Well, he opened on Broadway finally. I did not go to the opening. I would not mother my mutilated, emasculated, sick and tortured brain-child as it went before the public. It opened on Christmas Eve. I stayed at home and trimmed a Christmas tree for my babies. Even had the play fulfilled my original hopes for it, I would not have gone away from home on Christmas Eve.

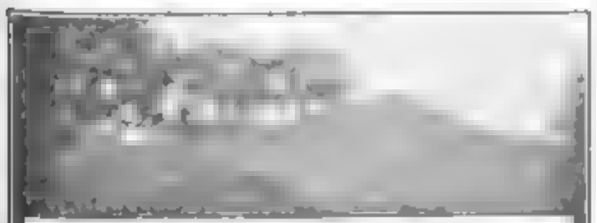
I stayed at home all the time it played in New York; stayed at home, taking facial massage to get the worry lines out of my face and making buttonholes in the children's spring clothes.

For two years after this play closed I did not go to a theater except twice, and then under protest. To discuss plays and players gave me a real physical nausea. I had suffered in my pride, in my health and in my income—for I had lost a great deal of time. But I know now that I did not suffer in vain. I had learned the great lesson that every new dramatist must learn for himself—that the writing of a play is the simplest part. Even when a manager has accepted the play, the struggle is only beginning. About one play in a thousand is produced as it is written. Frequently the author's manuscript, passed through the mills of the gods—in this case the minds of the manager, the producer, the manager's wife, the producer's wife, the star, the star's wife, the agent, the members of the cast, who all have their own ideas and whisper them timidly to the star's wife, who tells her husband—the author's manuscript, which is flesh of his flesh, goes into the mills of the gods and comes out a string of theatrical sausages, molded after the latest success!

Or, to change the figure, it must be put in the theatrical spectroscope and viewed from two angles—the box-office angle, which includes the Tired Business Man, the Captious Critic, the Young Person and the High Brow; and the artistic angle, which with Belasco and Frohman and Dillingham and Wagenhals and Kemper is quite as important as the box-office viewpoint, and which many of the others look at with a blind eye.

I am not soured or even skeptical. Many things have happened since that time. I have had one theatrical revel each year, as I have said. One of my plays scored one of the biggest successes Broadway ever saw. I have made a fair fortune out of the theater. I have even dramatized a book for a lump sum, and had it run for four years and make a barrel of money—for somebody else. I have a play or two going on in the fall—two, to be accurate—and I believe one of them will make good. That's over the average. One out of every three is a fair proportion of hits, and even this only comes to the persons who, having served a long apprenticeship, know every trick of wooing the public fancy.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES



ASHEVILLE SCHOOL
FOR BOYS Asheville, N. C.
In the Mountains of North Carolina
A school with beautiful natural surroundings. Magnificent mountain view. Pure invigorating
[illegible] Lake and large athletic field. Sports
For catalogue address Asheville School, Box 110

Verbeck Hall St. John's School
Saint John's Summer Cavalry School
Manlius Schools
MANLIUS, N. Y.
DESIGNATED by the War Department as a Distinguished Institution, 1904-05-06-07-08-09-10-11," this being highest honor paid by U. S. Government. Most successful application of military principle to preparation for college or business, because this high grade of military work is attractive and thoroughly stimulates and produces results in honor system, building of character and habits of study not attained in such degree by most military or civilian schools.
WM. VERBECK, President

A Start in Life
For Boys Past 17
High School boys and other young men with good education and ability will be prepared for and aided to positions paying $75 a month.
The cost is $100 for a term of 12 weeks, including tuition, text books, board and room.
Usually from three to five terms are required.
We also train young women for business and aid them to positions paying from $35 to $50 a month, with good chance for advancement.
1564 students last year. Every graduate employed.
Write for particulars
STRAYER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
804 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Cincinnati Kindergarten Training School
of the Cincinnati Kindergarten Association, Miss Annie Laws, President. 33rd year opens Sept 19th. Affiliation with University of Cincinnati and Public Schools. Special courses for college graduates or social workers. Address LILLIAN H. STONE, Principal, Ohio, Cincinnati, 6 Liston Street.

Lesley Normal School for Kindergartners and Grade Teachers
Courses given by Harvard educators. Prepares for kindergarten, playground, first, second and third grades. Address Secretary, 29 Everett St., Cambridge, Mass

GERMAN WALLACE COLLEGE
Berea, Ohio. Co-educational. College, Schools of Music and [illegible] Courses preparing for junior year professional or teachers' schools. Modern languages a specialty. Rare conservatory opportunities. Cleveland 12 miles. Modern dormitories. New Music and Gym. Bldgs. 1912. Tuition, board, room, 36 weeks, $160 up.
ARTHUR D. BREELIN, President, 84 Seminary Street

KINDERGARTEN TRAINING
Miss R. E. Montgomery, President Ohio Kindergarten Assn., Principal. Courses in Oberlin College, [illegible] begins September 25th. Catalogue. [illegible] tary OBERLIN KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION, Drawer A O, OBERLIN, OHIO.

The Law Froebel Kindergarten Training School
TOLEDO, OHIO.
A broad education, a profession or livelihood and a preparation for domestic life. No failures.
MARY E. LAW, M. D., Principal, 2331 Ashland Avenue.

MISS HART'S Training School for Kindergartners
[illegible] Opens October 1st, 1912. Diploma for graduates. For particulars address
Miss CAROLINE M. C. HART, The Plaza, Rutledge, Pa.

School Information Free catalogs and advice of all Boarding Schools in U. S. (Name kind, girls' or boys'.) American Schools Association, 60 Wall St., N. Y., or 1515 Masonic Temple, Chicago

COTTEY COLLEGE For Women, Nevada, Mo. Accredited Junior College, Preparatory Courses. Character [illegible]
Mrs. V. A. C. STOCKARD Founder and President.

Christian College and Conservatory of Music for Young Women [illegible] Mrs. I. W. St. Clair Moss, President, 710 College Place, Columbia, Missouri

Wayland Academy Beaver Dam, Wis. Co-educational, 8th grade to 1st year college. All courses. 5 buildings, 20 acres. Athletic field. Endowed. Expenses $250. Piano, Violin, Voice, Elocution, Stenography. Edwin P. Brown, P. O. Box GX

Hardin College and Conservatory For Young Women
Endowed. Preparatory and Junior College. German-American Conservatory—German standards. Catalogue.
JOHN W. MILLION, A.M., Pres., 1162 College Place, Mexico, Mo

For that's the rub—the stage, with its possibilities and its limitations, is the same yesterday, today and tomorrow. It is ourselves who change. The day of the romantic play may be coming back. I see Belasco predicts it. The day of the romantic play that appeals only to our emotions will never return. For the same reason the melodrama, with its thrills, is doomed. Let us have romance—let us have thrills and shivers; but let us have something to get our teeth in, something to make us think. Artists have a good old English word for what I mean. They say "something that has guts"! Women form a large proportion of the theater's patrons, and women are learning to think.

The star system doomed! I do not believe it. But the day of the matinée idol is gone or going. So long as there are groups of people simulating life on the stage, so long will there be one man or one woman to dominate the rest. It may be by sheer personality, that curious quality that reaches out over the footlights and makes us weep with an actor or smile, or it may be pure histrionic ability—if there be such a thing in a day when the height of acting is not to act at all. But you cannot prevent the big actor from dominating the stage, any more than you could prevent Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, cast away on a desert island, from accumulating by sheer dynamic ability all the cocoanut shells or sharks' teeth that pass as a medium of barter and exchange.

But, after all, I had not meant to air my views on the stage in general and actors in particular. A lot of people object to my connection with the theater. People—well-meaning folks—have advised my husband to persuade me to take up something more in keeping with my domestic obligations. I do not see why.

I am with my children much more than most of the bridge-playing women I know. Not that I don't play bridge; I do—not much of a game, you know, but enough to carry home a boudoir cap now and then, or an embroidered pillow—but I play after the children are in bed, or once in a long time in the afternoon. We are great home people. I get home from the office about the time the children arrive from school, and we go together to see the baby rabbits, or to discover what flowers are coming out, or to see the dam they have made in the creek. For we have a beautiful place where the children can live healthy, out-of-door lives, and where my invalid mother can see the river from her windows.

On the Stage and in the Pit

Am I any the worse for my business? Are they? Of course not. I am a better companion to the entire family, for my wider outlook, my broader experience.

Once or twice a year I go to New York for a couple of days to see my agent, my publishers and my magazine editors. Then, once a year or so, I go to the rehearsals of a play I am putting on. I have always dealt with gentlemen. Since my first experience with a shooting star I have had nothing that is not agreeable.

The women of the stage, as I have been thrown with them, have been charming girls—gentlewomen, nearly all of them. I have yet to see any coarseness, any taint.

I have had plenty of curious experiences. I have rehearsed the *ingénue* part in one of my own plays during the illness of the young woman playing it, and have stood, stiff and flushed and uncomfortable, while a very young man repeated to me, in lieu of the girl in question, the ardent love-making I myself had written. I assure you I am not an actress, and have no desire to be.

I have been on the road with a company when the managers went bankrupt and disappeared, leaving the company to get back as best it might.

I have sat in a crowded theater and have seen an actor come on in the middle of an act and fake a scene—inventing it as he went along—while the entire company back of the scenes searched for the young woman who should have shared the scene and the stage manager went crazy.

I have sat in an orchestra seat during rehearsal, with my notebook, taking notes of things as they went on, for it is not wise to interrupt the producer during a scene, and the author who persists in doing it is likely to be pretty cordially hated when the producer has stopped the rehearsal suddenly and come to the edge of the stage:

"Do you want that left in, Mrs. ——?"

"I—I think it is needed there—don't you?" meekly.

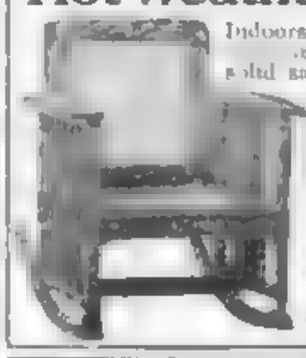
BEECH-NUT
PEANUT BUTTER

A generation ago the kids ate bread and butter with sugar on it. Today they eat bread and butter with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter on it.

This is the Beech-Nut age, when children grow strong on the peanut butter they like so well—Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. Comes only in glass jars—airless sealed.

Made by the makers of famous Beech-Nut Bacon. Visit the clean, sunny Beech-Nut plant in the picturesque Mohawk Valley.
Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, New York

Hot Weather Comfort



Indoors or out, this cool, comfortable McKinley Rocker [illegible] solid satisfaction. Our factory [illegible]
"COME-PACKT"
Come-Packt Furniture Co.
714 Fernwood Av., Toledo, O.

Vulcan Electric Wax Melter and Dropper

EVERY BANK [illegible] and hot [illegible]
Wax means money—Time is money [illegible] saves both. It's a little wonder—always ready—no [illegible] every package neat and nice. Write for particulars.
VULCAN ELECTRIC HEATING CO
Department A 10. Buffalo, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED
New [illegible] specialty. Sales [illegible] An [illegible] opening [illegible] a hustler. [illegible] Manager [illegible] 14 Newton Tower, Akron, O.

Patents that PROTECT
For Facts about Prizes, Rewards, etc., send 6c stamps for our new 128 page book of interest to inventors.
R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 95, Washington, D. C. Estab 1869

NOTASEME
Perfect-Process
SILK-LISLE
HOSIERY
Wears Like "60"
Looks Like "50"
Costs But 25
For men, women and children
Dealers or direct
NOTASEME Hosiery Co., Philadelphia

COLGATE'S
SHAVING STICK
Makes a rich, creamy lather. Trial size stick (*size shown*) mailed for 4 cts. in stamps.
COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P 199 Fulton St., New York

"THE child with a camera habit is no longer an interloper between the earth and sky. He is never lonesome, wherever he is, because he feels the kinship that exists between himself and all living things," says Elbert Hubbard.

The Ansco Camera is so simple in construction and easy to work, that with it a child can make as good outdoor photographs as a professional.

There is ***one*** camera that makes a picture of every well directed exposure and puts the user out of the guessing class. That camera is

The Superb Ansco

Always use Ansco film with an Ansco or with any other camera. It has the right speed and the correct chromatic balance to make good results doubly sure.

Print your pictures on Cyko paper—the prize-winner at all photographic exhibitions. Used by professionals everywhere because it produces best results.

Twenty styles of Ansco Cameras, from $2 to $55, are shown in our catalog, "The Settled Fact." It will cost you nothing if you are really interested

ANSCO COMPANY, Binghamton, N. Y.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

WORCESTER ACADEMY

For Boys and Young Men

79th Year Begins Sept. 11 1912

[illegible] for boys who [illegible] football and baseball [illegible] be sent on request.

D. W. ABERCROMBIE, LL.D, Principal, 102 Providence St., Worcester, Mass.

"I have always considered Monson Academy a school of the highest class, and admirably adapted to fitting boys for college." Henry B. Brown, Ex-Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

MONSON ACADEMY 109th YEAR

Fifteen miles from Springfield. An endowed school. [illegible] Certificate [illegible] gymnasium. Resident Physical Director. Rate $250 to $300. Fund for students of proven worth. [illegible] of views address

HENRY FRANKLIN DEWING, Prin., Monson, Mass.

American Conservatory OF MUSIC, CHICAGO.

[illegible]

JOHN J. HATTSTAEDT, President

Kimball Hall 304 South Wabash Avenue Chicago, Ill.

IRVING SCHOOL for Boys

Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York

25 miles from N. Y. In the beautiful, historic "Irving" country. New site and buildings 1906. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Individual instruction. Athletic Field. Swimming pool. New Gymnasium.

Address J. M. FURMAN, A.M., Headmaster, Box 904

CHATTANOOGA COLLEGE OF LAW

Two years course leading to the degree of LL.B., and admission to the State and U. S. Courts. Fine law building, strong faculty [illegible] able. Students may [illegible]

Judge CHARLES R. EVANS, Box P, Chattanooga, Tenn.

"Well, all right," in a resigned tone. "It drags, but—just give me a laugh right after it, will you?"

With the cast holding their positions he gets out a pencil and stands with it poised over the manuscript, waiting. Under the circumstances, could you think of anything funnier than the obituary column of the morning paper?

I recall one play, the dramatization of a book for a woman star. I made a skeleton for the author of the book to hang a play on; then the author came to New York and wrote in the dialogue. This was early in my dramatic career, when I was reading plays at a dollar each for the experience. About that time the star who was to play the thing met the author, and they worked a good bit together, the star suggesting nice little orations for herself, a page or two long—because nearly every player believes that he or she can hold an audience indefinitely, and the longer their lines the better they are pleased, generally speaking. This actress was more than a clever woman—she was brilliant and charming. But she was not a playwright.

After rehearsals had been on for two weeks everybody knew something was wrong. I was sent for finally, and I struggled with the piece, writing in new lines, trying to cut a few of the longest orations and generally attempting to make a play out of chaos. The star insisted that she knew her public, that she could carry the thing. We did not believe her.

The day of the dress rehearsal came. The star had brought in a great actor to see the piece, and I sat beside him. He grew more and more dejected. By the end of the last act he was down on the small of his back in his seat, and my spirits were even lower.

A Lemon Turned Peach

With all but the tag—the last line of the play, which is never spoken until the opening night—given, the actress came to the edge of the stage and looked down. There was nothing visible of the Eminent Actor but his nose.

"Well?" asked the star.

"A lemon!" groaned the E. A. through his nose. "It's a lemon, Jennie." Only her name was not Jennie.

Well, it had been pretty bad. Having rehearsed the old lines for two weeks and then having been given my new ones, the confusion was awful. At one place one actor having gone up in his lines and given a cue that belonged further along, the rest had skipped forward five pages in the manuscript, and it is indicative of the general chaos that only the star and I knew it!

They had a powwow then and there. They said it would have gone all right had I not come in and spoiled it: the star said I had cut her best lines; the stage manager said that, with new parts handed him every day he didn't know where he stood. I was the storm center, and if any one thinks that the center of a cyclone is a dead calm I wish to correct him here and now.

The manager, the man whose money was up—kept his head. He turned to me and asked me if I would go on the road with the piece and try to make it into a play. He thought I knew my business, and what I had done had been to the good. I had my one moment of triumph then. I said loudly and firmly that I wouldn't touch that play again with a ten-foot pole, and that, as far as I was concerned, it could go to the devil. Yes, I said devil, and that was mild to what I meant.

Did it go to the devil? It did not. It went out on the road and made a hit. It made a hit in New York. The star had been right—it was a poor play, but she carried it by sheer ability and personality. She played it for five years. It made barrels of money for all concerned—except myself. I got two hundred and fifty dollars out of it and paid my own expenses! But I was willing, those days, to work like a horse for the experience. And I had enough experience out of that play to last the rest of my life.

Yes, it is not all play. I have sat up all night more times than I can recall, in little hotel bedrooms, with a pitcher of ice water beside me, and written new scenes and acts for a play during its trying-it-on-the-dog period. I have eaten and traveled and lived with theatrical troupes during the most trying times. I know nothing of what comes after the thing is an established success except the royalties.

I am like a medical man, who is always round during illness and trouble, who sees

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Howe School HOWE, INDIANA

(ENDOWED)

A TEACHER FOR EVERY TEN BOYS

Every Boy Recites Every Lesson Every Day

[illegible] to leading colleges on certificate. [illegible] Thorough [illegible] Healthful country life. A [illegible] sports. Private lakes.

Separate School for Younger Boys

[illegible] address

The Rev. J. H. McKENZIE, L.H.D., Rector, Box 220

Randolph-Macon Academy

For Boys and Young Men. Front Royal, Va.

A branch of the Randolph-Macon System. Liberal gifts make unusual advantages possible. Equipment cost $100,000. Prepares for College or Scientific [illegible]. Gymnasium, physical culture and athletic sports. Terms, $250. 21st [illegible] 15, 1912. For free catalog and illustrated pamphlet, address

Charles L. Melton A. M., Principal, Box 411, Front Royal, Va.

Holy Cross College WORCESTER, MASS.

LARGEST CATHOLIC COLLEGE IN AMERICA

Founded 1843. Direction Jesuit Fathers. High Educational Standard. Advanced courses. Ma[illegible] of your son. [illegible] a year. High School usually qualifies. Write Prefect of Studies

YEATES SCHOOL, Lancaster, Pa.

Established 1854. Enviable record for scholarship. Boys taught how to study. Two athletic fields, track, new gymnasium and pool. Over one hundred acres of field and stream. Number limited. FREDERIC GARDINER, A.M. (Harvard), L.H.D., Headmaster, Box 529

THE VERMONT ACADEMY for Boys

Saxtons River, Vt. An ideal school for wholesome training and thorough education. Special attention to life in the open. Certificate to Colleges. Lower school for younger boys. Terms $400—$500.

GEORGE B. LAWSON, A.M., Principal.

WILLISTON SEMINARY FOR BOYS

Easthampton, Mass. A modern school. 72nd year begins in September. Cottage and dormitory system. Scientific and preparatory departments. Gymnasium and athletic field. Write for catalogue.

JOSEPH H. SAWYER, L.H.D., Principal.

The Phillips Exeter Academy

Unusual opportunities for boys of exceptional character and ability. 132nd year opens Sept. 18th, 1912. For catalog and views address HARLAN P. AMEN, Principal, Exeter, New Hampshire.

CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL

583 Boylston St. (Copley Sq.), Boston, Mass.

Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for Massachusetts Institute of Technology and other scientific schools. Every teacher [illegible]

FRANKLIN [illegible] Principal

VIRGINIA, Danville

The Danville School FOR BOYS, Danville, Va.

In the Virginia hill country. [illegible] credited by leading Universities. Next session begins September [illegible]. $300 covers charge for board, room-rent, fuel, lights, [illegible] attached laundry. [illegible] Write for Year Book to HENRY BURTON DAVIS, Head Master, Box C.

RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY For Boys and Young Men

Fits for college, scientific schools or business. Work endorsed by over 30 colleges and universities. Beautiful and healthful location. Athletic grounds; gymnasium. Terms $250. No extras. For catalogue, address

R. SUMTER SMITH, Principal, Bedford City, Va.

Kiskiminetas Springs School For Boys.

Each boy is studied and his work adapted to his needs. Character developed along positive lines. Known and endorsed by every American University. Broad business courses for boys not intending to go to college. Write for catalog.

Dept. 25, Saltsburg, Pennsylvania

COLBY ACADEMY

New London, N. H. In the New Hampshire Hills. Strong faculty. College certificate. General courses. $150,000 in new buildings. Gymnasium. Athletic field. Separate department for young boys, housemother. Endowment permits of moderate terms. 50th year. JUSTIN O. WELLMAN, A.B., Principal.

SHATTUCK SCHOOL FARIBAULT, MINNESOTA

46th Year Opens September 17th, 1912.

Distinguished for manliness of graduates; careful selection of [illegible] training, separate family school for little boys, judicious military, physical training. Investigation invited. Address for catalog, REV. JAMES DOBBIN, D.D.

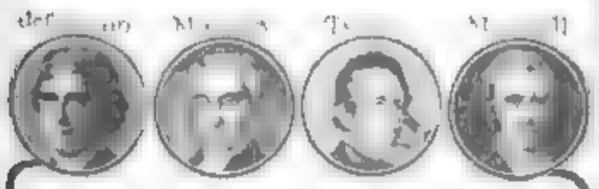
KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY

MERIDEN, N. H. High elevation in the New Hampshire Mountains. Experienced instructors. Certificate privi[illegible] [illegible] Charles Aiden Tracy, Principal

Chatham Training School Chatham, Virginia

Prepares for [illegible] and University. [illegible] of college [illegible] New [illegible] Write for catalogue

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES



College of William and Mary
The Alma Mater of Statesmen

Her graduates trebled the area of the United States, framed the Monroe Doctrine [illegible]

H. L. BRIDGES, Registrar,
Box A. Williamsburg, Virginia

St. Luke's School FOR BOYS

Is a thorough and honest school, the kind of a school to which any thoughtful parent delights to commit his sons. Bishop Whittaker

[illegible]

Athletics are encouraged [illegible] on the large athletic field and in the gymnasium, but are closely supervised as an essential part of a boy's education.

Our limited number of students permits special attention to each boy's health [illegible]

[illegible] trust your boy to our care. For illustrated catalogue, with further details, address

Charles Henry Strout, A. M., Headmaster, Wayne, Pa.
(12 miles from Philadelphia)

1836 1912

RIVERVIEW ACADEMY

"A Good School."—*John Burroughs.*
School opens September 26, 1912.

¶ A Boys' School designed to promote manliness, self-reliance, love of study, and good scholarship.

¶ Seventy-six years of consecutive management give to it a character second to none in the development of boys. Modern equipment, thorough instruction.

¶ For catalogue address

JOSEPH B. BISBEE, A. M., Box 710, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

SWARTHMORE
Preparatory School

A high-grade boarding school, unique in faculty, patronage, [illegible] which develops [illegible]

[illegible] ories our saloons. Eleven miles from Philadelphia. [illegible]te cost. Address

ARTHUR H. TOMLINSON, Head Master, Swarthmore, Pa.

Mercersburg Academy

AIM OF THE SCHOOL—A thorough physical, mental and moral training for college entrance or business.
SPIRIT OF SCHOOL—A manly tone of self-reliance, [illegible] Paternal [illegible]
LOCATION—In the country, on the western slope of the famous Cumberland Valley, one of the most beautiful and healthful spots of America.
EQUIPMENT—Modern and complete. New Gymnasium. Write for catalog and "The Spirit of Mercersburg."
William Mann Irvine, LL.D. Headmaster, Mercersburg, Pa.

St. John's School
For Boys
Manlius-on-Hudson
New York

Offers a quick and thorough preparation for college. Military drill. Parental discipline. Gymnasium, swimming pool, [illegible] ds, golf. $500 [illegible] all expenses. *June* [illegible] separate school [illegible] ber 13. For catalogue address

Rev. W. A. Ramsey, A.M., P.D., Principal

Montclair Academy

A Foundation School. College Preparatory. In the [illegible] 500 feet elevation. 13 miles [illegible]

John G. MacVicar, A.M., 35 Walden Place, Montclair, N. J.

Old Dominion Academy [illegible]

[illegible] school for many boys. Prepares for University, [illegible]ness. Rural, near Winchester. Close train service [illegible] on Northern cities. Ideal climate, scenery, home [illegible] and sanitary environments. Over 1000 ft. elevation. [illegible]e $200. For catalog address W. B. KLINE, B.S., Pres.

The Cross School LOUISVILLE, KY.
Graduates enter all American colleges. Co-educational. Carefully selected faculty. Music, Art and Expression under teachers from the best schools and greatest masters. [illegible] culture and outdoor life. Catalogue

MRS. L. B. CROSS, Ph.D., Principal, 926 Fourth Ave.

human nature suffering and at its worst. The playwright is a sort of theatrical doctor, officiating at the birth of his play. When the time of travail is over he gets his reward—or he doesn't.

Now and then I go back of the scenes after the thing is established for a run. I don't know the place or the piece. Surely this calm and smiling gentleman is not the shrieking demon, with his hat on the back of his head, a cigar in his hand, and the manuscript of the play under his arm, who acted every part in the piece and did it better than any of the actors; who never walked across the stage, but ran; who interjected obviously restrained suggestions to the cast with bawled directions to the flies; who came to me daily, in sackcloth and ashes, alternately apologizing for his profanity and damning the piece.

Behind, everything is serene. The players chat between the acts or have tea. The impression is of a happy family. There are no more dressing-room disputes; the cast has shaken down into harmonious unity—or at least into armed neutrality. They show me the newest clippings about themselves or the gowns that the managers, finding a run established, have ordered from Paris. I am an outsider again. My brain-child, born amid storm and stress, is flourishing. They tell me how old it is and how it is gaining daily. But it is my child no longer.

I go out and sit in a box, because one of the girls wants me to see her new gown in its proper setting. "I adore it myself, but a woman told me the other night that when I sit—you know, just after Dick proposes—that it ——" Well, I go and sit in a box, and after a time the manager himself drops in and sits beside me.

"Watch them!" he says, indicating the crowded house. "Even at this rotten bit they laugh their fool heads off!"

And as I go out: "We've got a check in the office for you," he says. "Beat every house in town last week, rain and all. Better take the check—it saves postage."

He grins at me and I grin at him. We have achieved something together, for without him, his sense of theatrical proportion, his instinctive knowledge of what is good in my manuscript and what is bad, I should have had no success. He is the big factor in the creation of a play, for he takes an inert heap of paper and gives it life.

I take my check and go back home. For a year—perhaps more, perhaps less—I am satisfied. I write short stories and novels; I motor and play bridge and buy the children's clothes. And then one day out of a clear sky comes another big idea.

Before many months I am back in a darkened theater, with the gas flare on the stage, and a wild-eyed man with his hat on the back of his head, a cigar in his hand and a manuscript in his pocket, is rapping on something and bawling:

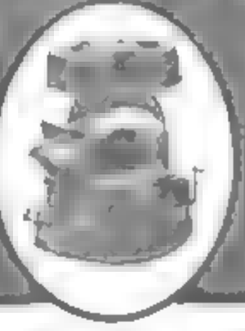
"Get ready for the first act, please."

Our Western Brothers

AT TWILIGHT time when the lamps are lit,
Father Coyote comes to sit
At the chaparral's edge on the mountain side—
Comes to listen and to deride
The rancher's hound and the rancher's son,
The passerby and every one.
And we pause at milking-time to hear
His reckless caroling, shrill and clear,
His terse and swift and valorous troll,
Ribald, rollicking, scornful, droll,
As one might sing in coyotedom—
"Yo-ho-ho! and a bottle of rum!"
And well I wot there is little ease
Where the turkeys roost in the almond trees.
But mute forebodings, canny and grim,
As they shift and shiver along the limb.
And the dog flings back an answer brief,
Curse o' the honest man on the thief;
And the cat, till now intent to rove,
Stalks to her lair by the kitchen stove.
Not that she fears the rogue on the hill:
But—no mice remain, and—the night is chill.
And now, like a watchman of the skies,
Whose glance to a thousand valleys flies,
The moon glares over the granite ledge,
Pared a slice on its upper edge.
And Father Coyote waits no more,
Knowing that down on the valley floor,
In a sandy nook all cool and white,
The rabbits play and the rabbits fight,
Flopping, nimble, scurrying,
Careless now with the surge of spring.
Furry lover, alack! alas!
Skims your fate o'er the moonlit grass!

—*George Sterling*

Plan for an Underfeed NOW
GET READY TO
Cut Your Coal Bills
1/2 TO 2/3



Cut-Out View of Underfeed Furnace **Write for Furnace or Boiler Booklet** *Underfeed Boiler*

IN these days of summer heat, prepare for the chill of an early winter by installing an **Underfeed** Furnace or Boiler. Plan to cut your coal bill next winter 1/2 to 2/3. ACT NOW. Don't wait for the fall rush. Write for **Free** Furnace or Boiler booklet and fac-simile letters from users of

THE PECK Williamson Underfeed FURNACES BOILERS

W. N. Chandler, University City, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Before installing an Underfeed three years ago, my fuel bills ranged between $105 and $120 a season. After the first season I was greatly surprised to find my bills reduced to $48. The following year they were $44, and this year, with our extremely severe winter, $56. I have no trouble whatever in heating my house to any desired degree."

The Underfeed [illegible] little air [illegible] contact with the most effective radiating surfaces. Even heat results—no blanketing of fire with fresh coal as in ordinary furnaces. No alternating chill and over-heat. Always steady, even heat.

The Underfeed soon pays for itself and then keeps on saving for its owner for practi[illegible] In the [illegible] slack soft coal and pea [illegible] of hard and soft coal yield *more* heat, *cleaner* heat and more even heat than high priced coal in other heaters.

Smoke and gases, wasted in other h[illegible] pass up through the fire [illegible] perfect [illegible] smoke, no soot, no clinkers and but few ashes.

FREE Heating Plans and Estimates Prepared for You by Our Engineering Department. Write TODAY.

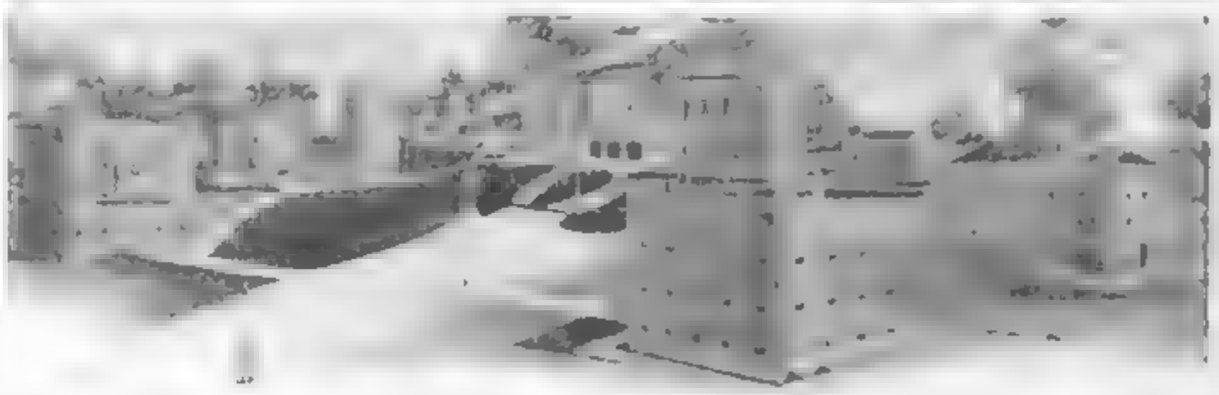
THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO. 329 W. Fifth Ave. CINCINNATI, O.

DEALERS—Write for our Winning Sales Proposition

To Property Owners
If you are about to build; if you paid *dearly* for *unsatisfactory* heat last winter; if you still use stoves or grates, fill out coupon for FREE furnace or boiler booklet.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 329 W. Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, O.
I [illegible] to know more about [illegible] Coal Bills from one half to two thirds [illegible]
UNDERFEED Furnace Booklet
Boiler Book [illegible]
(Indicate by X Booklet you desire)
Name [illegible] Street
Postoffice State

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES



CASTLE HEIGHTS SCHOOL For Boys, Lebanon, Tennessee
An institution that is materially helping to make history—one that "does things." At the very front in character-building, scholarship, and clean sport. *Undoubtedly the best equipped private school for boys in the South.* [illegible] commercial courses. Individual attention guaranteed daily to every student. *Your boy deserves the best.* Our superbly illustrated catalog will compel your interest. Rates $[illegible]
Address THE HEAD MASTERS, Box 444

Cushing Academy
Ashburnham, Mass. Endowment permits all the advantages of a high priced school for $275 to $300 a year. College certificate. Music. Extensive campus. Six buildings. New dormitory. Athletic field. Gymnasium. Co-educational [illegible] H. S. COWELL, A. M., Principal.

Abington Friends' School
10 miles from Philadelphia. Co-educational. Prepares for leading colleges. Art and Music. Athletic Field. Rate $300. Endowed. Careful moral training. Opens Sept. 24.
Principal Abington Friends' School, Jenkintown, Pa.

WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY
Reaches boys whom the ordinary day school does not interest.
Courses prepare for leading Colleges, Universities, National Academies or Business Life. Government supervision. Infantry, Artillery and Cavalry. System of athletics reaches every student. For Catalog, address THE SECRETARY, 1912 Washington Avenue, Lexington, Mo.

Buildings Modern
Equipment Complete
Physical Laboratory
Chemical Laboratory
Manual Training Shop

ROCK RIDGE School
176 Cliff Road
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Gymnasium
Bowling Alleys
Athletic Field
Swimming Pool
Tennis Courts

Location high, dry and healthful, in one of New England's most beautiful residential villages.
ROCK RIDGE HALL for boys of high school age. Thorough preparation for any college or for business.
Masters able, experienced, mature.
THE [illegible] HOUSE [illegible] young boys. Home-like atmosphere. Experienced [illegible] Matron.
Constant supervision.
[illegible] by an object of constant thought and care; hence well-regulated daily lives, marked improvement.

"ON APPROVAL" COUPON

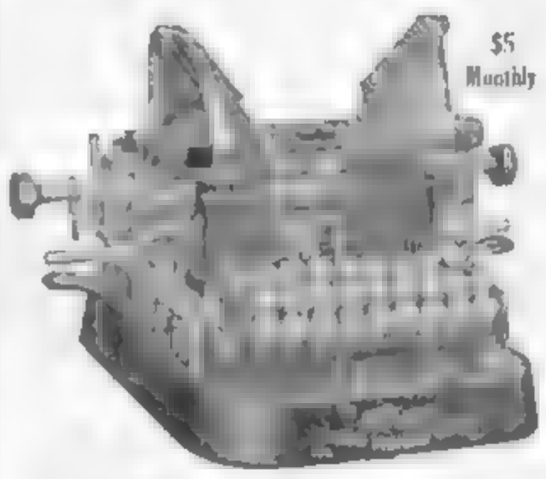
Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
166 Rl No. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Name

Town

For Quick Delivery—fill in, cut on dotted line, mail today.

COUPON PRICE, $55



$5 Monthly

The coupon makes the $55 price possible.

If you will send it to us we will ship you a No. 3 Oliver Typewriter for trial.

If you decide to keep it you have the privilege of the coupon price, $55, terms, $5 a month, without interest, to those who prefer.

The No. 3 Oliver Typewriter at $55 does not require salesmen. It proved its quality by actual performance. One could not very well make a mistake in getting a typewriter manufactured by the makers of the Oliver.

It is a splendidly constructed typewriter equal in quality to any typewriter, regardless of price.

It is a typewriter that your most expert stenographer will approve of. It is a typewriter that you, yourself, can operate easily. It has the features that you want in a typewriter—visible writing, universal keyboard, automatic line spacing, etc.

If you want a typewriter for your own use at home the Oliver No. 3 is the most simple and most easily learned. It's a wonderfully handy machine for writing bills, statements, writing letters, etc. It is not so heavy but it can be moved about easily.

You are a business man and will recognize this as a chance to save $45.

Make One of These Typewriters Your Property

The purchase is easy. After using the typewriter in your own home or office, finding out how smoothly it runs, how easy it is to write on, satisfying yourself in every particular, then send us only $5 and $5 a month thereafter until the coupon price of $55 is paid. It will pay for itself and more.

There will be no delay—no formality. The typewriter will be shipped promptly.

Cut the coupon on the dotted line. Mail it in a letter, a postal card or a penny postcard will do—and be sure and mail it.

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE, 166 Rl No. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

POWER AND HORSE-POWER

(Continued from Page 7)

She covered her confusion by removing and replacing crystal bottle stoppers.

"I'm glad that you knew they came from me, Miss Sprunt."

"Yes, I knew that they could come from no one but you—they were so simple and natural and—sweet."

She laughed a pitch too high and plunged his fingers into water some degrees too hot. He did not wince, but she did.

"Oh, Mr. Chase, forgive me. I—I've scalded your fingers."

"Why," he replied, not taking his eyes from her face, "so you have!" They both laughed.

Across the room Miss Ethyl coughed twice. "I always say," she observed to her customer, "a workin' girl can't be too careful of her actions. That's why I am of a retiring disposition and don't try to force myself on nobody."

Mr. Chase regarded the shadows beneath Miss Sprunt's eyes with a pucker between his own.

"You don't get much of the springtime in here, do you, Miss Sprunt?"

"No," she replied, smiling faintly. "The only way we can tell the seasons down here is by the midwinter Elks convention and the cloak drummers who come to buy fur coats in July."

"You poor little girl," he said slowly. "What you need is air—good, wholesome air and plenty of it."

"Oh, I get along all right," she said, biting at her nether lip.

"You're confined too closely, Miss Sprunt."

"Life isn't all choice," she replied briefly.

"Forgive me," he said.

"I walk home sometimes," she said.

"You're fond of walking?"

"Yes, when I'm not too tired."

"Miss Sprunt, would—would you walk with me this evening? I know a quiet little place where we could dine together."

She colored with surprise.

"Oh," she said, "I—I already have an engagement. I——"

"You have an engagement?" His tones were suddenly flat.

"No," she replied in tones of sudden decision, "I'd be pleased to go with you. I can do what I planned tonight any other time."

"Thank you, Miss Sprunt."

Her fingers trembled as she worked and his suddenly closed over them.

"You poor, tired little girl," he repeated.

She gulped down her emotions.

"Miss Sprunt, this is neither the time nor the place for me to express myself, yet somehow our great moments come when we least expect them."

She let her limp fingers rest in his; she was strangely calm.

"I know it is always a great pleasure to have you come in, Mr. Chase."

"The first time I dropped in was chance, Miss Sprunt. You can see for yourself that I am not the sort of fellow who goes in for the little niceties like manicures. I'm what you might call the seedy kind. But the second time I dropped in for a manicure was not accident, nor the third time, nor the tenth—it was you."

"You've been extravagant all on account of me?" she parried.

"I've been more than that on account of you, dear girl. I've been consumed night and day by the sweet thought of you."

"Oh-h-h!" She placed one hand at her throat.

"Miss Sprunt, I am not asking anything of you; I simply want you to know me better. I want to begin tonight to try to teach you to reciprocate the immense regard—the love I feel for you."

She closed her eyes for a moment; his firm clasp of her hand tightened.

"You'll think I'm a bold girl, Mr. Chase; you'll—you'll——"

"Yes?"

"You'll think I'm everything I ought not to be, but you—you can't teach me what I already know."

"Gertrude!"

She nodded, swallowing back unaccountable tears.

"I never let myself hope because I didn't think there was a chance, Mr. Chase."

"Dear, is it possible without knowing me—who what I am—you——"

"I only know you," she said softly. "That is all that matters."

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Lasell Seminary
Auburndale, Mass. Ten Miles from Boston

Courses in Language, Literature, Science, Music and Art, with thoro instruction in the theory and practice of Household Economics. Training is given in the Art of Entertaining, House Furnishing and Management, Marketing, Cooking, Dress Making and Millinery. Tennis, Boating, Swimming, Riding and other sports are encouraged. Address

G. M. WINSLOW, Ph.D., Principal
115 Woodland Road

For the Higher Education of Young Women

A school with unlimited enrollment that insures [illegible] environment that creates a welcoming social and religious atmosphere, and well planned study courses for high attainment of mental and moral development in each student. Seventy seven years of continued success. World's Fair Medal.

Columbia Institute
Established 1835. Columbia, Tenn.

One and one half hours from Nashville's advantages yet free from its distractions. Institute College Preparatory and Advanced Elective Courses, diploma awarded. Music, Art, Physical Culture, Domestic Science. [illegible] References required. Send for catalogue.

Rev Walter Branham Capers, Pres
Columbia, Tenn.

Sweetwater College A Home School for Girls and Young Women

Special advantages offered in *Music, Expression,* and *Modern Languages.* Fine Laboratories. Complete college course, also Preparatory Department. Four-year course in *Domestic Science.* Boarding department limited to fifty. For catalogue address Principal.

Mrs. Elizabeth M Rowland, Sweetwater, Tenn.

HOLLINS COLLEGE
FOR YOUNG WOMEN

Founded 1842. College course (4 years). College Preparatory (2 years). Music, Art, etc. Located in the Valley of Virginia, seven miles north of Roanoke. Seven hundred acres in grounds and farm. Buildings equipped for 250 students and officers and teachers. For catalogue and views address

MISS MATTY L. COCKE, President, Box 314, Hollins, Va.

TENNESSEE, Nashville.

Ward Seminary for Girls and Young Women. 48th year. Seminary and Special Courses. College Preparation. Conservatory of Music. 175 Boarding Pupils. Complete appointments. City advantages. Outdoor sports. Delightful climate. For catalog, address J. D. BLANTON, LL.D., President.

Monticello Seminary 75th year opens Sept. 25, 1912. School for Young Women and Girls. Preparatory and Junior College Courses. [illegible] Laboratories. Gymnasium. Campus, with tennis, archery, range, basket ball and hockey fields. Rates moderate. Miss Martina G. Erickson, Prin., Godfrey, Ill.

BUFORD COLLEGE
Nashville, Tenn. Limited, Select Home College. Higher Culture of Women. Splendid location, equipment, opportunities. For [illegible]

MR. E. G. BUFORD, Regent MRS. E. G. BUFORD, President

LEWISBURG SEMINARY FOR GIRLS

In Alleghanies, 2300 ft. above the sea, near Greenbrier White Sulphur. Fine buildings, modern equipment, large campus. Courses in Liberal Arts, Music, Art, Elocution, Business. $230 to $350. Catalog on request.

R. C. Sommerville, A. M., Pres., Box 88 Lewisburg, W. Va.

Fauquier Institute FOR YOUNG LADIES

Warrenton, Va. The 53rd session begins Sept. 26th, 1912. Situated in Piedmont region of Virginia, 55 miles [illegible] A [illegible] and thorough home school. Rates $[illegible] to $[illegible]. For catalogue address

MISS NELLIE V. BUTLER, Principal, Box 18.

Wheaton Seminary FOR YOUNG WOMEN

NORTON, MASS. (30 Miles From Boston)

79th year. Large endowment. Advanced courses for High School graduates and others. Art, Music. 17 buildings. Gym. Supervision of Wheaton College. Catalog.

REV. SAMUEL V. COLE, A. M., D. D., President

FORT LOUDOUN SEMINARY, Winchester, Virginia

For higher culture of young women. Delightful location in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Literary and Business Courses. Special advantages in Music, Art, Languages. Gymnasium and all outdoor exercises. Opens Sept. 25th. Terms $300. For catalogue, address Miss Katherine R. Glass, Pres.

Powhatan College Charles Town, W. Va.

[illegible] Preparatory and [illegible] Science. [illegible] Degrees. [illegible] ton, D. C. [illegible]

S. P. HATTON, A. M., LL. D., President

Chevy Chase College and Seminary

A Home School for Young Ladies. Special advantages in Music, Art, Elocution and Domestic Science. Campus of eleven acres. [illegible] Suburb Beautiful. Artesian water. Address

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. BARKER, Pres., Drawer 841, Washington, D. C.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Established 1824 Troy, N. Y.

Engineering and Science

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.) and General Science (B. S.). Also Special Courses.

Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

JOHN P. NUGENT, Registrar

IN choosing a school for your boy put place character and scholarship foremost in your requirements. So do we in selecting boys for

Peddie Institute

OUR AIM IS: "The Best Boys' School in America"

¶ We have an endowed school with an [illegible] record in fitting boys for college and for life. [illegible] faculty of successful experience [illegible] unusual [illegible] among our 280 boys.

[illegible] $400 to $500. Lower school for boys 11 to 14 [illegible]. Forty-seventh year opens Sept. 18, 1912. [illegible] and booklets sent on request.

H. W. SWETLAND, A. M., Prin., Box T-O, Hightstown, N. J.

OBERLIN ACADEMY

OBERLIN, OHIO. Eighteen instructors. Thoroughly equipped to prepare for any college or scientific school. [illegible]

INDIANA, Angola, 310 So. Darling St.

Tri-State College of Engineering

Make you a Civil, Mechanical or Electrical Engineer in two years. $[illegible] [illegible] weeks.

DEFIANCE COLLEGE Defiance, O. High grade. Co-educational. A select student body; strong faculty. New buildings thoroughly equipped. Collegiate, Domestic Science, Academic, Teachers', Commercial, Music, Art, Elocution, and Physical Training Departments. $150 for board and tuition. Catalogue. P. W. McREYNOLDS, Pres't.

TILTON SEMINARY TILTON, N. H.

In the foothills of the White Mountains. For young men and women. Preparation for college or business. Special courses for High School graduates. 7 buildings. Athletic fields. Separate department for young boys. Moderate cost. GEORGE L. PLIMPTON, Principal, 34 School Street.

Great schools, like men who create the world's standards in every vocation, must possess distinctive character and ability to produce results superior to those of their competitors.

The Georgia Military Academy

The South's Most Splendidly Equipped Prep School

through results achieved, has won national repute and patronage and invites the investigation of parents wishing the VERY BEST FOR THEIR SONS. Elegantly appointed in every detail, cultured home-life, a teacher grouped with about every 12 cadets for [illegible] and night study, select and limited, ideal Southern climate, elevation about 1200, artesian water, experienced teachers. [illegible] under U. S. Army Officer. Classed A by War Dept. [illegible] $300. Eight miles from Atlanta, the heart of the South.

COL. J. C. WOODWARD, A. M., President
College Park, Ga.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Southern Seminary

For Girls and Young Ladies

46th Year Location
Courses
Home Life
Outdoor Sports Building
Rate $ed Catalog Ad
SOUTHERN SEMINARY, Box 827 Buena Vista, Va.

Tennessee College
for Young Women Murfreesboro Tenn

A B degree and requiring 14 ance. Also a four-year prepara- e year. Music, Art, Elocution
GEORGE J BURNETT Pres. 800 E Main St

COLLEGE AND ACADEMY OF ST. GENEVIEVE
FOR YOUNG LADIES
Asheville, N C.
3,000 feet above
young children College and y to the Mother Superior.

ST. MARY'S
An Episcopal Southern College for Young Women and Girls
28 capable teachers. Low tuition—$400 up— arch support. Send for illustrated catalog. Address
REV. GEO. W. LAY, Rector, Box 16, Raleigh, North Carolina

FERRY HALL Lake Forest, Ill.
Miss Frances L. Hughes, Box 101, Lake Forest, Ill

CRESCENT COLLEGE and CONSERVATORY For Women, Eureka Springs, Arkansas.
On top of the Ozarks. Famous health resort. $300,000 building. Elevator. Rooms with private bath Horseback riding
Address, Crescent College Department S

Chappaqua Mountain Institute
$300 to $750. Primary, Preparatory, Commercial, Manual Training, Domestic Science and Music Dept. Address Box W.

The Bartholomew-Clifton School
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Class Boarding and Day School for Girls. Pre- tory and Advanced Departments. Music, Art, Languages, Travel Classes.
THE SECRETARY, Box F.

Akeley Hall Grand Haven, Mich.
from $500. Mary Helen Yerkes, Susan Hill Yerkes, Prins.

The Oxford College for Women — Founded 1830
hour from Cincinnati. Ambitious students, brilliant Standard four year course, B A Degree Rate $300. Art, Music, Expression, Normal, Domestic
JANE SHERZER, Ph D. (Berlin), Pres., Box 20, Oxford, Ohio

The Chatham Episcopal Institute for Girls
Chatham, Va.
ELIZABETH MAY WILLIS, Principal, Box 106

Bradford Academy for Young Women
One hundred and tenth year opens September 18th. Thirty miles from Boston.
Address the Principal, MISS LAURA A. KNOTT, A M. Bradford, Massachusetts

OAK HALL Mrs. Backus' School for Girls St. Paul, Minnesota. Academic and College Pre- tion. Certificate to all colleges Domestic Science, $450-$600 Mrs C H Backus Prin., Box 60

Howard-Payne College Fayette, Mo Est 1844 A Junior College for young graduates enter junior year of "A" grade colleges. new buildings Gymnasium. Fine Arts—Music, Art, Expression. Tuition, $160. Catalogue. H E STOUT, President.

"My little girl," he whispered, regarding her with unshed tears shining in his eyes.

She placed her two hands over her face for a moment.

"What is it, dear?"

She burrowed deeper into her hands.

"I'm so happy," she said between her fingers.

They regarded one another with almost incredulous eyes, seeking to probe the web of enchantment their love had woven.

"I do not deserve this happiness, dearest." But his voice was a pæan of triumph.

"It is I who do not deserve," she said in turn. "You are too—too everything for me."

They talked in whispers until there were two appointees ranged along the wall. He was loath to go; she urged him gently.

"I can't work while you are here, dear; return for me at six—no," she corrected, struck by a sudden thought, "at six-thirty."

"Let me wait for you, dearest," he pleaded.

She waggled a playful finger at him.

"Goodby until later."

"Until six-thirty, cruel one."

"Yes."

"There is so much to be said, Gertrude dear."

"Tonight."

He left her lingeringly. They tried to cover up their fervent, low-voiced farewells with passive faces, but after he had departed her every feature was lyric.

Juliet might have looked like that when her love was young.

Mr. Barker arrived, but she met him diffidently, even shamefacedly. Before she could explain he launched forth: "I'm sorry, kiddo, but we'll have to make it tomorrow night for that ride of ourn. That party I was tellin' you about is goin' to get busy on that big deal and I gotta do a lot of signin' up tonight."

Fate had carved a way for her with gentle hand.

"That's all right, Mr. Barker; just don't you feel badly about it." She felt a gush of sympathy for him, for all humanity.

"You understand, kiddo, don't you? A feller's got to stick to business as much as pleasure, and we'll hit the high places tomorrow night all right, all right. You're the classiest doll I've met yet."

She swallowed her distaste.

"That's the right idea, Mr. Barker; business appointments are always important."

"I'll see you tomorrow mornin' and we'll fix up some swell party."

"Good night, Mr. Barker."

"So long, honey."

Directly after he departed Miss Ethyl bade her good night in cold, cracky tones.

"The goin's on in this parlor don't make it no place for a minister's daughter, Miss Gertie Sprunt."

"Then you ought to be glad your father's a policeman," retorted her friend graciously. "Good night, dearie."

She hummed as she put her table in order. At each footstep down the marble corridor her pulse quickened; she placed her cheeks in her hands, vise fashion, to feel of their unnatural heat. When Mr. Chase finally came they met shyly and with certain restraint. Whispering together like diffident children, they went out, their hands lightly touching. Broadway was already alight; the cool spring air met them like tonic.

Like an exuberant lad Mr. Chase led her to the curb. A huge mahogany-colored touring car, caparisoned in nickel and upholstered in a darker red, vibrated and snorted alongside. A chauffeur, with a striped rug across his knees, reached back respectfully and flung open the door. Like an automaton Gertrude placed her small foot upon the step and paused, her dumfounded gaze confronting the equally stunned eyes of the chauffeur. Mr. Chase aided and encouraged at her elbow.

"It's all right, dearest, it's all right; this is your surprise."

"Why," she gasped, her eyes never leaving the steel-blue shaved face of the chauffeur—"why—I ——" Mr. Chase regarded her in some anxiety.

"What a surprised little girl you are! I shouldn't have taken you so unawares." He almost lifted her in.

"This machine is yours, Mr. Chase?"

"Yes, dear, this machine is ours."

"You never told me anything."

"There is little to tell, Gertrude. I have not used my cars to amount to anything since I'm back from Egypt. I've been pretty busy with affairs."

"Back from Egypt!"

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Belmont College
For Young Women. Nashville, Tenn.

IRA LANDRITH, D D., LL D., President
MISS HOOD and MISS BIRON, Principals
Twenty per cent are Northern students. Unprecedented health record. Filtered distilled water. Practical teaching imparting refinement and culture, instilling worthy standards and
Diplomas awarded by schools. Send for Music catalogue. Gymnasium, bowli
Belmont College, Box A

Sweet Briar College
A College for Women, of the grade of Vassar, Wellesley, Smith and Bryn Mawr. Four years of collegiate and two years of preparatory work are given. Located in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains on an estate of 3000 acres. The buildings are modern, and the conditions for health are unsurpassed. On Southern Rail
DR. MARY K. BENEDICT, Pres. Box 137
SWEET BRIAR, VA.

BESSIE TIFT COLLEGE
Forsyth, Georgia
An Ideal Home School for young women, in an atmosphere of Christian culture and refinement. Unsurpassed physical location in foothills of middle Georgia, with mild winter climate and excellent health conditions. 52 acres in campus.
Excellent faculty representing American and European institutions. Four years collegiate work, leading to A. B. degree.
Full departments of Music, Art, Expression, Household Economics. Preparatory department.
Gymnasium with tennis, basketball, etc.
Write for attractive catalogue A.
C. H. S. JACKSON, A. M., LL.D., President

Frances Shimer School
Of the University of Chicago
A Home School for Girls and Young Women. College Department. Two years' course with diploma. Advanced standing at colleges and universities. College Preparatory and General Courses. Music, Art, Domestic Science, Expression Courses. Rate $400. Certificate privileges. Golf, tennis. Gymnasium. Beautiful grounds of 35 acres. 60th year opens September 11th. Set beautiful, modern brick buildings. 127 miles from Chicago. Pupils from 35 States.
Chicago Office, Fine Arts Bldg., 410 S. Michigan Ave., August.
Rev. WILLIAM P. McKEE, Dean, Box 611, MT. CARROLL, ILL.

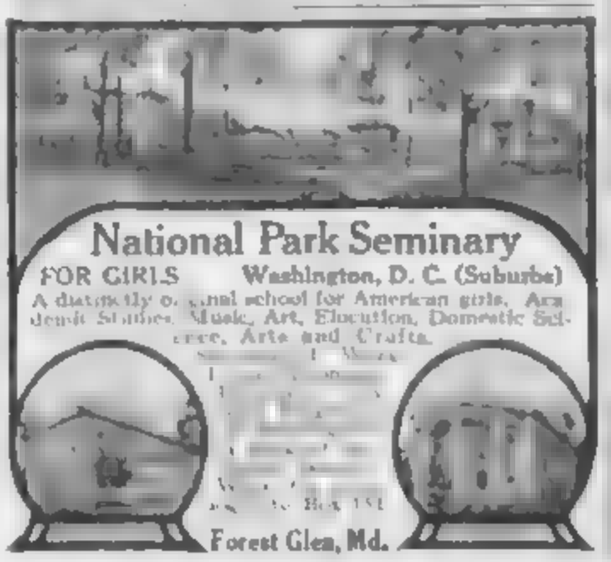
Miss Baird's School for Girls
37th Year. Intermediate, College Preparatory and General Course. Unusual advantages in music, art and the and manners. MISS CORNELIA F. BAIRD, Principal, 66 West Avenue, Norwalk, Conn.

ABBOT ACADEMY
ANDOVER, MASS.
A School for Girls.
Founded 1828. 23 miles from Boston. Address THE PRINCIPAL.

Hamilton College For Young Women Lexington, Ky.
44th Year. A Blue-Grass home school with University Faculty of 39, beautiful six-acre campus buildings. Standard Junior College Course. The President, Box

BOWLING GREEN SEMINARY For Girls and Young Women
Bowling Green, Virginia.
Superior. In one of the beautiful and historic towns of Virginia. Careful work. Home life. Address Rev. C. K. MILLIGAN, A. B., Prin., Box 661.

THE LOUDOUN Select School for Girls and Young Ladies.
Electric to Washington, D. C., every two hours. Rare combination of advantages of national capital with those of mountains of Virginia. Health unsurpassed. Personal is marked feature. Cat
THE LOUDOUN, Box 681, Hamilton, Va.



National Park Seminary
FOR GIRLS Washington, D. C. (Suburbs)
A distinctly original school for American girls. Academic Studies, Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science, Arts and Crafts.
Box 151
Forest Glen, Md.

Lindenwood Junior College
FOR WOMEN
In Continuous Existence Since 1831
Tuition $375 per year.
George Frederic Ayres, Ph D., Box 286, St. Charles, Mo.

STANLEY HALL For Girls. 23 environment.
Thorough preparation for College
Colleges and
in Domestic S
Principal Minneapolis, Minnesota, 1118 Pleasant Avenue

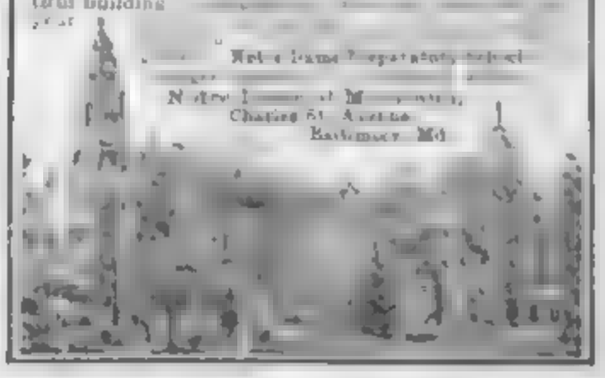
Mary Baldwin Seminary
FOR YOUNG LADIES STAUNTON, VIRGINIA
girls. Unsurpassed climate, beautiful grounds and modern ments. Students from 31 States. Terms Moderate. Pupils time. Send for catalogue. Miss E. C. WEIMAR, Prin.

Miss Landers' School for Girls
paratory and general courses. Advan Music and Languages. Catalogue. Address Miss Jean S. Landers, 3061 North Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

SCIENCE HILL SCHOOL Shelbyville, Kentucky
English and Classical School for Girls. College preparatory. Certificate Wellesley, Vassar, Smith and other colleges.
mestic Art. Mrs. W. T. POYNTER, Principal.

SOUTHERN FEMALE COLLEGE 50th year $200 to $350
Historic School for Girls, after highest Virginia standards. Social training. Five buildings, with gymnasium. Regular and special courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. New pianos, steam heat, athletics. Catalogue
Arthur Kyle Davis, A.M., 210 College Place, Petersburg, Va.

NOTRE DAME of Maryland
A College for Women
Conducted by School Sisters of Notre Dame, to train the body, mind and spirit—to
exercises—rowing, basketball building
Notre Dame Preparatory School
Charles & Aveniue
Baltimore, Md.



SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

RIVERSIDE MILITARY ACADEMY, Gainesville, Ga. NEAR ATLANTA

The most modern and up-to-date private Military School in the Southland for boys 14 to 20 years [illegible] advantage and convenience. A natural park of 1,500 acres surrounding beautiful Lake Warner, with [illegible] swimming. Fine athletic grounds. Ideal location on Blue [illegible] College Preparatory, Classical, Scientific and Business. For handsome [illegible] THE SUPERINTENDENT, Box A Gainesville, Ga.

Kentucky Military Institute

The School With A Winter Home in Florida

A TRAINING that [illegible] every American boy. [illegible] the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. [illegible] east coast of Florida, [illegible] the year in a delightful [illegible] paratory and collegiate [illegible] and technical courses. New fireproof [illegible] with completely equipped shop and laboratories with latest appliances. Fixed charges $450, including trip by special train to Florida. For Catalogue address

The President, K. M. I., Lyndon, Kentucky

Porter Military Academy

Two from one family. Lower School, separate dormitory, for boys 10 to 14. Write for catalogue.

Growth Continuous

[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
1911-12	231

Rev. Walter Mitchell, D.D., Rector, Box D, Charleston, S. C.

AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY

(Roller's School) Ft. Defiance, Va.

A school with country location and modern equipment in the famous Shenandoah Valley. 125 acres with large campus. Gymnasium containing swimming pool, bowling alley, etc. Number limited to 125. Able faculty. 38 years of successful work. Charges $340.00. Write for catalog.

THOS. J. ROLLER CHAS. S. ROLLER, Jr., Principals.

OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE

Location—A picturesque suburb of Cincinnati, the great art and music center.

Organization—Academic, military and physical training departments. Lower school for boys of 8 to 14 years.

Advantages—Only recommended boys taken. Certificates admit to colleges. Write for catalog to

A. M. Henshaw, Commandant, Box 22, College Hill, Ohio

WENONAH MILITARY ACADEMY

10 Miles from Philadelphia. Wenonah, Gloucester Co., N. J. [illegible] for all [illegible] Junior School [illegible] Major JOHN B. JONES, Superintendent, Box 114

Kemper Military School

Boonville, Mo.

Rated Class "A" by War Dept.

A teacher to every ten boys. Modern [illegible]

Col. T. A. Johnston Supt. 132 Third St.

Pennsylvania Military College, Chester, Pa.

51st year begins September 18th

Degrees granted in Civil Engineering, Chemistry, Arts. Also Preparatory Courses of Study. Military instruction includes Infantry, Artillery and [illegible]. The development [illegible]

Col. CHAS. E. HYATT, President.

The Army and Navy Preparatory School

4120 Connecticut Ave. Washington, D. C.

Prepares for any College. Thoroughly prepares boys and [illegible] number of students [illegible]. All athletics. Baseball, football, basketball and track teams. Certificates accepted at all universities. Catalogue on request.

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

ONE of the most successful military [illegible] U. S. Army officer in charge. Thoroughly [illegible] for college. Situated on the most healthful climate in the U. S. [illegible] tion. Magnificent buildings, especially designed [illegible] school. Admirably equipped. Steam [illegible] 45-acre campus. [illegible] Faculty [illegible] $5 [illegible] W[illegible]

Col. O. HARVEY, President

MIAMI MILITARY INSTITUTE

GERMANTOWN, OHIO

Develops the All-'round Man

Life at Miami Military puts boys in pink of physical condition while stimulating the mind by manly interests. Classed A by U. S. War Dept. Commandant is U. S. Army Officer detailed by Secretary of War. Camp and Target Range at **Camp Perry** on Lake Erie. Classical and scientific courses leading to degrees; graduates accepted at Eastern universities. Business and Prep. Courses. Able faculty. Miami Military Catalogue is of value to every parent; of interest to every boy.

Write today to Col. Orvon Graff Brown, M.A., Pres't, Germantown, O., Box 75

COLUMBIA MILITARY ACADEMY

Columbia, Tenn.

A high grade school in the blue grass region of Tennessee. Both Infantry and Cavalry. Most splendid equipment in the South. A limited school with a teacher for each twenty pupils. Careful personal supervision and individual attention both in school work and daily life. Charges, including every expense, except uniforms and books, $400.00 per year. For catalogue address

Col. J. C. Hardy, Principal, Columbia, Tenn.

"Do not look so helpless, dear. I'm only back three months from a trip round the world, and I've been putting up with hotel life meanwhile. Then I happened to meet you, and as long as you had me all sized up I just let it go—that's all, dear."

"You're not the Mr. Adam Chase who's had the rose suite on the tenth floor all winter?"

"That's me," he laughed.

Her slowly comprehending eyes did not leave his face.

"Why, I thought—I—you ——"

"It was my use of the private elevator on the east side of the building that gave you the Sixth Avenue idea, and it was too good a joke on me to spoil, dearie."

She looked at him with troubled eyes.

"What must you think of me?"

He felt for her hand underneath the lap-robe.

Among other things he said: "I think that your eyes exactly match the violets I motored out to get for you this morning at my place ten miles up the Hudson."

"When did you go, dear?"

"Before you were up. We were back before ten, in spite of a spark-plug that gave us some trouble."

"Oh," she said.

The figure at the wheel squirmed to be off.

She lay back faint against the upholstery.

"To think," she said, "that you should care for me!"

"My own dear girl!"

He touched a spring and the back of her seat reclined like a Morris chair.

"Lie back, dear. I invented that scheme so I can recline at night and watch the stars parade past. I toured that way all through Egypt."

The figure in the front seat gripped his wheel.

"Where are we going, Adam dear?" she whispered.

"This is your night, Gertrude; give James your orders."

She snuggled deeper into the dark-red upholstery and their hands clasped closer beneath the robe.

"James," she said in a voice like a bell, "take us to the Vista for dinner; afterward motor out along the Palisade drive, far out so that we can see the Hudson by moonlight."

The Great Question

WHEN Peary came back from the Pole a bunch of special correspondents for big city papers secured a tug from the Dominion government and steamed up the Labrador coast in order to meet the returning explorer and get the first interviews with him.

In the party was one New York correspondent who spent three days framing a highly scientific and involved question which was designed, so he thought, to bring out the exact truth regarding Peary's achievement.

All the way up the coast he was insisting that he should have a chance, without interruption, to fire his broadside.

Peary's answer, he stated, would inevitably have a direct bearing upon the controversy with Doctor Cook and would show conclusively whether Peary had really reached the Pole.

In a body the newspaper men boarded Peary's ship and met him. After the first exchange of greetings and congratulations the spokesman for the interviewers cleared his throat and said:

"Commander Peary, this gentleman from New York has a very important question to ask you."

Peary turned aggressively upon the New Yorker. His bushy eyebrows and bushier mustache were bristling.

"What do you want to know?" he demanded briskly.

The New York newspaper man was seized with confusion. He fumbled in his pocket and produced a cigarette.

"What do you want to ask me?" repeated Peary sharply.

The New Yorker swallowed hard and stammered:

"Have you got a match?"

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

"My Pride in the Old School will never grow less," writes a graduate of

St. John's Military Academy

(Episcopal) (The American Rugby)

[illegible] echoed by hundreds of loyal alumni the world over. This well-known school is famous for the loyalty of its graduates and the [illegible] of its student body. It has an enviable reputation for *thoroughness* in all [illegible] It [illegible] exacting parent. It [illegible] as a [illegible] institution." Full particulars by mail. Address

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY
Box 14 A, Delafield
Waukesha County, Wisconsin

The [illegible] itadel

The Military College of South Carolina
Charleston, S. C.

Founded 1842. An old and distinguished college. Ideal Southern location. Mild climate [illegible]. Government rating "Class A." Full courses leading to B.S. [illegible] degrees. Minimum age for admission, 16 years. Expenses, $332 no extras. Catalogue. Address

COL. O. J. BOND, Superintendent

FISHBURNE Military School

Waynesboro, Virginia

A home like school with able [illegible] and high standard of [illegible] Per[illegible]

Jas. A. Fishburne, A.B., Principal, Box 267

Unusual Opportunity for Students to Equip Themselves to Teach

Public School Special Subjects

A one year course in Music, Drawing, Domestic Art, Domestic Science, Physical Training, Manual Training. Only school in the country devoted exclusively to the training of teachers for special branches. For 22 years been placing graduates in paying positions. For information, address The Secretary

Thomas Normal Training School, 2750 W. Gd. Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

Detroit University School

Preparatory and Manual Training School for Boys

At this school your boy gets a thorough [illegible] training makes him ready [illegible] college [illegible] and his life's goal easier to reach. Modern [illegible] equipment—gymnasium, pool, [illegible] laboratories, shops, [illegible] Highly efficient [illegible]

SECRETARY, 46 Elmwood Av., Detroit, Mich.

DEAN ACADEMY, Franklin, Mass.

Young men and young women find here a home-like atmosphere, thorough and efficient training in every department of a broad culture, a loyal and helpful school spirit. Liberal endowment permits liberal terms, $300 per year.

For [illegible] address

ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt. D., Principal.

Greenbrier Presbyterial Military School

Lewisburg, W. Va. An up-to-date military boarding school for 75 boys. Large corps of instructors, all college graduates. Delightful climate. Brick buildings. Athletic field. Terms $250. Catalogue. Address

Col. H. B. MOORE, A.M., Principal.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Pennsylvania State Normal School

A completely equipped normal school offering a practical education at an exceedingly low cost. Its thorough courses enable ambitious young men and women to qualify for good-salaried positions in teaching and other professions. Rates extremely low—**$166 for prospective teachers and $266 for non-prospective teachers.** These charges include 40 weeks' tuition, living, laundry, etc., and apply to applicants from outside the state as well. Situated in a region of healthfulness and beauty. Modern buildings. Supervised and supported by the State. All Athletics. Opens September 10th. In connection is the

Normal Conservatory of Music and School of Fine Arts

offering a complete musical education at a very reasonable figure. Voice, Piano, Organ, Violin or orchestral instruments. Theory of Music, etc. Illustrated catalogue on request. Address

James E. Amoat, LL.D., Principal
Indiana, Pa.

The Institute of Musical Art

of the City of New York

FRANK DAMROSCH, Director

Invites correspondence or personal application from those desiring the best in musical education.

AN ENDOWED SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Conducted solely in the interests of higher musical education. It provides students of natural ability and earnest purpose a thorough, comprehensive education in music without going abroad.

The Operatic Department is carried on in close affiliation with the Metropolitan Opera House.

The Institute commands the services, in all departments, of teachers of the highest excellence, whose private terms would be prohibitive to most students. Tuition fees are moderate and uniform. Application should be made previous to October 1st to secure consideration. Catalogue and full information on request. Address

Box 750, 120 Claremont Avenue, New York

QUICK, THOROUGH ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION

A complete college course in two years. Time and money saved. Taught by graduate engineers. Practice on apparatus and machines—construction, operation and repair. Every branch of generation, transmission and application. Graduates in leading electric companies. New classes July and September. Write for details.

BRYANT & STRATTON COLLEGE
No. 101, College Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

STUDY LAW at Home

Become a Lawyer — *LEGAL DIPLOMA*

We make your home a university. Leading Correspondence Law Course in America—recognized by resident colleges. New text, specially prepared by 20 Deans and leading univ. law school teachers. We Guarantee to coach free any graduate failing to pass bar examination. Special Business Law-Course. "Legally trained men always succeed." Over 10,000 students enrolled. Begin now. Easy terms. Catalog and Particulars Free.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Box 2357, Chicago, Ill.

Bliss Electrical School

Complete One-Year Course

For the forceful young man of limited time. Gets right at the heart of electrical science—theoretical and practical. Actual construction, installation and testing. Graduates trained men. 20th year. Opens Sept. 25. You should write for catalogue.

75 Takoma Avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practical Electricity Steam Engineering School

Qualify as an expert electrician or high salaried steam engineer. Our students learn by actually running our great plant of boilers, engines, dynamos and electric apparatus. References: any of our 3000 graduates. If you are interested in machinery or electricity write for free catalog.

Hawley School of Engineering, Boston, Mass.

The Technical Normal School of Chicago

Offers one and two year courses in Drawing, Music, Physical Education, Domestic Science, and Domestic Art, and places its graduates as teachers and supervisors of these subjects. The demand for competent instructors of the special branches is increasing, and the salaries paid are higher than in other lines. School opens Sept. 5. The Technical Normal School offers the best opportunity for securing thorough preparation at least outlay of time and expense. For particulars, address the School, Box 34, 3207 Michigan Blvd.

School for Nurses The Presbyterian Hospital of Chicago

Affiliated with *Rush Medical College* of the *University of Chicago*, offers a three year course. Listed by the State of Illinois. Special eight hour working day. New modern building in construction. Address

Principal, Box 103, Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, Ill.

Where Our Gold Goes

By RENÉ BACHE

ABOUT one-fourth of all the gold produced is used in the arts. A good deal is consumed by dental supply houses and by dentists. Makers of surgical instruments, manufacturing chemists and opticians absorb a share. Some more of it goes to makers of photographic supplies, gold pens, and Masonic and other regalia and emblems. Considerable is utilized for gold leaf and goldplating; and the bookbinders draw upon the supply for lettering, and so forth.

The extraordinary increase in the use of gold for the adornment of the person—again, the women in particular—is indicated by the fact that, whereas in 1894 the mints and assay offices sold only $5,029,000 worth of jewelers' bars, in 1910 the assay office at New York alone passed $29,311,000 worth of such bars over its counter. The great bulk of these ingots is made in New York because it is in the East that they find a market, practically all of the jewelry manufactured in this country being turned out in centers along the Atlantic seaboard—particularly in the cities of New York, Newark, and Providence.

Many small private refineries treat only second-hand gold. They buy old jewelry, dentists' and manufacturers' scraps, and other such material, work it over and resell it in the form of bars. Some of the lesser manufacturing jewelers melt gold coin for their own purposes; and it is estimated that about three and a half million dollars' worth of such coin is disposed of in this way annually. The coin, as it comes from the mint, contains its full face value in gold alone, without counting the one-tenth part of copper contributed for hardening.

All the gold coin in circulation is more or less worn by use and has lost some of its substance. The manufacturer who uses it suffers this loss, whereas the bars he might buy from the mint are of full weight. For obvious reasons the Treasury would much prefer that bars should be utilized. They are sold at a very small profit—only four to seven hundredths of one per cent being charged for them, according to size—and tests have proved that at this rate they are cheaper to the jewelry-maker than coin.

The raw gold bullion, when it arrives at the assay office in New York from the mines, is first melted to free it from foreign substances. Some silver is added and the mixture is immersed in a nitric-acid bath. The acid has no effect upon the gold, but dissolves the silver. When the liquid is drawn off the gold is left on the bottom of the tank. Nobody would imagine that this substance is really gold, however, for it looks like so much fine red gravel.

To get rid of the moisture it contains it is subjected to pressure and presently comes out of the squeezing machine in big round cakes. Each cake has a hole through the middle and looks like angel food. They are worth about twenty-five thousand dollars apiece. This is the stuff that is melted to make the bars—sometimes called "merchants' bars"—which are of as perfect purity as possible, being nine hundred and ninety-nine fine out of a possible thousand.

The mints and assay offices will not buy less than one hundred dollars' worth of old gold. It rarely happens that a private individual has that much in his possession at one time. Accordingly he goes to a dealer who makes a business of buying second-hand gold.

The dealer has a little contrivance which looks like a key ring; but attached to it are several little spikes instead of keys. It was bought from a mint and cost two dollars and fifty cents. Each of the spikes is tipped with gold of a different fineness—from twenty carats to four carats.

If the article offered for sale be a watch-case, for example, the dealer guesses it to be sixteen carats. He scrapes an edge of it across an oilstone, leaving a small yellow streak. Then he makes a second streak, alongside of the first one, with his sixteen-carat spike. He lets fall a drop of acid upon the two streaks. If the one made by the watchcase fades quicker than the other the watchcase is not so good as sixteen carats; but, by two or three more similar trials with different spikes he is able to determine the exact fineness of the gold.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

GEORGIA SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY

Atlanta, Georgia

An Engineering Institute of the highest rank, in the heart of the progressive South. 1050 feet above sea level. The climate is healthful and delightful. Advanced courses in Mechanical, Electrical, Textile and Civil Engineering, Engineering Chemistry, Chemistry and Architecture. Extensive and new equipment of Shop, Mill and Laboratories. New Hospital, new Engineering Shop Building, and new Y. M. C. A. Building, costing $75,000.00.

The demand for the School's graduates is much greater than the supply. Dormitories. Cost reasonable. For illustrated catalog, address

Dept. R K. G. MATHESON, LL.D., President

If YOU Would Be Successful Stop Forgetting

MEMORY the BASIS of All Knowledge

THE KEY TO SUCCESS

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Send today for my free book "How to Remember"—Faces, Names, Studies—Develops Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation, Public Speaking. Address

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 939 And'r'n Bldg., Chicago

Detroit College of Law

Established 1891. Prepares for the Bar in all States. Two distinct schools—Day and Evening. Three years' course leads to the degree of LL.B. Students may witness 20 courts in daily session. Law Library 18,000 Vols. Catalog mailed free. Self-supporting students should write for pamphlet describing our efficient Bureau of Self-Help. Address

MALCOLM McGREGOR, Sec'y, 90 Home Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Study Dentistry at the INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE

YOUNG men and women, here is an exceptional opportunity for you to study dentistry at an extremely moderate cost for tuition and living expenses. The course is three years. The faculty able and experienced. Clinical facilities unexcelled. Write for catalogue. Address

INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE
133 E. Ohio Street
Indianapolis, Ind.

A Practical Business School

Thorough training in modern business methods. A position for every graduate. 1,500 students last year. Book-keeping, etc. Pitman or Gregg system, the latter considered by many the fastest and easiest. Write for Catalog E.

Philadelphia Business College
1017 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

The Sargent School For Physical Education

The largest normal school for physical education in the world. Address

THE SUPERINTENDENT, Cambridge, Mass.

VIRGINIA, Dayton. (Shenandoah Valley.)

Shenandoah Collegiate Institute AND SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Co-educational. College preparatory. Certificate admits to University of Virginia and other colleges. Broad variety of musical courses, including pipe organ and orchestra. Pianotuning. Terms: $260 to $275 per year. *No extras.* Address S.C.I., Box 105.

Ohio College of Dental Surgery

Est. 1845. Co-educational. Over 2000 graduates. Twenty instructors. Special course for Dental assistants and nurses. Moderate expenses. Full clinical course begins Sept. 5. Regular winter session Oct. 1. Catalogue. Address

H. A. SMITH, A.M., D.D.S., 114 Garfield Place, Cincinnati, Ohio

New Bedford Textile School

New Bedford, Mass. Thorough preparation in art of cotton manufacture and allied industries. Two and three year courses. Graduates hold many responsible and lucrative positions in textile and allied industries.

Address WILLIAM E. HATCH, President and Manager.

ACCOUNTING Banking, Com'l Law, Stenography, Typewriting, Telegraphy, Penmanship, English, etc., thoroughly taught at Eastman College. Positions for graduates of complete com'l course. Summer session.

Address C. C. Gaines, Box 907, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

MECHANICS INSTITUTE Technical Training

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

For Engineering, Industry, Trades, Art, Home Economics, Teaching (Manual Training, Domestic Science and Art, Applied and Fine Arts). Two and Three Year Courses. Summer Session. Mechanical, Electrical, and other special courses for grammar school graduates. Engineering and professional courses for high school graduates. Inexpensive. Apply for special bulletin. The Registrar, 35 Plymouth Avenue.

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA

1838 1912

MEDICINE, DENTISTRY, PHARMACY

Seventy-fifth Session begins Sept. 17th, 1912. Excellent laboratory and clinical facilities. Climate salubrious. Living expenses moderate. Write for Catalogue 2.

Christopher Tompkins, M.D., Dean, Richmond, Va.

Normal School of Physical Education

Battle Creek, Mich. Two Year Course and Summer Course. Physical Education and Playground Work. Unusual opportunity for self-support while studying. Two $100 scholarships for high school graduates. Summer School June 30 to August 25. Summer faculty of specialists. Address for booklet. WM. W. HASTINGS, Dean.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY

921 Parkway Building, Philadelphia

The oldest and best school of its kind in the country. Instruction in Public Speaking, Elocution, Physical Training, English and Dramatic Art. School year opens October 7th. Forty page catalog on request. D. A. Shoemaker, Registrar.

Bennett Medical College

45th Year. Medical Dept. of Loyola University.

New catalogue ready for mailing. For information concerning entrance credits and "Self-Help Plan" address Department P., 1358-1362 Fulton St., Chicago, U.S.A.

MICHIGAN, Ann Arbor, 321 Maynard St.

University School of Music Affiliated with University of Michigan.

ALBERT A. STANLEY, Director. 30 artist teachers. Choral union 300 voices. Symphony orchestra 50 pieces. Concerts by world's artists. May Festival four days. Piano, vocal and violin historical recitals. Catalogue. Address CHARLES A. SINK, Secretary.

MICHIGAN BUSINESS and NORMAL COLLEGE
Battle Creek, Michigan

Modern, practical, specialized. Actual business from the start. Graduates ready for higher places. Service Dept. gets positions and advancement. Insists on accuracy, speed and honesty. 30 years' experience. Write for catalogue to C. J. ARGUERIGHT, President, 302 Tacoma Bldg., 43 Main St.

Oberlin Conservatory of Music

Oberlin, Ohio. Music in all its branches. Faculty of 36 specialists. A four year high school course, or its equivalent, required before entering courses leading to degree of Bachelor of Music. Term opens Sept. 25th. Send for musical year book. CHARLES W. MORRISON, Director.

Louisville College of Dentistry LOUISVILLE KENTUCKY

Offers rare advantages to students of Dentistry with its efficient faculty, well-chosen corps of demonstrators, elaborate equipment. This college is noted for its large and varied clinic and for its standing before State Boards. Write to W. E. GRANT, D. D. S., Dean, 121 East Broadway.

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

355 Boys from 45 States last session. Largest Private Academy in the United States. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.

1,600 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the famous proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring waters. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Fine, shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic park. All manly sports encouraged. Daily drills and exercises in open air. Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our tutorial system. Standards and traditions high. Academy fifty-two years old. New $125,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges $360. Handsome catalogue free. Address

CAPTAIN WM. H. KABLE, A. M., Principal, Staunton, Va.

GOOD-HONEST-AMERICAN

PROCLAMATION

Smokers of America:

It's time to look into this tobacco question. The cost of living is high enough. Don't pay a fancy price for your tobacco because it's in a fancy box.

YOU CAN'T SMOKE THE BOX

Other folks have told you about THEIR tobacco—now let me tell you about MY FAVORITE SMOKE.

Union Leader is its name.

It's not made by any "process" except Mother Nature's.

Down in Kentucky, she grows the famous Burley leaf.

She intended it to be the BEST tobacco for smoking and chewing—and IT IS.

Union Leader is pure, ripe, undoctored Burley. No "man-made" process ever beat THAT. A tin box would make it cost more—nothing could make it better.

It comes to you in a plain package. You pay for TOBACCO—not for FANCY PACKING.

You get ALL the TOBACCO VALUE your money can buy.

Your smoke costs you about HALF AS MUCH as if you bought it in a fancy box.

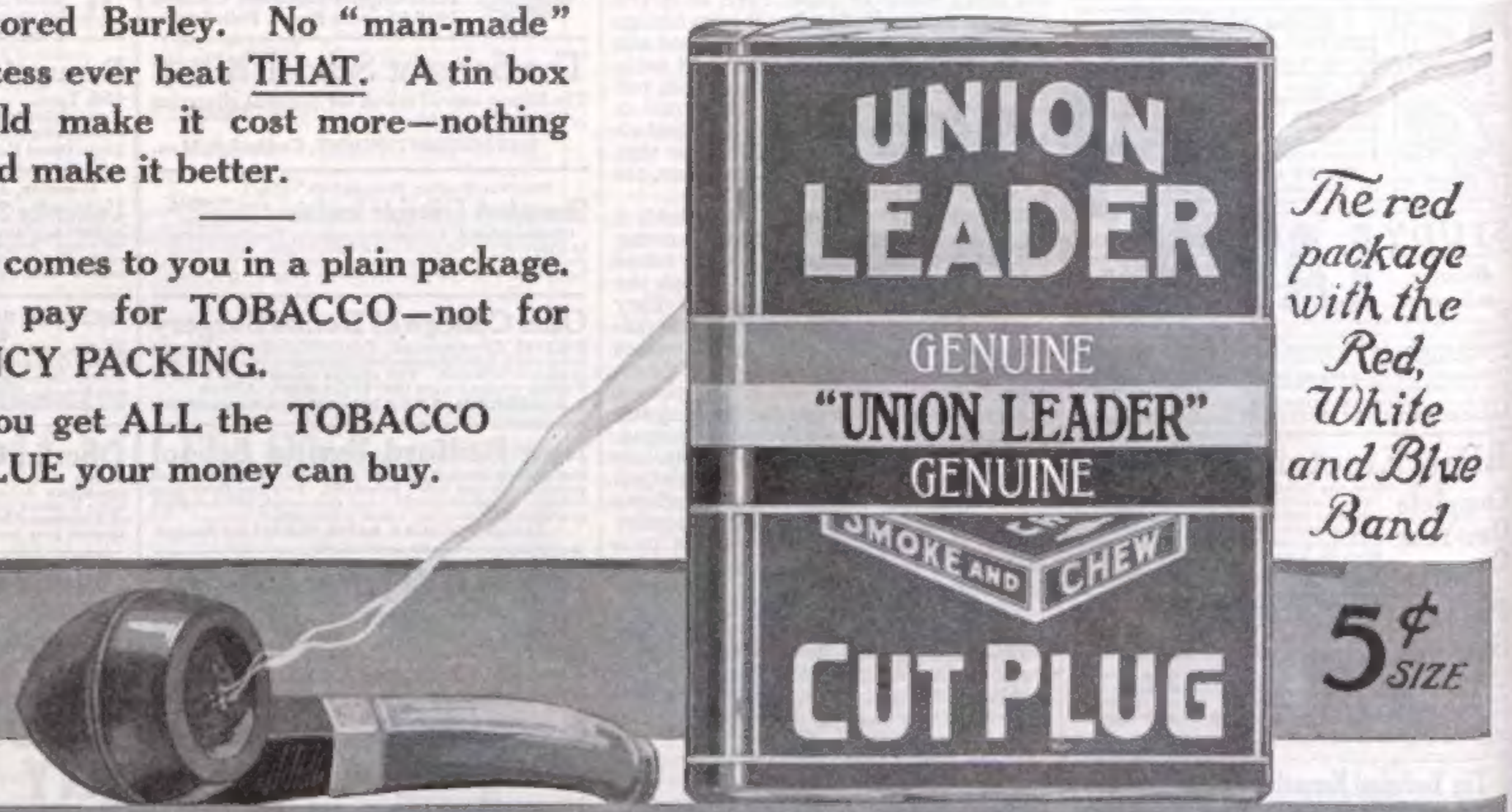
Uncle Sam tells you to save that extra money.

Now, men, do this for your Uncle Samuel—and for yourselves.

Get a package of UNION LEADER. Forget the low price. Forget the generous quantity. Forget the plain package. Try the TOBACCO.

Compare it with others that cost twice as much. See for yourself how good the tobacco is—how good the advice is.

I'll leave the rest to you.

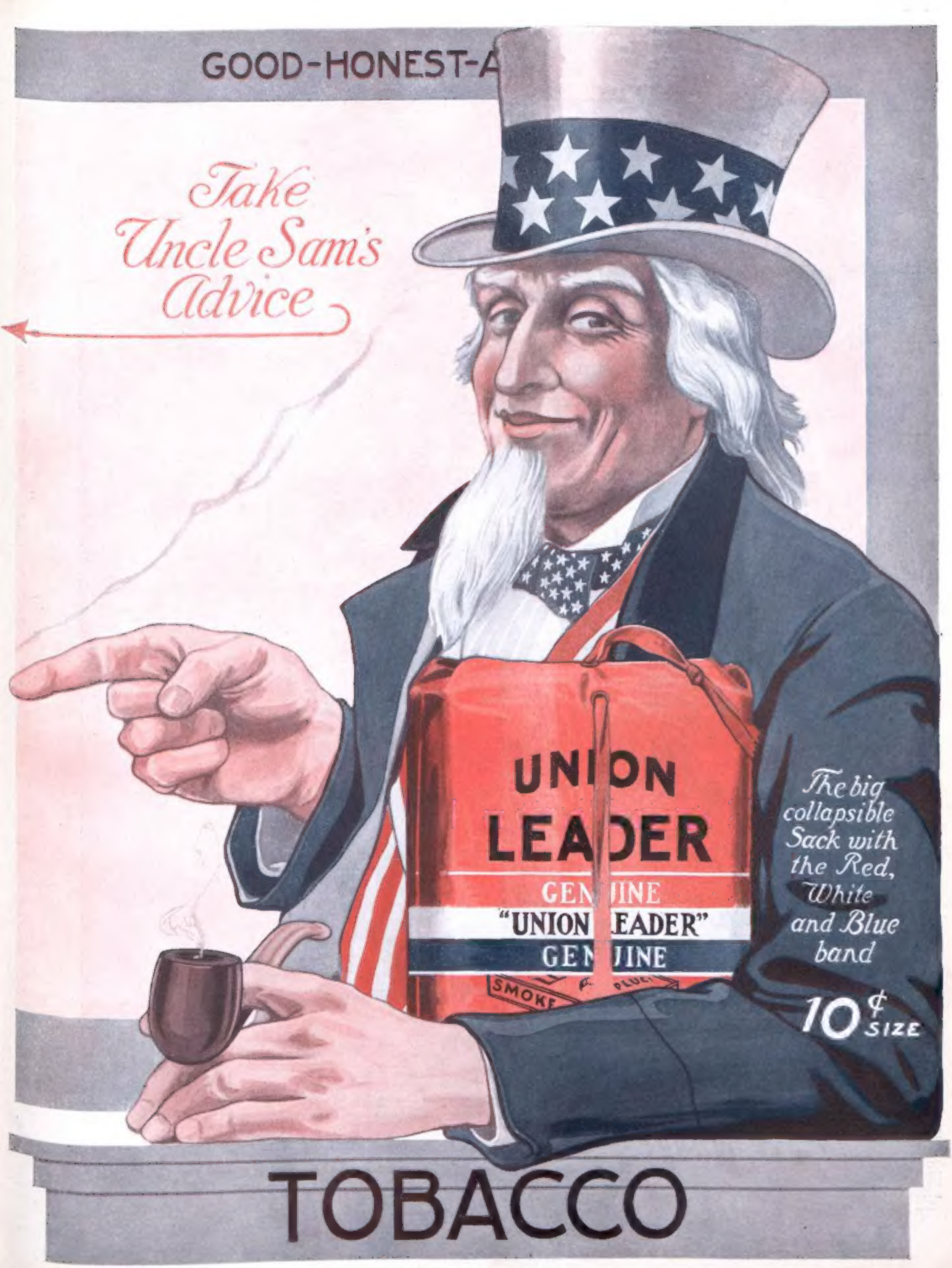


The red package with the Red, White and Blue Band

UNION LEADER

GOOD-HONEST-A

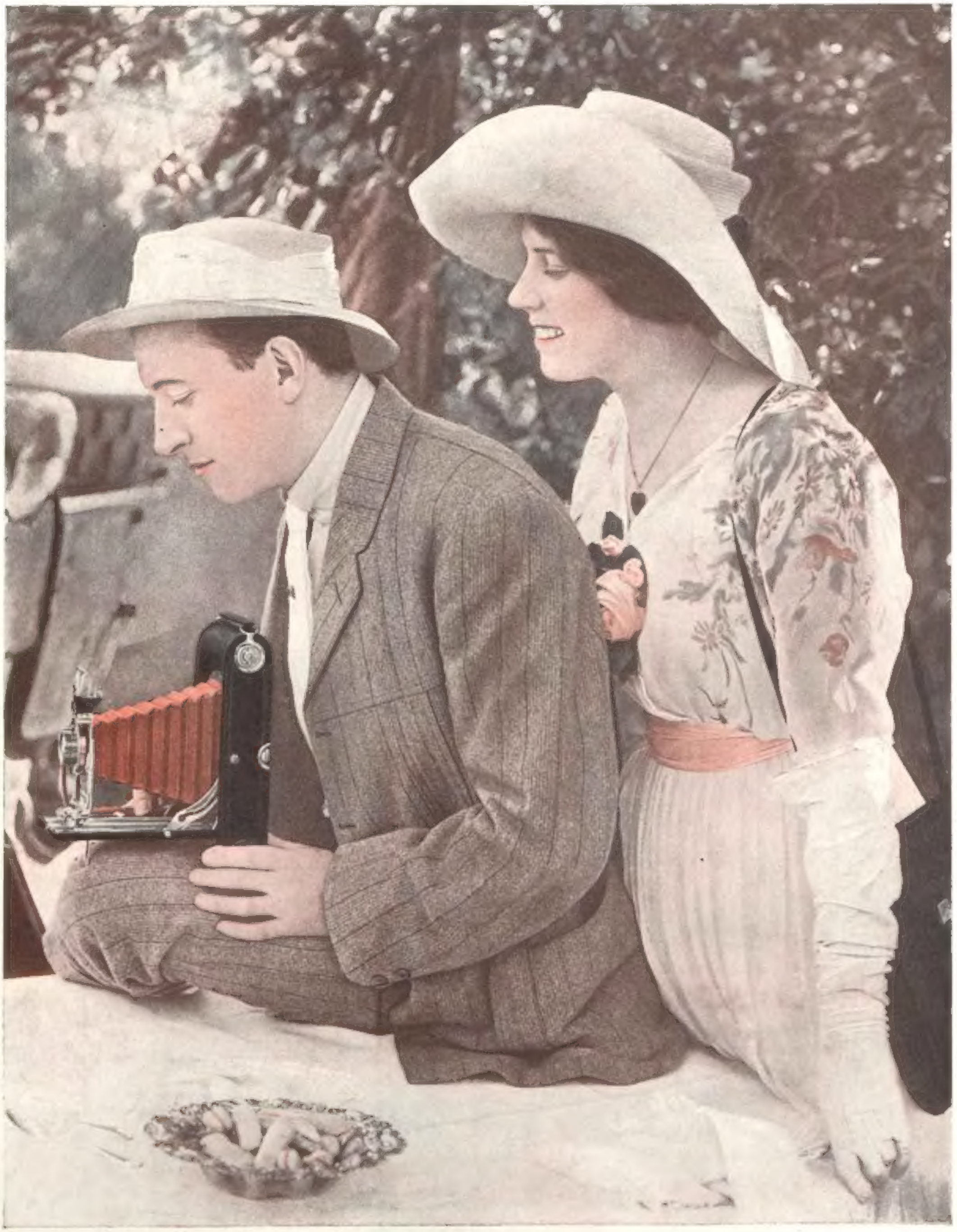
Take Uncle Sam's Advice



The big collapsible Sack with the Red, White and Blue band

10¢ SIZE

TOBACCO



On every outing: KODAK

Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*